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THE STORY OF MY LIFE

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Yours very truly

Richard Temple

The Story of My Life

BY

THE RT. HON.
SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, BART., G.C.S.I.
D.C.L. (Oxon.), LL.D. (Cantab.), F.R.S.

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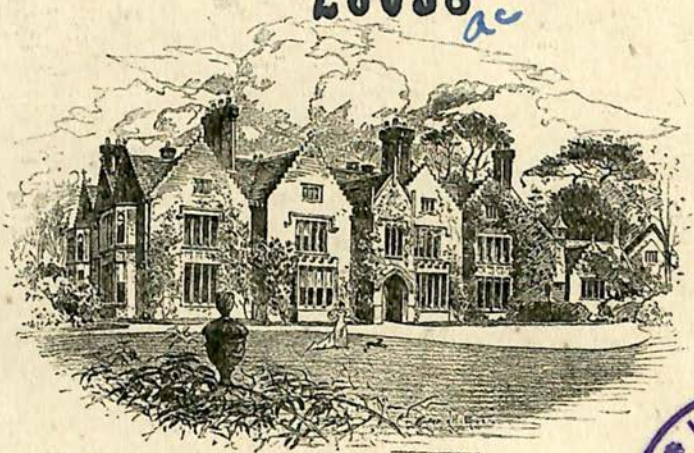

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THE STORY OF MY LIFE

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IN January, 1887, I was at what proved to be the culminating point of my career in India. I was Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal actually, and I was Governor-elect of Bombay. Intermediately I was delegate from the Government of India to the Madras Presidency. Of the three Presidencies which make up British India, I had in this the month of my zenith an official connection with the whole of two Presidencies, and with a goodly portion of the third.

At the end of April, 1877, passing from the Madras Presidency and through the Nizam's dominions to my

future Presidency, I reflected that I was about to become Governor of Bombay. This made me think upon the portrait of my maternal uncle, Sir James Rivett-Carnac, in my ancestral home. How well I remembered, as a boy, scanning the handsome features, on being told that he had been Governor of Bombay. I wondered, too, at the uniform, never dreaming that I should one day wear it myself. Mr. Rivett-Carnac, who became the father of him and of my mother, was in the beginning of this century a Member of Council at Bombay. As he used to sit at that Council Board, with a noble lord from England presiding as Governor, he could hardly have thought that in the two succeeding generations his son and grandson would both occupy that Presidential chair.

Soon my train stopped at a country station inside the Bombay Presidency. There I alighted in order to ride and drive to Beejapore, one of the districts threatened with famine. I knew well that all arrangements for meeting the calamity had been made with due foresight by the Governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, and his colleagues, with their henchman, General (afterwards Sir Michael) Kennedy. I inspected the remains of the Moslem dynasty at Beejapore, and indeed few ruins, even in India, were better worth seeing. The architecture, though stiff and quaint, was severely artistic. I thought of Meadows Taylor's "Tara," of which the scene is laid here, the most graphic story of Native life

ever penned by a European hand. The dome of the regal mausoleum was the finest ever erected in the world.

Returning to the railway, and travelling through Poona, during the night, I alighted at the Parell station near Bombay. I was there met by an assemblage of the principal officers of Western India, civil, political, military, marine. The daily newspaper remarked that as I rapidly recognised each old friend, my aspect was toil-worn and bronzed from exposure. I then drove to Parell House, where I was the guest of the retiring Governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse. I was with him as he sat at sunset for the last time in the leafy arcades of the garden rich with tropical vegetation. With him I descended the great staircase, on the next day, as he made his final exit to enter the State carriage. Turning round to the bystanders and attendants of various nationalities, he said in a manly yet touching tone, "Good-bye, all, all!" I accompanied him, being myself in full uniform, to the Apollo Bunder, the point where Governors, arriving or departing, have always landed or embarked. Here, then, troops of his friends had gathered, and hence the pinnace, decorated with bunting, took him on board the mail steamer bound for England.

I then drove to the Council Chamber, situate in the great suite of public buildings hard by. I was there met by the Members of my Executive Council also in

uniform, and took my seat as President of the Board under a salute from the guns of the old Bombay Castle. The business was formal; but I had to present to my Honourable Colleagues a paper of peculiar interest. A telegram had just been received from Lord Lytton, the Governor-General in Council, giving verbatim a notification in their Gazette, which was then being published. They described in the most cordial terms their view of my labours and services in the Madras Presidency, since my relinquishment of the Government of Bengal in the previous January. They wound up by declaring that I was assuming the Government of Bombay with the best wishes of the Governor-General in Council. My senior colleague, Mr. James Gibbs—an old companion of mine at Haileybury College—proposed that this should be republished in our Bombay Gazette, as it would give me additional weight in my new position.

The next day, accompanied by Mr. Charles Buckland the Private Secretary and Colonel Stirling Rivett-Carnac the Military Secretary, I travelled by rail and road to Mahabaleshwar, the summer resort in the loveliest part of the Western Ghat Mountains, there to meet my wife. She had fallen out of health, and was to proceed to England at once. With her I looked at the romantic and historic scenery, the long layers of basaltic rock, the shadowy forests, and the ocean shimmering in the distance. We feared that it might

not be our fate to see these things again together. Then we travelled to Bombay and proceeded, not to Parell, but to the Governor's marine villa on Malabar Point. This was a rocky sea-washed promontory, commanding beautiful views of the city and harbour of Bombay with the distant mountains. I escorted her and her sister Mrs. Buckland on board the steamer bound for England. My daughter remained with me for awhile, but afterwards she also fell sick and returned to England. My two sons were about to run civil and political careers in other parts of India.

I found myself able at once to fall in with my new duties. As compared with Bengal, my position was more dignified and more diversified in function, but less potential in reality. There I governed alone, here I must do so with the advice of my Council. Here I had several sorts of work not known there; but the Civil Administration was much more extensive there than here. My peace must largely depend on the co-operation of my Honourable Colleagues in Council. They were appointed by the Secretary of State in England. I was most fortunate in my colleagues, and throughout my time they acted in the best possible way towards me and with me. Sir Charles Staveley was then the Commander-in-Chief of our Bombay Army. Distinguished in the Government secretariat were Mr. Ravenscroft, who became Member of Council in my time, Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Peile, Mr. Nugent,

and Mr. Lee Warner. I was fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. (afterwards Sir Theodore) Hope. He soon became a Member of the Government of India. The Legislative Council was of the same constitution as that which I had known in Bengal. I had the pleasure of nominating to it several Native gentlemen who did honour to their respective communities.

I followed the same method here as in Bengal of recording a Minute on every matter of consequence that came before me in any Department. These Minutes were printed, and formed a record of my conduct and policy in all branches of the Government, so that I could precisely trace what I had, or had not, thought, what I had or had not proposed, on each one of the numerous and varied subjects. Besides the government of a large British Indian population with a capital city of the very first rank, I had the supervision over several clusters of Native States. Beyond the limits of India proper, I governed Aden, and with it controlled the south-western corner of Arabia. I had to do with Perim and Jedda on the Red Sea, with the island of Socotra off the Somali coast of Africa, with Muscat on the Persian Gulf, and with Bussora in Mesopotamia.

My very first care was that of attending to the defences of Bombay against attack from the sea, according to instructions I had received from England. Together with my military advisers, I caused ordnance

of suitable calibre to be drawn by elephant power, and mounted on the vantage points round the mouth of the harbour. I also satisfied myself that the mercantile shipping could in event of need be placed, with favourable anchorage and with safety, in the rear and under the protection of Elephanta Island.

Soon I embarked by a steamer bound for Kurrachi the British capital of Sind. To my personal staff was added Dr. George Waters as surgeon, a talented officer and my hearty friend, who accompanied me on all my tours.

Sind was then the one part of my new charge which I had never seen, and I must visit it by sea voyage before the monsoon season should set in. At Kurrachi I met the Commissioner, Sir William Merewether, and his officers. He hospitably received me in the residence which had been the Government House of Sir Charles Napier. I found there my old schoolfellow Thomas Valpy Ffrench, the Bishop of Lahore, to whose diocese Sind had been attached for ecclesiastical matters. After studying the affairs of Sind for a few days, I paid a flying visit to Hyderabad, the old capital of the Amirs, with its curiously quaint fortifications. At Kurrachi we had breathed only the cool sea-breeze, but at Hyderabad we inhaled the heated and parching wind of the desert.

Then I returned to Bombay and to my marine villa on Malabar Point. As some days yet remained

before the monsoon, I journeyed by rail along the coast north of Bombay in company with Mr. Matthews, the local chief on behalf of the Bombay and Baroda Railway Company, a very able and zealous man. We passed by the broad wheat-fields of Goojerat, renowned for quail-shooting, on to Ahmedabad the provincial capital, abounding in peculiar styles of Moslem architecture. So we advanced to the peninsula of Kattywar, containing a group of Native States well administered by enlightened chiefs. I had to arrange the extension of the railway system in that quarter; and this visit was fruitful in subsequent results.

Early in June the volumes of clouds came rolling up from the Indian Ocean to drop fatness on our land. I then travelled by rail to Poona, and alighted at Ganeshkind, the beautiful house built for the Governors under Sir Seymour Fitzgerald's Administration. The Governor and his Council had for many years resorted to Poona for the rainy season. The climate then was cool and pleasant, though not bracing like that of the mountains. For me at this juncture the place had the advantage of being in the midst of the Mahrattas, forming the most important among the nationalities of my Presidency. It was also close to the famine-stricken country and to the relief operations.

I had occasion, however, to revisit Bombay more than once. I presided at a public meeting in the Town Hall there, to arrange and settle the formation of a

Volunteer Corps. On another day I delivered in the same hall a speech to the Parsee community, my object being to stir their just pride of race, and to rouse them to benevolent exertions for particular institutions. I happened to be fortunate in my allusions to the history of their "blue blood," and to the annals in the "Shah-nâmeh" of Firdûsi. The scene as I rode away from the hall is still in my recollection—as they crowded round my horse, cheering, saluting and touching my hand, while I reciprocated their expressions of good will.

On another occasion I had the honour of unveiling the statue of the Prince of Wales erected at Bombay by the munificence of Sir Albert Sassoon. I found the Jewish community in Bombay to be signalized by educational effort, by charity and by good works generally.

Shortly afterwards returning to Poona, I had the honour of receiving there the Governor-General Lord Lytton, then on his way from Simla to confer with the Governor of Madras under the new development of the famine. I gave the entertainments at Ganeshkind usual on such occasions, in His Lordship's honour.

The rains, after descending well everywhere, had begun to fail in Southern India, so that the Madras Government were face to face with a second year of famine. We fared somewhat better in the Bombay Presidency, and the rains were for some time propitious.

Our relief operations, too, proved successful. But then a new enemy appeared stalking by noonday. After holding off for a certain interval, the rains returned with such copiousness that by autumn not only was the land refreshed, but an excessive damp set in, prostrating the people with low fever. So I had the sorrow of seeing that many lives, which we had with infinite exertion saved from starvation, were succumbing to malaria beyond human power to remedy—and this, too, just as plenty was returning with an abundant harvest.

During the autumn, together with my colleagues and our engineer advisers—first among whom was Colonel Merriman of the Royal Engineers—I took up schemes for extending railways and canals of irrigation in the recently distressed districts. We provided financial means for carrying out these projects and many, or most, of them have been executed in after years.

Some important criticism on the land-settlement of the Deccan had been offered from the outside. So I studied and then vindicated the work to which the best mind of the Bombay officers had been devoted for many years. Colonel Anderson was then head of that Department under me. I found, however, that the people had in some degree abused the valuable rights thus secured, by pledging them as security for social expenditure which could not properly be afforded. Thus they often fell within the grip of money-lenders who

were but too ready at hand. This indebtedness of some among the Deccan peasantry became such that I was induced to make certain legislative proposals. As the Civil Law applicable to all India would be thus affected, a long correspondence with the Government of India became necessary, of which I did not see the end.

In companionship with my old friend Colonel Baigree —one of the best amateur artists ever known in India —I resumed my water-colour work by painting a picture of the Thibetan border as seen from the Eastern Himalayas. Soon afterwards he fell ill mortally, and I, with many other officers, stood at his grave-side, while Sir Charles Staveley in a broken voice uttered a few heartfelt words in his memory.

The autumn over, I returned to Bombay where a pleasant function awaited me. My countless friends among the Natives of Bengal had been disappointed on finding that, although I had left Calcutta for a ten days' trip to Delhi with the fullest intention of returning, I never did return. Consequently they had no opportunity of making any farewell demonstration at the time. They resolved to find some way of making one nevertheless. So during the summer they prepared an address, in excellent English, setting forth their opinion of the manner in which I had ruled over them. This was signed by representative men from every town and district of Bengal—till at length the number of signatures was computed to exceed fifteen thousand.

They then communicated with the leading Natives of Bombay, and sent thither a Bengali deputation from Calcutta. The Bombay men arranged a Native assemblage and entertainment, during which the Calcutta deputation should present the address with due ceremony. I could not fail to be touched by the evident genuineness of the kind expressions in the address. It had come across the Continent of India from a people with whom I had parted for ever, and for whom I never could do anything more.

I then revisited Kurrachi, in order to concert with the military authorities some improved arrangements for its defence against possible attack from the sea. I further provided for the better dredging of the harbour, so as to deepen it and thus enlarge the anchoring space for ocean-going ships. I passed up the Indus by a river-steamer to Sukkur, which would be the point of departure for military communication with Southern Afghanistan. Leaving there my steamer, I reflected that this was the last time any Governor would use one of these beautiful vessels which had for a whole generation been plying on the Indus. For the railway was now nearly complete from Kurrachi to Sukkur, and on to Multan to join the Panjab railway system. So the days of passenger traffic on the Indus were numbered, and this was a landmark in the history of Western India.

I then proceeded across my Sind border to Multan,

in view of travelling thence by Northern India to Calcutta to meet Lord Lytton there. On my way I diverged to Ajmere in Rajputana, in order to talk again with my old friend Sir Alfred Lyall. My visit to Lord Lytton was but a flying one, and I returned quickly to my own Presidency, wondering at the rapid and easy way of moving from one side of this vast Continent to the other, and at the change which railways had recently wrought on the face of Indian affairs.

On my way back, I journeyed up the Vindhya mountains to Mhow, a cantonment of Bombay troops, and to Indore the capital of a leading Mahratta prince. My real object was to visit Oodeypore, and see the most distinguished among the Rajput Sovereign-Chiefs. Oodeypore, with its lakes and palaces, was esteemed the most beautiful and romantic place in Rajputana. The chief had an illumination in honour of my visit. At nightfall I and my Staff embarked on the lake in a State barge. Its prow and its helm had finely carved swans, griffins and other creatures. Itself illuminated, it glided over the dark waters as a vision of light. Round about the lake, the castles and palaces that crowned the heights, the villas and dwellings that fringed the margin, were all outlined with lamp-light. This was the most picturesque display of lighting I ever saw, even in India the land of illuminations.

Then I passed by Mount Aboo called "the majestic," which had been for centuries one of the temple-crowned

seats of the Jain religion, and during this century the health-resort for the Europeans in Rajputana. Thence I entered my own province of Goojerat, and heard much of the wondrous quail-shooting. In the early spring, the young grain crops on the irrigated lands are literally alive with these little birds. It is supposed that they breed in Arabia, are then wafted by the zephyr across Beluchistan and the Indus, and stop to feed in the young grain of the western coast of India. That over, they migrate to the wheat and barley crops inland. My friend Mr. Sheppard was a renowned shot with the quail. I then passed quickly down to Bombay where important affairs awaited me.

The docks of Bombay, "wet and dry," private and public, were numerous and extensive. Chiefest among them was the Prince's Dock a noble work begun and carried on by my predecessors, and still in progress under me. But they were wanting in uniformity of management. So it was decided to amalgamate most of them under a new and unified Dock Trust. On the brink of the harbour, in verbal conference with all concerned, I was able to arrange this complex affair in a few days with the minimum of correspondence.

The annual Convocation of the Bombay University was at hand, and as Chancellor I was to deliver my first Address. By tradition the occasion had to be invested with ceremony. In uniform and with my Chancellor's

robe, I was followed in procession by the Fellows in their robes, and by the graduates or undergraduates in their gowns. The hall being spacious there was a large attendance both of the European society and of the Native gentry. I then read my Address, which had been elaborately prepared and printed beforehand.

Soon Mr. Charles Buckland, my able Private Secretary, received a post in the Secretariat of the Government of India. He was succeeded by Mr. George Hart my old assistant in the Finance Ministry. In addition to Captain Frith, I had the valued services of Captain Dean Pitt and Captain Plant as Aides-de-Camp—and for some time of Captain Anderson also.

Then I was confidentially informed by Lord Lytton that, in reference to the pending Russo-Turkish War, a body of troops might have to be despatched from Bombay to Malta. I was to secretly enquire into the means of marine transport then in the Bombay harbour. This I did, ship by ship, with my Marine advisers, and not a whisper got abroad.

Just at that moment a pleasing avocation called me away from Bombay. During the famine of the previous year, I had obtained the necessary sanction to the construction of a Chord-line, connecting the railway from Bombay towards Calcutta with the railway towards Madras, saving a long détour in the conveyance of food grains. I then had caused the line to be rapidly completed so that it was already fit for traffic. Those

concerned, and the public generally, were desirous that I should be present at the opening ceremony. By the main line I ascended the Western Ghat mountains, and arrived at the northern end of the new Chord-line. With a long silver hammer having an ebony handle I drove in the last bolt, and acknowledged the greetings of the multitude. Then I travelled along the line by its first passenger train to the southern end at Poona.

There I received a telegram from Lord Lytton, intimating that he had publicly notified the intention of the Government of India to despatch the military expedition from Bombay to Malta, instructing me to give immediate effect to that intention, and allowing me the freest hand for action. An express train soon carried me to Bombay, where I laid the matter before my colleagues in council.

I was thankful to recognise the zeal and co-operative energy displayed by the people of Bombay at large, and by all classes whether official, professional, commercial, or industrial, whether corporations or individuals. Each person vied with his neighbour in helping, and without such universal assistance the work could not have been done in time. I myself left my marine villa at Malabar Point, and dwelt for a fortnight in a State building close to the harbour. I was duly instructed by Lord Lytton as to what troops would come from the Madras and Bombay Presidencies. My own Commander-in-Chief chose the troops from the Bombay Presidency.

The artillery was to be European, but the cavalry and the infantry were to be wholly Native. The number of men was to be about six thousand and the number of horses about two thousand. The most zealous service was rendered by Colonel Macdonald the Military Secretary to my Government, also by Colonel Burrows the Quarter-Master-General and Colonel Hogg of the same Department.

With my Marine advisers, I decided that sailing ships should generally be engaged for transport, and that steamers should be employed to tug them. The steamers would, however, carry their own complement of troops. The sailing ships were then, in technical phrase, "gutted," that is, their decks and interior fittings were entirely removed, and fresh accommodation substituted in adaptation to military requirements. The new fittings were in some vessels adapted to cavalry, in others to infantry. In the vessels for the cavalry, we had to set up rows of wooden boxes to serve as stabling for the horses. In the steamers the internal change was less, but even it became very considerable. Thus the carpentry business was enormous, and extremely diversified. There was also much mechanical work to be executed. In this was included the construction of iron tanks for holding water, as each vessel must carry a water-supply for several weeks. As no single Department could do all this; for a large number of ships within a very brief time, there had to be a division of

labour. So I induced the two principal railway companies, with their artificers and workshops, to take over so many ships and prepare them, the Municipality so many, certain private establishments so many. Then the remainder was assigned to the various Government yards and workshops. The several parties concerned at once emulated each other, and regarded participation as an honour.

When after a few days the ships were ready, the filling of the tanks with water proved a far harder task than I should have anticipated. The quantity of liquid for so many men as we had, and especially for the horses, during several weeks, was immense. It strained our resources to place all this on board within the given time. For two whole days I had so to draw on the Municipality for water, that they were obliged to restrict the inhabitants almost entirely to a supply for drinking only, and left little or nothing for domestic purposes. The people bore the privation, in these the hottest days of May, quite cheerfully. For two or more evenings I steamed about the harbour in my pinnace, and watched the signals of each ship indicating whether she had her water supply made up or not. In case any water-tanks should fail during the voyage, I had a condensing apparatus supplied to every sailing ship.

Then the Native troops arrived from the several Presidencies; and as each ship had her men all on

board ready to start, I went on deck myself to wish them God-speed. I was curious to note the demeanour of the men. Their bearing was marked by alacrity and joyousness, and they were highly pleased at the prospect of seeing the Mediterranean. When I asked them, in their own vernacular, what they expected to see and do, they replied that some share in the campaigning would be allotted to them, if there should be war with Russia. They used to cheer me heartily as I left the ships. Some vessels started on an earlier day, and some on a later, but the last vessel was off in exactly a fortnight from the time when I began the operations. Her departure, indeed, took a load off my mind. The Admiral commanding in chief assisted us in divers ways, and at the end he detached war-vessels to accompany the several sections of the flotilla on their voyage. The tension on the steamers, that had to tow two sailing vessels each, was very severe, especially in the Red Sea. In one case only was there any mishap—and that not at all grave—owing to bad weather. The Expedition reached Malta in due time and in capital order. Immediately after their landing there, the troops were reviewed by the Duke of Cambridge, and acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of His Royal Highness.

These costly and extensive operations were conducted by me under Lord Lytton's instructions entirely by the electric telegraph. The correspondence between His

Lordship and me was wholly telegraphic, without one letter being written from beginning to end. Indeed, the distance was too long and the time too short for any other procedure. This was a capital instance of the benefit to India from the electric telegraph in emergency.

The hot season had far advanced, and now was the time for visiting Mahabaleshwar, which for some months in the early summer and the autumn became the fashionable resort of Bombay society. I had seen this beautiful place twice before; but I wished to be acquainted with the people gathered there. I had also to study the forest conservancy in that quarter, which was, indeed, the finest part of the Ghat Mountains. I rode up to it from the coast, and marvelled at the rock-walls of the natural citadel of Pertabgurh, which were typical instances of the frowning precipice and the beetling crag. But the *genius loci* quite haunted my thoughts, for this was Sivaji's stronghold, when he raised the standard of Mahratta revolt against the Moslem sovereign, an event which set on foot the overthrow of the Mogul Empire and the restoration of Hindu Dominion. Amidst these far-famed surroundings, these marked geological features, these darkling woods, I composed my Minute on the preservation of the forests in this mountain range—with the skilled advice of Mr. Shuttleworth, the Conservator. My Colleagues in Council having concurred

in the Minute, it formed the basis of our policy in this important matter.

When the rains set in I proceeded to Poona, as my headquarters for the rest of the summer. In the early mornings I began painting a water-colour picture of a Himalayan subject; and one day, while thus occupied, an interruption came upon me. It was a telegram to report that a great dam belonging to the Bombay waterworks was in peril from flood. Instantly I rose from my easel, dropped my paint-brushes, and caught a train which within three hours would convey me to the scene of danger. I learned that the people of Bombay were alarmed lest the bursting of the dam should cause a part of the city to be submerged. In order to quiet public opinion I telegraphed that I was myself commanding on the spot. Soon a staff of engineers was collected, the labour market of Bombay was drawn upon for the supply of working strength, and, with great exertion, in two days the dam was placed beyond risk. Then I returned to my library and studio at Poona.

Soon another interruption occurred, owing to a long break in the rains. In this withering interval, a plague of rats broke out in the Deccan districts recently affected by famine. The vermin multiplied at a fabulous rate, till the crops were desolated in whole tracts of country by myriads of these creatures. They not only devoured all they could lay their teeth upon, but they stored quantities of grain

in the long shafts which they burrowed underneath the ground. I watched the villagers striving to exterminate the pest, and stirred them to still further efforts. At length the rains descended in torrents, to flush the rat-holes and drown the rats that remained there.

Afterwards I attended the wedding festivities at Baroda, the capital of His Highness the Gaekwar. The occasion was celebrated with the gaiety which never failed at Native Courts. The special feature was the fighting between animals mostly wild, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, the ram and others, in an arena surrounded by spectators. The spectacle, however, was in effect quite tame. Had it been in earnest, the result would have been barbaric, but such was not at all the case. The rhinoceros combat was simply amusing; the ram seemed the only one with any stomach for the fight. What I wanted to do, however, was to converse with Sir T. Madhava Rao, a Mahratta Brahmin and one of the first Native administrators of the age.

Towards the end of the year I journeyed through the Province of Goojerat to the peninsula of Kattywar, with its champaign and its group of mountains rising in the midst and surmounted by fanes. I congratulated the Native chiefs on the progress of their railway and of their administration generally. Then I passed by Somnath, with its gates dramatically famous in the days of Lord Ellenborough. Thus I reached Cutch, which separated us from the Desert of Sind. Riding along the

seashore near Cutch I was surprised by crackling sounds under my horse's hoofs on the sand. It appeared that a flight of locusts from landwards had crossed this way. Whether their wings were tired, or whether the sea-breeze checked them, they had succumbed, and subsided into the water, so that the waves washed them ashore. Thus I found myself galloping over myriads of dead insects. Entering the desert I began for the first time to ride long distances on camels. But I found the jolting distressful, and never repeated the experiment. The surface consisted of sandy hillocks and hollows interspersed with hardy shrubs, of ridges and depressions succeeding each other with some regularity. Thus I was at one moment mounting to the crest, at another dipping into the trough, of the sandy waves. So I entered on the landscape of Sind, dotted over with green oases of rising crops, but often hideous from low-lying swamps after the subsidence of the Indus inundations. The ground was partly covered with rank vegetation, as with rags and tatters of clothing. Sometimes I came upon sheets, even lakes, of water fringed with rich herbage. Their surface was decked with aquatic plants, over which birds of beauty would hover. Then the rush of bigger birds would be whirring and resounding in the air overhead, and at times my prospect would be darkened by the circling flight of wild fowl. I admired the Moslem peasantry who maintained their agricultural resources, amidst grievous trials and disadvantages from

alternations of aridity and inundations, from extremes of heat and chill, of drought and damp.

Returning to Bombay, I had the pleasure of receiving at Malabar Point several visitors of distinction from England, among whom were Lord Dalkeith now Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Hinchinbroke and Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Evans of Derbyshire. More particularly I provided a little villa, on the crest of the wave-washed promontory of Malabar, for an accomplished lady Miss North. There she worked at those pictures of which many are now treasured at the Royal establishment of Kew, and in which art is skilfully combined with science. I rejoiced to have the company for a while of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, who were travelling in India with the halo of their African fame still around them.

I was glad to welcome Mr. (afterwards the Right Honourable James) Caird from England, one among the first living authorities on agriculture. He was then a member of the Commission appointed to inquire into the whole subject of Indian famines. At his request I agreed to give before the Commission my evidence, which was taken indeed at full length. I had the benefit of his counsels when establishing an Agricultural College and extending agricultural education in the interior of the country.

The most famous of my visitors was General Ulysses Grant, Ex-President of the United States, with his wife.

Under instructions from England I caused the same honours in salutes, escorts, and in other respects, to be shown to him as would have been paid to an actual President. Being occupied by important duties in Southern Afghanistan, I could not be present, but I directed by telegraph all the entertainments and receptions which were to be given in his honour at my Government House.

From the European Press of Bombay I received a general support, all the more valuable because it was discriminating, was far from unvarying, and was sometimes even chequered by difference of opinion. I was present and spoke at the farewell banquet given at the Byculla Club to Mr. J. M. Maclean, the greatest journalist of his day in Western India, and now a Member of Parliament. Mr. Grattan Geary, a well-known Pressman of Bombay, rode through Asia Minor, and was good enough to dedicate to me his book describing that journey.

At Bombay, as at Calcutta, I maintained the best possible relations with the High Court of Justice, of which the Chief was Sir Michael Westropp. In the execution of the Criminal Law I was anxious to give due support to its authority. Sometimes pressure was put upon me from the outside to interfere with sentences capital and other. But I steadily refrained from doing so, save by the advice of the Judges. I had a particular friend in Mr. Justice (now Sir Lyttelton) Bayley,

who besides his judicial duties performed many good works pertaining to citizenship in a public-spirited manner.

I delivered in 1879 my Chancellor's Address to the University, with the same ceremony as that which had been observed in the previous year. By this time a project long in my contemplation was matured. This was the conferring of Degrees in Physical Science. I thought at Bombay, as at Calcutta, that the superior instruction had been too exclusively literary, and had not been sufficiently directed to the Physical Sciences which might lead to practical results. At Calcutta I had been powerless to remedy this, but at Bombay, I was Chancellor, and had power to nominate the Fellows of the Governing Body. As vacancies occurred, I had accordingly nominated men of science as well as persons of literary distinction. Thus the scientific element was by degrees raised to its due proportion. I remember that at the decisive meeting the requisite motion was made in my presence by Dr. (afterwards Sir Guyon) Hunter. Thus was passed a scheme of Science Degrees, more adequate than anything which had as yet been attempted in India.

As in Calcutta, so in Bombay, the Roman Catholic College of St. Xavier vied honourably in educational efficiency with our excellent Protestant Institutions and our Government, or Presidency, College. At St. Xavier's

some of the reverend fathers were good instructors in the physical sciences. Two or three times I had small parties, or symposia, at Malabar Point, of an eclectic character, at which a limited number of European gentlemen, of diverse creeds, persuasions and sentiments, attended at my invitation, to exchange opinions on philosophic questions.

The Volunteer movement advanced apace, so as to constitute an addition to our fighting strength in event of emergency. The railway companies had excellent Volunteer corps composed of engine-drivers, firemen, guards, and others. My own corps at Bombay, composed chiefly of clerks, grew at a fair rate of progress. I tried to give a certain social status to the individual Volunteer. Once I gave a dance at Malabar Point for the Volunteer privates and their families. The handsome dancing-room was thrown open; the Governor's band, under an Austrian conductor, discoursed music; supper-tents were pitched close to a ridge of rock overlooking the moonlit sea. As I anticipated, many families, who had not yet joined the movement, were desirous of being invited, but the reply was that they did not belong to the Volunteers. However, I notified another party of the same kind to be given later on, and doubtless very many took care in the interval to obtain the military qualification for participating in the festivity.

The successful working of the electoral franchise in

the Municipality of Bombay confirmed my confidence in the system which I had introduced into Calcutta. The ratepayers of Bombay elected the members of the Corporation with a fair view to the general interests of a capital city.

After the warlike movements in Europe and Asia in 1878-9, there arose in the minds of many people an excitability, which reflected itself in the Native vernacular Press. A law was passed by the Government of India for the supervising and, if needful, for the checking of disloyal effusions. Mixed up with much that was loyal, several passages of a dangerous tendency were found in the vernacular newspapers of Western India. But I avoided the necessity of putting the repressive law in force by giving private notice to the Native gentlemen concerned, and happily no further passages of that sort appeared.

In these days I was honoured by receiving the Insignia of a Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India, and consequently I gave up my old Star of a Knight Commander. There arose a question of my going to Calcutta to attend a Chapter of the Order before the Viceroy as Grand Master, in the robes of my new rank. But at that moment I was on the Afghan frontier booted and spurred, begrimed, too, with dust. Owing to the urgency of my avocations, His Lordship was good enough to excuse my attendance at the ceremony.

In the summer of 1879 I returned to the Deccan, after an inspection of the Canara forests in all their luxuriance, and in company with Colonel Peyton one of the first among forest rangers. I then received some startling intelligence which had to be dealt with coolly as well as promptly. A certain sort of conspiracy against British rule had actually been set on foot in the Deccan. It was in imitation of the tactics pursued by Sivaji, the type of Mahratta warriors, against the Mogul Empire, and on exactly the same field of action. Destructive raids were being undertaken against the villages lying in or near the Western Ghat Mountains, and the plunder was being carried off to the fastnesses inside the mountain range. Thus, strangely enough, history was beginning to repeat itself, and though the attempt was absurd in its audacity, yet the fact was pregnant with lessons to us rulers and administrators. The causes were hard to fathom, but one of them may have been the protracted excitement in reference, first to the Russo-Turkish war, and then to the military operations in Afghanistan. We vigorously suppressed the fast advancing movement before it had gone very far, by closing the mountain-passes and pursuing the offenders to their lairs amidst the rocks and caves. I never knew an officer evince greater capacity for police work than that which Major Daniell evinced in this grave affair.

By this time I had given up water colours, and adopted oil painting instead. One day at Ganeshkind, I had snatched a couple of hours from my busy life for completing an oil-study of the Bolan Pass. At that moment the English mail brought me a letter from the oldest of my friends; Lord Hampton, formerly Sir John Pakington, of Worcestershire. It was a request from the Conservative Party of that county that I should stand as the Parliamentary candidate in their Eastern Division at the coming General Election expected in the following year 1880. This was the fulfilment of the ambition entertained by me from boyhood, and the idea of retiring from service in India for this purpose had been for some time familiar to me. I thought that the school of Palmerston, in which I had been brought up, was virtually represented by the school of Beaconsfield, and that there were many elements in the then Liberal Party adverse to the principles which I had always cherished. So I resolved to throw in my political lot with the Conservative Party, and wrote back my acceptance of the kind offer. But as the event might not occur for some little time, and as it was well to avoid disturbing the public mind in Western India, the matter was kept secret from all except my personal Staff. The knowledge that my days in Bombay were numbered gave a fresh impulse to my efforts in doing all I could before leaving the country, perhaps for ever.

CHAPTER II.

(1878-80.)—WORK ON AFGHAN FRONTIER AND DEPARTURE FROM INDIA.

Lord Lytton's policy—War undertaken against Amir Shere Ali—Am directed to supervise transport and supply between Indus and Southern Afghanistan—Proceed viâ Sind to Sibi—Meet Sir Robert Sandeman—Inspect Bolan Pass—Return to Bombay—News of destruction of British Mission at Caubul—Am directed to cause railway to be constructed from Indus to Sibi—Proceed thither—Am directed to extend the railway to Pishin on Candahar border—Visit Quetta and Pishin—Ride to Candahar and back—Railway line from Pishin to Sibi—Return to Bombay—Revert to Sind to arrange for extending Railway to Candahar—Farewell to Kurrachi—Return again to Bombay—Preparations for final departure—News from England of General Election—Departure hastened—Parting scenes.

EVER since my arrival at Bombay I had correspondence with the Governor-General Lord Lytton, regarding the entire North-West frontier, one third of which was within my own Presidency. This correspondence referred to the relations between the British Government and the then Amir of Caubul Shere Ali, with which subject I had been for years familiar when Foreign Secretary and when Member of the Government of India. As Governor of Bombay I had neither participation in, nor responsibility for, the policy that might be adopted in this respect. Nor had I any complete information, as I saw none of the papers that

were before the Government of India. I only knew that which Lord Lytton might see fit to communicate to me. The official papers from Teheran did indeed pass through my hands on their way to the Governor-General. But they related to Persia, and touched but incidentally on Afghanistan.

Still Lord Lytton was so good as to open his mind freely to me regarding the Amir and His Highness' country also. Evidently he apprehended that a change would be necessary in the conduct of the British Government towards Shere Ali. He concluded that the Amir's behaviour was not only disloyal and ungrateful, but actually hostile. So dangerous was this attitude to the North-West frontier and to British interests generally, that resort to arms might become inevitable. I was not a judge on these points, and had not, indeed, the means of judging. Manifestly, much depended on Her Majesty's Government at home, who were in communication with the Government of India. Therefore Lord Lytton was the only person in India able to form a judgment as to what was best to be done. But I was in duty bound to promise, and to afford, every co-operation on behalf of myself and my colleagues, of my officers and my Presidency, in whatever measures His Lordship might undertake on his own part or prescribe to us.

At Bombay, in the autumn of 1888, I received the news that war had been undertaken by the Government

of India against Shere Ali Amir of Afghanistan, and that the Khyber Pass had been forced by the British arms. Besides this work in the North, an equally formidable movement was to take place in the South upon Candahar by the Bolan Pass.

Soon I learned that the movement on Candahar, by the troops belonging to the Bengal Army, and under arrangements made by the Government of India, would have its base on the Indus within the Bombay Presidency, and would pass across Sind on its way through Beluchistan to the Bolan Pass. This march, under Sir Donald Stewart, was rapid and successful. In the first instance the transport supplies had been ample, and consisted partly of bullocks and carts, but mainly of camels. Afterwards, however, the Governor-General began to feel anxiety, for the mortality had been very great among the camels after entering into the mountains. Numbers of them sank amidst the rocky paths, with intensely cold streams running in all directions. Whole lines of them were found on the upland grounds frozen to death when the hour sounded for marching. Still worse, desertions had been alarmingly frequent among the camel-drivers, born and bred in the Indian plains, when they found themselves environed by horrid crags. There was at first some doubt whether Candahar, when it should have fallen to British arms, could furnish for any long time the supplies needed for our troops. So it was deemed necessary that some

adequate stores should be collected at Quetta and in Pishin, inside the mountains on the road to southern Afghanistan.

For these and other reasons, Lord Lytton instructed me to proceed myself to the Bolan Pass by way of Sind, to give my personal attention to the transit route, to the military supplies, and to the transport arrangements. I was to apply the resources of Sind or of any other Province in my own Presidency to these purposes.

So, journeying with due despatch through Sind, I arrived at Sukkur, which must ever be the real basis on the Indus for any movement towards Southern Afghanistan. I was accompanied by my able Military Secretary, Colonel Stirling Rivett-Carnac, whose knowledge and experience were of the utmost value to me. He was an accomplished officer; and though lost to us by early death, he became a writer on military subjects. In conjunction with the army officers, I studied the transport requirements of the moment. Sind itself, and the half-desert lands between it and India proper, had enormous resources in camels and camel-men. Bullocks and cart-drivers were available in any reasonable number from the northern parts of my Presidency. Wielding the whole power of the Government, I had complete advantage for engaging the men with their animals, under such conditions as might in some degree secure their fidelity when they should reach the theatre of war inside the mountains. Then I crossed, near Jacobabad, the

Sind border into Beluchistan, the territory of the Khan of Khelat. Thence I was to be escorted by His Highness' officials and by Political officers belonging to the Government of India. I had to ride across a vast sandy tract which afterwards became known as the Sibi Desert, With relays of horses I marched sixty miles a day to the foot of the Bolan Pass. There the Governor-General's Agent, Sir Robert Sandeman, met me officially. The news then came to us that Candahar had fallen to Sir Donald Stewart and remained in his possession. Our object consequently was to inspect this Pass of Bolan, and see whether it would be suited to the transport required for the service of the troops in Southern Afghanistan during perhaps many months to come.

I was full of curiosity when riding up the Bolan, which had for many years exercised my imagination. I had pictured it to myself as arid and gloomy; but I found that, though stern and rough, it was yet beautiful and bright, with limpid streams, under a tender blue sky and hazy sunshine. The rocks were abruptly bold, with varied formations and jagged outlines. Every turn of the winding bridle-path gave a fresh aspect to my surroundings. Noticing that my horse disliked the frequent crossing of the streamlets, I tried the water and found it to be intensely cold. I learned that many of our transport men and camp-followers, fatigued with marching, had waded through these frigid currents.

The chill, thus caught, would spread from their limbs to their system, making them feel so drowsy that they would sit down on the bank and drop into the sleep that knows no waking. The brooklets generally rattled down their stony beds as the incline was sharp. But sometimes they were, by rocky barriers, gathered into pools. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of these small expanses of water—gems set in limestone, shale, and laminated rocks. Then we left the Pass itself, and wound our way up a precipitous hillside by a zigzag road to an elevated plateau. This road had been improved, and rendered fairly passable, by the Bombay troops under General (afterwards Sir Robert) Phayre. Up to the foot of this ascent I had thought the Pass just practicable for a railway, though extensive precautions would be required to protect the line from the flooding of the many streams. But on this ascent I deemed the incline, though not insuperable, to be very arduous.

The plateau was called "Dasht-i-bedowlat," a Persian name meaning luckless and poverty-stricken. The gusts, sweeping across it, not only pierced but penetrated us; as we said, it was as if they came in at our chests and went out at our backs. Dust-storms, too, approached us, superb to look at, but chilly and cutting when they enveloped us. We soon felt severe thirst despite the cold, and there was nothing like tea for slaking this. But the Beluches used kindly to

bring us monster melons from the neighbouring villages or valleys. Nothing could be more delicious than the plentiful juice from the roomy interior of this fruit. But the nectar was treacherous, and if imbibed without due care, was apt to cause internal trouble.

Having satisfied myself that my transport arrangements were adequate, I returned to my own Presidency by much the same means as those by which I had come.

Early in 1879, when the peace had been concluded, I learnt that the Afghan districts of Sibi and Pishin, adjoining the country I had just visited, were assigned by the new Amir to the British Government, and that Candahar was for the present to be occupied by a British force.

In the autumn of that year, 1879, there came a shock to public opinion when the news was flashed that the British Mission recently established at Caubul had been destroyed. The effect of so untoward an event as this might have been very injurious in India, had not the Governor-General in Council confronted the emergency with firmness and energy. The instant promptitude with which Lord Lytton vindicated British authority, reasserted our military supremacy, and retrieved what had been lost—did indeed win admiration in the Bombay Presidency, as it must have done everywhere else in India. The sudden disruption of a settlement, from which much had been hoped, must have been in the first instance disheartening. But

the example set to the Empire by Lord Lytton, caused all men to think of naught save the means of repairing the disaster. The confidence I had ever felt in his high mettle, resolute spirit, and administrative vigour in the presence of danger, was fully confirmed.

His immediate efforts were directed against Northern Afghanistan, the seat of offence. But he apprised me that the British position in Southern Afghanistan was not only to be maintained, but also strengthened in a more permanent manner than heretofore. With this view he gave me several instructions for my guidance in work to be immediately undertaken. A railway was to be made from our military base on the Indus at Sukkur to Sibi, at the foot of the Afghan mountains, under officers who would be appointed by the Government of India. This work was to be under my supervision, the officers on the spot being placed at my disposal. I was to proceed to the ground myself, and see to the work being done at the utmost practicable speed. I had to make arrangements with my Colleagues in Council for carrying on the current work of the Government during my absence.

So late in the autumn I proceeded to Sind, this being my fourth visit to that Province. I was again accompanied by my excellent Military Secretary, Colonel Stirling Rivett-Carnac. At Sukkur I met the Engineer officers for the new railway, and had good reports from them of the preparations for the

line as far as Sibi. Together with these officers, chief among whom was Colonel the Marquis de Bourbel, I reconsidered our needs in regard to men and materials for the construction at the rate of a mile or a mile and a half a day. Some of the wants I could supply from my own Presidency; but many of them had to be met by the Government of India. So we sent the necessary requisitions by telegraph to Calcutta and Bombay. Next I proceeded to my own border Station of Jacobabad, where the final arrangements were completed. Our best forethought was demanded for the peculiar exigencies that would arise in a foodless and waterless territory, the Desert of Sibi. Then I had to hasten onwards, accompanied by Colonel James Lindsay as Engineer-in-Chief, for a further instruction came from Lord Lytton. I was to meet Sir Robert Sandeman at Sibi, and determine together with him the best route for carrying on the line from Sibi to the New British frontier at Pishin.

At Sibi I rejoiced to meet Sir Robert Sandeman again, and we at once conferred as to the best way of extending the railway. We both thought that the Bolan Pass, though practicable, was a bad route. We would search for some preferable line, and he suggested that such might be found in the mountain district of Sibi, leading up to the elevated plateau of Pishin. This Afghan district had been assigned by the Amir to British management since the beginning of 1879,

and it was desirable to carry our railway through districts virtually British. The territory was not yet pacified; Afghans with vengeful intent, sharpshooters with deadly purpose, lurked about. So we were fully escorted with well-mounted guards, and sentries were posted round our small military tents at night. Sir Robert Sandeman was a most cheery companion, and, so to speak, his atmosphere was refreshing. Still, as the local authority responsible for my safety, he was solicitous that I should never, while examining the ground or the country, outride, or get separated from, my guards. We diverged from the direct line between Sibi and Pishin, in order to ascend the mountain-flank which supports the plateau of Quetta. We halted half-way up the ascent at night, and in the morning rode up to the ridge, when Quetta and its surroundings burst upon my view. Though really a plateau of high elevation, it looked like a hollow with some groves and fields and a Beluch fort in the middle. For it was encircled by several separate mountains of grand formation. Its strategic point, with its capabilities for cultivation and supply amidst a barren region, rendered it a valuable place. Further instructions from Lord Lytton reached me here to the effect that if the extension of the railway from Sibi to Pishin were found practicable, then I was to consider whether it might not be further extended to Candahar. In that case I was to visit Candahar itself if time allowed.

Having spent the day with charts, plans, and local reports, I watched at eventide the setting sun light up with pink hues the pinnacles of the mountains around, and cast long cold shadows over our valley. I received a telegram from my Worcestershire friends enquiring whether, having proceeded towards Afghanistan, I adhered to my intention of standing for parliamentary election. My reply was in the affirmative, as my absence in this quarter would not be very long.

Next morning we marched forwards, and riding round one of the massive hills that seemed to mount guard over Quetta, I caught sight of the Pishin Valley. Here again the plateau was called valley because of its being environed by mountains. In my front was the grey flat-topped range of mountains, known as the Khwaja Amran, which was the new boundary between the British territory and Southern Afghanistan, or the Candahar Province. That night I encamped at the foot of the Khwaja Amran Pass, second only to the Bolan Pass in military fame. The next morning I ascended the pass, and from its brow obtained my first view of Afghanistan proper. As I looked northwards, all Afghanistan was in my front, while Beluchistan and the Indus lay behind me. For some ninety miles an undulating plain stretched far below the eye. Along its northern extremity were the Central Afghan mountains, and near their base was Candahar, hardly perceptible at this distance of ninety miles. On my right were

the hill ranges that form the Panjab frontier, and on my left was a wide desert flanking the Candahar district. Amidst that sandy expanse a dust-storm was rising from afar, in a vast volume and with towering columns. It rushed towards us with wondrous speed, though the sky was still blue. We had just time to tether our horses in safety behind rocks, while we ourselves stood to watch the gusty currents whirl around us. Deeming this pass unfavourable for the railway, and not anticipating that the Government of India would undertake a tunnel through the range, we searched for and found a dip and a gap in the ridge through which a line might be more easily made.

Soon I started, in company with Colonel Stirling Rivett-Carnac, on my ride of ninety miles to Candahar which was accomplished in a day and a half. Having marched in the early morning, I slept in tents that night. Starting again the next morning, I reached Candahar at noon, quite in time for public business during that afternoon. The march was lively but not eventful, the ground being fairly level. The background scenery was moderately fine at this the best season of the year, though doubtless at other seasons it must be arid and desolate. But as we neared Candahar the aspect became more marked; for the horizon was broken up by a row of castellated formations, square and light coloured, and these constituted the old citadel. Near the base of these lay the compara-

tively new city, of which the circumvallation was good, but not otherwise striking. The suburbs and environs, however, were most noteworthy from a practical point of view. The fertile ground was threaded by a network of canals for irrigation. The rich and varied cultivation provided a succession of crops for all seasons. Thus the resources for supply were evidently great. Outside the walls I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend Sir Donald Stewart. In his company I rode through the city, well built, with some mosques but otherwise with nothing wonderful. By his desire I at once held a reception for all the European officers in the garrison. That same evening I rode along the wooded banks of the Urgandab, which gave the water for all the canals, and presented a verdant contrast to the prevailing landscape. Beyond it lay a plain, and then there came a nearer view of the Afghan mountains which I had noticed before, The next morning I went round the old citadel, an extraordinary example of hardened earth. It was one of Nature's fortifications, much more easily manipulated than rock, offering equal resistance to artillery, and far harder to break than any kind of masonry. It had every strategic advantage as commanding the Urgandab, the waters of which were essential to military occupation in this quarter.

I was struck by the advantages, probably unequalled, which Candahar offered, as a possible British position for resistance to any invasion from the far West. The

left flank, resting on a desert, could not be turned, while the right flank was on a deep river with difficult banks. In the rear were the irrigated tracts yielding ample supplies of grain and vegetables. The supplies of water, for the people and the fields, were beyond hostile reach, and were under the command of those who held the city. In the rear of the whole position would be the future railway from the Indus. Nor could the position be approached from the front, save by a march of three weeks or a month over a comparatively barren region. For India this position was —though sufficiently near for military purposes—yet out of sight inside the frontier mountain-ranges. That, too, was an advantage as regards moral effect.

The following day being Sunday I attended divine service with the troops. The chaplain read from a big drum with a flag spread over it, in the midst of a large hollow square of infantry with fixed bayonets. There was a crowd of Afghans standing around and watching the scene. That night I suffered from sharp indisposition, probably caused by the delicious melons which hospitable Afghans had been giving me at the halting places on the thirsty and dusty march. Though slightly shaken, I was able the next day to resume my ride back to Pishin. Having conferred with Sir Donald Stewart and his Engineer officers, then having traversed the line myself, I was quite sure of its practicability for a railway temporary or permanent, and of the speed

—perhaps a mile and a half a day—at which it could be constructed.

At Pishin Sir Robert Sandeman rejoined me, and we resumed our study of the line between Pishin and Sibi. We marched to the eastern end of the valley, where he thought that the drainage must have some outlet leading into the streams that unite near Sibi. To our glad surprise, we found that this drainage, with a great rift or chasm, broke through the flank which supports with mighty buttresses the plateau of Pishin. This rift, which bore the local name of Chapar, with the stream along its base, had straight sides. The effect was like that of a mediæval street with houses on either hand, many storeys high, and with just a narrow strip of sky visible overhead. We all thought that here was a line provided by Nature for our railway. Emerging herefrom the line entered into a vale which joined other vales, till the Nari Gorge near Sibi was reached. At this time, the latter part of November, the air at sunrise used to be so cold that once, having paused for a few minutes to sketch, I found my fingers too benumbed for me to hold my horse's reins. So I was obliged to halt for awhile in order that Sir Robert Sandeman might kindly rub my hands, and restore their power.

It was some relief to us all to emerge from the Afghan mountains, and to settle once more on the plain outside Sibi. Though all had gone well with us,

yet the tension of ceaseless vigilance caused fatigue. Encamped there, I composed a Minute dated the 25th of November, with the concurrence of Sir Robert Sandeman and Colonel Lindsay. In this I recommended the construction of the railway from Sibi to Pishin by the route we had just traversed—that is by the Nari Gorge and the Chapar Rift, as far as the foot of the Khwaja Amran Pass. This I transmitted to Lord Lytton, with an intimation that, under the powers entrusted to me by His Lordship, I had instructed Colonel Lindsay as Engineer-in-Chief to proceed with the line accordingly. For success, much depended on the co-operation of Sir Robert Sandeman, and that was sure to be afforded with all his ability. I informed Lord Lytton separately of all I had seen, heard and thought at Candahar.

I then inspected the railway work in the Sibi Desert, and found that the advance, during the interval of my absence, had coincided with the expectation of a mile and a half a day. The large working parties in the waterless tracts formed an interesting sight. Each day, as the line made good its advance, it carried trains to bring up the necessaries, not only for the work but also for the workmen. First among these necessaries was water, and every evening the water-train was charged with the liquid supply for many thousand persons. Thus for a goodly part of my way back through the desert and on to Sukkur, I was carried by the new railway.

Thence I returned early in December to Bombay for Christmas. On New Year's Day 1880 I opened with due ceremony the Dock at Bombay, which had connexion with the project promoted by me in 1878. I was presented with a walking-stick made from the wood of a submarine forest which the excavations had disinterred. I congratulated the Engineer-in-chief Mr. Ormiston on the signal service which he had rendered.

Early in 1880 however I reverted once more to the Afghan frontier. For meanwhile I had received from Lord Lytton, not only full confirmation of my proceedings in respect to the railway from Sibi to Pishin, but also some further instructions respecting the extension to Candahar itself by an early date. The new railway carried me from Sukkur across the desert right up to Sibi. I there met Colonel Lindsay, and after due consultation, I gave him the necessary orders for constructing the work, in at least a temporary fashion, to Candahar by the 1st of May 1880. These I embodied in a Minute dated the 6th of February, which was transmitted to Lord Lytton. To all this also I subsequently received His Lordship's confirmation. I arranged further supply and transport for an additional brigade of troops at Candahar, in the event of the Government of India ordering that augmentation of strength. I then returned by rail to Kurrachi as my presence was required in my own Presidency.

By this time it was well known at Kurrachi that, though I might yet remain some little time in India, I should see Sind no more. So the members of the Sind Club—with the Commissioner, Mr. Erskine, at their head—gave me a farewell banquet which was followed by several patriotic speeches. They had been impressed by my proceedings on the Afghan frontier; they thanked me for my frequent visits to their Province, whereby its public business in all branches had, in their opinion, been promoted. They specially commended the measures I had taken for the military defence of the port, and for the deepening of the harbour.

I then took steamer for Bombay, and arriving there somewhat late, did not go up to Malabar Point that night; but stayed in my rooms at the Secretariat close by. Early the next morning I heard martial music and the tramp of men, for my own corps of Volunteers were parading to welcome me back.

Meanwhile the Bombay newspapers were full of the intelligence from England regarding the preparations for the coming General Election, with the lists of the opposing candidates in all the constituencies. Naturally my name appeared in the list for Worcestershire. Great was the surprise in Bombay, as the secret had been well kept. In effect my friends said, why leave Bombay, with all its pomp and circumstance, to encounter the distress and discomfort of a contested

Election in England? Still, my departure was not expected to be immediate, and I might yet stay some months. My resignation of the Governorship had already been intimated privately to the Secretary of State. It was now officially recognised, and the name of my successor, Sir James Fergusson, became known. The intention was that I should receive my successor about the 1st of May, and return to England, where I hoped to have several months of preparation for the Election, which according to general expectation, was to occur in the autumn. I went about, setting my administrative and political house in order, finishing up incomplete measures, saying or writing the last word on divers subjects, and receiving my friends European or Native in appropriate ways. So for a few days at my beautiful capital, in the finest season of the year, I had a halcyon time, and a restful feeling which had been long unknown to me. I imprinted on the tablets of my memory the features of this city, doubtless the queen of Asiatic cities—the highlands and islands, the bays and creeks, the forest of masts in the wide-spreading harbour, the horizon on one side bounded by the Western Ghat mountains and on the other side extended far out to the Indian Ocean. As a foreground to this scenery of sea and land was the ornate and palatial line of Government edifices. One of the very last affairs in which I was concerned was the architectural design for a most handsome station at the

terminus of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway. These were some of the pleasantest days I had ever known, but they were rudely interrupted.

One morning, early in March, I received a telegram from the Secretary of State, Lord Cranbrook, informing me that the General Election had been announced to take place immediately after Easter, and kindly giving me the dates for the Elections in the counties. This was a Tuesday morning, and a summary calculation showed that if I sailed from Bombay for England on the following Saturday, I should just be in time for the Election-date given me. But even then I should be under grave disadvantage from shortness of time. Indeed this unlooked-for turn of affairs so impaired my chance of success, that it might have been a question whether I could persevere in my candidature. But I had been so committed to stand as a candidate that I did not, indeed could not, hesitate. So at once a telegram was sent to Lord Lytton asking sanction to my arranging with the Secretary of State to obtain the Royal permission for me to resign my office, and to make over charge to the Senior Member of Council pending the arrival of my successor. I received telegraphic replies so speedily as to enable me to summon a special meeting of Council the same day. I then informed the Commander-in-Chief, General (afterwards Sir Henry) Warre, and my Honourable Colleagues of what had happened, adding that on the following

Saturday I should make over charge of the Government to the Senior Member of Council, Mr. Lionel Ashburner, and then depart. During the four days that remained there was no time for arranging or disposing of the effects which gathered round a man in my position. These matters would be dealt with by my devoted friends Mr. George Hart the Private Secretary and Colonel Stirling Rivett-Carnac the Military Secretary, together with my several Aides-de-Camp, after my departure. I applied myself to putting the last touch on each public affair, and to leave-taking generally.

Immediately I was invited to a farewell banquet at the Byculla Club on the Friday evening. That afternoon I had a large reception at Malabar Point, for which the invitations had been issued before the occurrence of this crisis. I observed that the ladies came early and in large numbers, but without the gentlemen. They told me that the gentlemen had all assembled in the Town Hall at a public meeting, held to devise the means of preserving my memory. Presently the gentlemen began to come in, and then it was bruited about that the erection of a statue had been determined.

That evening I drove from Malabar Point to the Byculla Club, and the Municipal authorities, having just completed the gas-lighting along the ridge of the Malabar Hill, escorted me by that line, so that I might

see the prospect. Certainly this my last view of Bombay by gas-light was one of the best illuminated prospects I have ever known in any country. The Byculla Club was a famous institution which had for generations contained the best elements of the European society in Bombay. This evening it was crowded for the hastily arranged banquet at which Mr. Kemball, the President of the Club, presided. I sat between him and the Chief Justice, Sir Michael Westropp, one of my fastest friends. After the loyal toasts my health was proposed, and I can never forget how the whole assembly sprang to their feet to give the toast. I then made the last of my many speeches to a Bombay audience. Fortunately at that moment the Bombay Presidency happened to be standing at its very zenith. I would not claim credit for that, but I had a right to note the fact. So I reminded the company of the extent of our sphere, which then stretched from Mysore in Southern India right up the Deccan on to the valley of the Indus, and thence to the border of the Candahar province. I recounted briefly the principal measures in which we had been engaged together. Towards my conclusion, I touched on the cordial relations and good fellowship which had subsisted between us, declaring that even public obedience and respect had paled before the general heartiness with which all classes had supported me in the performance of duties which were theirs as well as mine. If I

had asked my officers and friends to undergo hardship in imperial interests, I had myself shared it with them. If this proved severe, it had been the same for us all alike. Speaking personally I quoted some Horatian lines, to the effect that a man must be ready for any change of life that may befall him. I said that without waiting for that inexorable Fate which cuts the thread of official existence, I would cut it myself. Just before resuming my seat I recited the parting lines of the song "Kathleen Mavourneen" —with the slightest alteration—"it may be for years, it may be for ever."

The next morning I sent my farewell to Lord Lytton; and indeed the relations between us had been most cordial. On my part, I had since 1877, on several arduous occasions, striven to fulfil his behests. Whatever the external criticism may have been on points in their nature controversial—there was no doubt as to the imaginative breadth of his opinions, or the promptitude of action with which he proceeded when his mind was made up. His fertility of thought, his facility in giving expression to it, and in turning it towards many different directions almost simultaneously, could hardly be surpassed. On his part he was most appreciative of all the efforts I put forth. His quickness in replying to emergent references, often on complex points, was of immense advantage to me as the Executive on the spot. In the heavy affairs

entrusted to my charge, he gave me a confidence so full and generous, that I felt under the highest obligations to try and deserve it. The work that I did under his eye, hard and rough though it was, lives in my happy recollection because of his kindness.

The forenoon I gave up to receiving Addresses. The first was from the Chamber of Commerce, mainly European, recounting the principal measures of public improvement and of legislation in which I had been engaged. This was read to me by a deputation from that body, representing one of the great ports of the British Empire. Then came the Address from the inhabitants of Bombay, and this was read by a deputation including several nationalities. There were some affecting circumstances in this leave-taking with them, for it really would be the last. There had not been time for them to illuminate this address; but they afterwards transmitted to me a copy with some of that ornamentation for which the East is renowned. A deputation came from the Mahomedans in the interior of the country, with my friend Synd Idrûs of Surat at its head, to say that they were preparing an address in their own Hindustani language, which they would transmit to me afterwards in England; and this they actually did. A representation came from my own Volunteer Corps in regard to the lining of the road by which I should pass for embarkation. This duty would ordinarily be taken altogether by the Regular troops; but the Volunteers asked that

they might line the last half mile. It was not in my power to do more than commend their request to the kind consideration of the Commander-in-Chief.

In the afternoon I issued forth for the last time from Malabar Point, and drove to the House of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the head of the Parsee community. There the Parsees—foremost among whom was my valued friend Dosabhoy Framji—gave me their farewell, in the presence of many Natives and Europeans also. Then I went to meet the Native students and ex-students of the University in its various branches, who had assembled in the Medical College. Leaving them I proceeded to the Apollo Bunder, the streets being so fringed with saluting crowds that it looked as if I were the rising, instead of the setting light which I really was. As I alighted from the carriage at the harbour's edge, to enter the pinnace, I shook hands with the Commander-in-Chief, the Members of the Council, the Admiral Commanding-in-Chief, and the principal persons. Some rows of seats had been provided for the ladies, and there they were, the brightest of crowds in their gay costumes under the sunset light. This closing scene was the prettiest among the many pretty sights I had ever seen in India. Swiftly the pinnace bore me away amid the roar of the guns from the fort. Soon I stood on the deck of the mail steamer in the after-glow, and watched the lights of Bombay recede as the vessel put out to sea.

CHAPTER III.

TRAITS IN THE NATIVE INDIAN CHARACTER.

Style of Native conversation—Picturesque wit—Natural eloquence—Plausibility—Insinuation and flattery—Question of gratitude—Fidelity of Native domestic servants—National adherence to custom—Yet many tendencies to change—Western knowledge—Eastern religious belief—Question of integrity—Domestic virtues—Filial relations—Courage in face of death—Question of loyalty.

THE story of my career in India being closed, I will now touch upon some traits in the Native character, which could not have been done before without interrupting the flow of the narrative.

The Natives of all sorts and conditions, though at first sight grave and reticent, were interesting in their talk with a European who knew their language well enough to really converse with them. The Hindustani language was facile in admitting of satire and witticism, even of pun. In varied imagery it included all that is best of the Persian language. I always found amusement in thus conversing with the Natives. They were fond of fables in which animals figured. I used to express to them what we imagined might be passing in the half-formed ideas of the elephant, the mule, the buffalo, and more especially the dog.

The Natives, from the peasantry upwards, were born actors, with innate eloquence, and endowed by nature with the faculty of expression by gesture. If there should have been opportunity or motive for preparation, they had consummate plausibility in telling a made-up tale. Otherwise, if caught unawares, they were truth-telling. They were neither careless in observation, nor indiscriminate in inference, nor shadowy in recollection. On the contrary, they were judicious in their conclusions—provided always that they were taken before the breath of any motive had sullied the mirror of their minds.

A natural reserve, in the presence of their foreign masters, rendered them useless in discussing generalities. They could best be approached in particularities. If a man were asked sympathetically about himself and his family, he would open his heart—thence *ab uno disce*, not *omnes*, perhaps, but *alios*. Having learned one typical instance well, I could perceive how things were going, how causes were operating. I could ask a villager driving a bullock-cart about his carrying business, his little losses and profits, and so enter into the very core of rural concerns.

But in the conversation of the Natives there were two noteworthy faults. The first of these was poisonous insinuation, which would arise from so many causes that it was hundred-headed as the hydra. Admirably as Shakespeare has pourtrayed his Iago, he might well

have gathered ideas from the Natives, had he known them, when drawing that wondrous character. The second was flattery, neither palpable nor gross, but conveyed with discrimination of the temper of every European with whom they had to do, by words gently dropped or distilled into his ear.

It was often said that the Natives did not understand gratitude, and knew not how to express it. Nevertheless, if anything signal were given them to be grateful for, they would show gratitude fast enough. In fact, they were, as a rule, ever mindful of favours received from Europeans. Though it would be too much to say that in all the tremendous events of my generation there were no instances of ingratitude, yet in cases where abiding benefits had been conferred by a European on Natives they would evince fidelity even unto death.

Respecting Native domestic servants, the European master would at first form opinions which he afterwards found to be harsh. He generally arrived in India without any adequate experience of servants in Europe. He would find Indian servants but too often careless and troublesome. He would revert to England, and find in his household much the same complaints as those which he used to hear in India. Many Europeans, contemporary with me in India, will, after their return home, have looked back wistfully towards the favourites among their Indian servants. On the line of march

the uncomplaining endurance of the Natives under inevitable fatigues and vexations, their patient efficiency in the absence of the commonest appliances, were not to be surpassed anywhere and would rarely be equalled. They preferred to serve one and the same master as long as they could, rather bearing any little ills they had with him than fly to others. They were especially glad that their sons should enter the service of his sons. They were tenderly kind to his children, and were delighted to see them return to India, after a lengthy sojourn in England for nurture and education.

The fidelity they evinced towards their distressed masters and mistresses, during the Mutinies and the Rebellion, has been honourably recorded in history. Amidst covert treachery and overt treason, they were true. When soldiers murderously mutinied, and mobs rose, and insurgents approached—all being people of their own colour—they did not turn. Despite temptations, and facilities for wrong-doing, and hardships manifold, they rarely, or never, abandoned their duty.

At Calcutta, in 1847, I engaged a Hindu valet of middle age, whose home was to the south in Orissa. He went to his home for a while, and then travelled twelve hundred miles to rejoin my service in the North-Western Provinces. He stayed with me all his working days, and he retired on a pension from me until his death. In upper India, during 1848, I engaged a butler and a footman both Moslems. They served me

for more than a quarter of a century, till on entering Government Houses I could not conveniently find posts for them. I thereon procured suitable places for them elsewhere. One of them must still be living, for he recently sent an ornamental sword for a son of mine whom he had tended in childhood. I had several grooms; one of them served me for twenty, another for fifteen years. Their only reason for leaving me, was that I went too far afield from their homes for them to follow. I had many other servants who stayed for a long time, and would have remained for ever, had it not been that my migrations extended to distances too great, and to climatic changes too hard, for them to bear.

Having thus strongly commended the merits of the Native domestic servants I am obliged to mention regretfully some facts which tell the other way—if my picture is to be true in its shadows as well as in its lights. Once I was at night robbed of bank-notes from my bedside. After the calling in of the police and on searching the trunk of an under-valet, the notes were discovered therein. Two gold pencil-cases, parting gifts from English friends, were abstracted from my writing-desk. Later on a gold watch, my father's gift, was by sleight of hand drawn from under my pillow as I was sleeping in a tent. These deeds could have been done only through the collusion of some among my own servants.

In reference to the solid portions and the abiding elements of the national character—I gathered in my earlier days that tenacity in adherence to ancient customs, and a reverence for immemorial tradition, were among its most marked features. In my later days, while believing that these qualities still existed, I thought that counter-tendencies had set in. The country and the people long unchanging, and supposed to be unchangeable, were becoming changeful. Probably no region and no nationality altered more, within my generation, than did India and the Indians. In their ready resort to railways, in their use of European manufactures, in their adoption of publicity by the Newspaper Press, in their assimilation of modern knowledge, in their employment of scientific methods medical and other, in their frequent imitation of English ideas —the Natives proved themselves apt scholars in the school of change. The alterations, however, sprang from no motive power in the people themselves. These were directly consequent on Western education, modern civilisation, and works of material development.

The Moslem faith, on the whole, stood the assaults of the new knowledge. But the Hindu faith, whenever touched by it, withered or vanished. Still, as the mass of the Hindus had not yet been reached by such influence, the ancestral faith yet remained with them. Those educated Hindus who had ceased to believe in Hinduism flew, not forwards to a fresh religion, but

backwards to the antique religion of the Vedas, antecedent to the Hinduism which they had abandoned. So far they vindicated their original attitude of immutability. Whether the iron system of caste continued to prevail with such people was doubtful; probably it did not. On the whole my impression was that as knowledge and culture spread wider and wider, or penetrated deeper and deeper into Indian society, so the disposition to change would grow.

Want of integrity was held to be a crying sin of the Natives when I began my service. Perhaps we hardly stopped to reflect that this may arise from temptations, by the removal of which it would be remedied in a large degree at least. I lived to see a happy improvement in this respect, as the Native officers and officials received more responsible positions, higher emoluments, better assured prospects. We had fair reasons for hoping that the ethical effect of Western education conduced to this improvement. I believed that with Natives thus trained and thus placed integrity was the rule.

From the first I thought the Natives to be signalized by domestic virtues, especially in the parental and filial relations. The ties between father and son were of the very closest, and were patent to every European ruler. Those between mother and daughter or sister and sister, so beautiful in many other countries, were, however, beyond the ken of Europeans, and we could

not judge thereon. The charitableness of the Natives to the infirm and the indigent, their endurance of hardship and suffering, were known to me from an early time. But I was not fully alive to the force of these qualities till I saw them displayed in the crisis of famine.

Marriage at an early age, and nearly universal in all classes, conduced to good conduct in life. The prohibition of wine by Islam was almost always obeyed. When the month of Ramazan fell in the hot weather, I saw Moslems endure thirst all day with marvellous self-control. The Hindus, by precept and ancient practice, were free from restriction in regard to alcohol. Still their national drink-bill was relatively very moderate. As compared with the inhabitants of higher latitudes, a fair standard of temperance prevailed in their country.

The conscience discriminating between right and wrong, the ideal of moral virtue, seemed to be much the same among Natives as among Europeans. Many Natives, indeed, acted up to that standard. Otherwise, the real question was whether the Natives, on the whole, had as much strength as Europeans in withstanding temptation to depart from such rectitude. I hoped that Christianity, with all the Western influences in its train, would here be found to assert itself.

In nerve and physical courage many of the Indian races were very far below the European standard. But here and there some races came up to any model that

could reasonably be set before them, and supplied men who might be counted as among the good soldiers of the nations. In one respect, however, Natives would often evince a quality akin to courage, if it were not courage itself, namely, calmness in the presence of certain and inevitable death. As a Magistrate I had often to supervise men under capital sentence, even up to the moment of execution. I was amazed at their apparent fortitude, though doubting whether it was really fortitude or not. They seemed to have no "fear of something after death." If Hindus they expected absorption into some other existence; if Moslems, they trusted to the profession of Islam without any further consideration. The idea that the individual soul will be answerable at a last judgment, before a Supreme Judge was not present to their minds.

Of the female disposition in India it was hard for a European to judge. The education of girls in the schools made a favourable beginning in my time. On a reasonable comparison with their fellows in other countries, I believed that the peasant women in India bore a fair character. Countless instances of merit and self-sacrifice came under my notice. One fiendish instance to the contrary occurs to my recollection, and she was a Brahmin. I thought at the time that Bulwer Lytton would have liked to see her, before writing his novel of "Lucretia, Daughter of the Night." Regarding the higher classes, I heard and read in many

places of ladies who had emerged from the harem with all its disadvantages, and played vigorous, and sometimes even heroic, parts. The chance of playing such parts hardly occurred in my generation, because the times had grown quieter. Even then, however, there were some signal examples within my own experience. The Maharani, widow of Ranjit Sing, gave me much trouble, after having given still more to my predecessors. Later on I had, as a Knight of the Star of India, the honour of escorting the Begum, or princess-ruler, of Bhopal up to the dais where she received knighthood of the same rank.

The strength, or otherwise of Native loyalty to a Crown, a dynasty, a State, a Government, was ever in my day a moot question. Several times the British Government received not only proofs but lessons, regarding the intense and passionate loyalty of some classes towards the indigenous sovereigns and chieftains. One among the wonders of the Mutinies was the readiness with which men flung away substantial advantages, accumulated during a lifetime, for the sake of rulers sprung from the land, of the ancestral faith with the time-honoured titles and surroundings. Thus the dominion of sentiment was powerfully asserted. It were vain to expect any such sentimental loyalty towards the British Government, which must be irremediably alien, however good it may become. But there has been a nearer approach to this sentiment

since the direct rule over India by the Crown, than there ever was before.

Further, the objection taken by the sentimentally loyal classes, against foreign domination, has been mitigated by the preservation of a great many Native States with dignity and prosperity. The position of the Queen-Empress as Suzerain and Paramount over a noble body of rulers, princes, chiefs, and vassals, consolidated one of the greatest interests in the county. This tended to stability and to the conciliation of many opinions that might otherwise have been hostile. It also afforded an avenue and an outlook for Native ambition, a chance of greatness for aspiring men—the want of which was a defect, perhaps unavoidable, in British rule. If, in the chivalrous sense of the term, there were loyalty anywhere in India towards the British nation, it was to be found in the Native States.

On the other hand, there were many individuals who would never bow the knee to the Baal of change, and who regarded the novelties and innovations of this century with hate and scorn. The mind of such men was the theme of poetry which has adorned Anglo-Indian literature. Many, again, were from fanaticism quite irreconcilable to any rulers from beyond the seas. Many too, sighed, even panted, for the brave days of rapine, when any strong arm might carve out its fortune with the sword. These several elements in

combination would be dangerous in the event of any feebleness overtaking the Government. Nevertheless the industrial, the moneyed, the landowning classes displayed that cheerful acquiescence in the foreign rule, which was a sort of practical loyalty. This acquiescence was felt in a duller and more passive way by the labouring classes. But it depended on the Government continuing to be puissant and victorious, conquering and to conquer. In case of reverse, it could not be relied upon for serving the same ends as patriotism would serve, in countries where the Government and the people are of the same blood.

The natives, though they could not discourse on the beautiful, had an unerring eye for beauty of situation. Every one of the structures stood on a striking position. I noticed their inner sentiments half-expressed, when together we contemplated such scenes as the Lake of Naini Tal embosomed in the mountains; the snowy range in misty magnificence overlooking the plateau of Almora; the Ganges at Hurdwar, where the river was, through Cautley's genius, turned into a canal; the ruins of old Jeypore in the highlands of Rajputana; the blue flowers blooming around the mountain-tomb of Sivaji.

CHAPTER IV.

(1848–1880).—RETROSPECT OF INDIA IN MY GENERATION.

My generation, 1848 to 1880—Additions of territory—Neighbourhood of Russia and of France—Proclamation of Empire of India—The Native States — Legislative Councils — High Courts of Judicature — Imperial Civil Service—Mutinies in Native Army—Military re-arrangement—The Indian Navy—Railways and Electric Telegraph—Canals for irrigation—Famine Relief—Property in land—Public Health and Sanitation—Public Instruction and State Education—Their effect on Hinduism—Christian Missions—Native Vernacular Press—Character borne by Native Officials—Census of the population—Commercial progress—Revenue and National Debt—European Society.

THE India of 1847, when I first landed there, has been already surveyed. It remains to cast a brief retrospect over the noteworthy changes between that year and 1880 when I departed; an interval of time which may be called my generation.

The area added to the Eastern Dominion involved consequences momentous to the British position in Asia. On the western side, it gave us that North-West frontier towards which the anxious gaze of our countrymen is ever turned. It brought us into close contact with the Afghans. It took us so much nearer to Russia, that the British suzerainty in Asia and the Russian suzerainty became conterminous. On the eastern side, it gave us such a mastery over the lower

valley of the Irawaddy, that the domination of the upper valley and of the Ava kingdom was a matter of time only. Thus we were brought into contact with China, and proximity with the French Dependencies in the Indo-Chinese Peninsula. Consequently the British Empire in Asia began to have Russia for a neighbour in the west, and France in the east.

The solemn proclamation of the Indian Empire, with the British Sovereign as Empress, produced due effect. Yet it was but a formal recognition of facts which had previously existed. Even in the days of the East India Company, whenever any project affected the whole country it was spoken and written of as imperial. This feeling gained in vitality after the direct assumption of the Indian Government by the Crown. It was well to emphasise, with magnificence of ceremony, a sentiment that dwelt in the minds of all. Foreign nations, too, had notice thereby that the British nation looked upon India as a possession to be held with that tenacity which has been evinced on many fields of action.

When I arrived in India the Native States were regarded as an element of doubtful strength, perhaps even as a source of imperial weakness. Their repute was much changed for the better by their good conduct during the Mutiny and the Rebellion. I then rejoiced to see their position consolidated as a bulwark of strength to the Empire. Moreover they afforded fully

what British Administration could afford but scantily if at all, a vent, a safety-valve for Native ambition, and a scope for winning personal eminence hardly to be achieved under a foreign system.

Regarding the popularity of British rule I perceived a change gradually supervening. Formerly the East India Company used to be popular in its well-governed territories, because it competed with neighbouring States badly governed. Its faults were overlooked, in reference to its virtues contrasted with the far greater faults of its competitors. It had, however, become supreme when I arrived in India, and the people thought of nothing but its every fault and every drawback, forgetting the evils from which it had rescued them, and reflecting not on the far greater faults or drawbacks incidental to indigenous rule. They had lost the means of immediate comparison which the conquered competitors were wont to afford. During the heyday of my career I never thought that the Government was as popular as it ought to be. I almost feared that it was unpopular without any assignable cause. But towards the end of my career I fancied that the old popularity was beginning to revive. Invasion from the West, or from other quarters, had been vaguely spoken of. Though no credence was attached to such rumours, yet people began to think whether they would lose or gain by a change of masters. They doubtless anticipated loss

thereby, and this thought drew them towards the British as being, with all their shortcomings, better than any other foreigners. Thus I discovered an incipient loyalty not previously discernible.

In my views on this subject I was never disturbed by the political conspiracies of divers sorts which confronted me, time to time, place to place, from the beginning to the end of my career. Nor was I abashed by the suddenness with which outbreaks on various occasions would burst forth and flow like lava over tracts of country. I knew well that beneath our society, there were volcanoes not wholly extinct and hardly extinguishable within any definite time—and that under foreign rule the people are ever passive or feeble in resisting disorder.

In the constitution of the British Indian Government, the old title of Governor-General, illustrated by many heroic men, was preserved. But to it was added that of Viceroy, indicating that the holder not only governed, but also represented the Sovereign. The Members of his Council, formerly appointed by the East India Company, were afterwards appointed directly by the Crown. Legislation, in the strict sense of the term, hardly existed before my generation. Within this time, however, Legislative Councils, for the Empire at large and for the principal Provinces, were constituted. The aid of the best English jurists was invoked, until at length India possessed Codes of

law inferior to few in the world. Subsidiary thereto, the old Supreme Courts of English law, and the Sudder Courts of Indian law, were abolished, and in their places High Courts for both English and Indian law were set up, the Judges being appointed by the Crown. The entrance to the Covenanted Civil Service as it used to be called, and to the Imperial Civil Service as it was afterwards styled, had to be won after competitive examination in England, instead of by nomination as formerly. The alteration was needed in order to satisfy public opinion in England, and in principle is not to be gainsaid. The efficiency of the Service remained, however, very much what it was before. In 1847 I was informed, under the nomination system, that the Service was the finest in the world; in 1880, under the competition system, I was told the same on returning to England. The old nomination system produced a long series of imperial administrators. Their conduct was resplendent and must be recorded by every historian who investigates the achievements of his countrymen in the East. I fully trusted that the new system would be found to bear as bright an escutcheon; it could scarcely have a brighter.

Respecting the Native Army, a gigantic error had prevailed during several generations. My generation saw it culminate in the War of the Mutinies which brought British dominion into critical peril. If the British nationality had not been gifted with the

highest fighting qualities, and possessed military resources by sea and land of a unique character, nothing could have saved the empire. As things went, the magnificence of the retrieval equalled the gravity of the error. For future rectification the European forces were doubled, and the Native forces were halved. The European separate forces of the East India Company were abolished, and their place was taken by the troops of the Crown. After my experience at Lahore in 1859, I appreciated the wisdom of this measure. The Indian Navy after a long and historic service, was given up, and its duties were transferred to the Royal Navy in Indian waters.

A blessed improvement was, during my generation, effected in the accommodation, the surroundings and the general condition of the European soldiery. Double-storied barracks, sometimes called palatial, were built in many places, the ground story for living the upper story for sleeping above the reach of malaria. The industrial employments indoors to relieve the tedium of closed windows in the hot blasts of summer —the recreations of various sorts out of doors—the comfort and cleanliness of all subsidiary arrangements —conduced to good conduct and temperance on the part of men whose lot in the East was thus bettered.

My generation saw the introduction of the railway and of the electric telegraph. The opening of the trunk lines of railway, although the branches were as yet

incomplete or untouched, did yet yield an enormous advantage to the Native population, of which they were quick to avail themselves. The effect, too, upon their minds was commensurately great. If anything could make an inroad on the system of caste it would be this. It aided the State and the people immensely in the prevention of famine. The addition it gave to the military power of the Government was too obvious to need description. In an empire not far from two millions of square miles in area, with an Administration everywhere concentrated either imperially or provincially, the electric telegraph was a great accession of strength both to the State and to the commercial classes.

After my arrival in India, I found the system of irrigation canals well begun. Before the end of my time it was developed in a degree not equalled, so far as I could learn, in any country or in any age. Untold augmentation thus accrued to the agricultural resources of the people, especially in time of drought. The duty of devoting the power and the means of the Government to saving life from famine—at any cost, at almost any sacrifice—had before my generation been but casually and imperfectly followed. But during and after 1873-4 it was formally acknowledged and acted upon.

The virtual property in land—whether belonging to landlords, or to middlemen, or to subordinate holders, or to occupancy cultivators—was finally settled during my generation, subject always to the payment of the

land revenue, or of the rent. This settlement, too, was made after statistical inquiries supported by surveys cadastral, topographical, trigonometrical, with skill, science and expense rarely exceeded in any country.

In this generation the Public Health received from the State an effectual attention not known before. Cholera ceased to be endemic at Calcutta and other great centres, doubtless because of the thorough improvement in the water-supply and in the drainage. Indeed the works for these purposes in the capital cities were of the finest and largest kind. These essential improvements spread to the towns of the interior, and even to some of the village areas. A vast amount of municipal capital was laid out on sanitation. Although outbreaks still occurred, beyond human remedy in the present state of our knowledge, yet the prevention of preventible disease was enough to mark the difference between British and Native rule in this respect.

Public Instruction or State Education was introduced. In the elementary branch a very good beginning was made, but not much more. The principle of village or parish rating for this purpose was acted upon nearly everywhere. But the rule of compulsory attendance at school had not been promulgated. The percentage of children at school upon those of a schoolgoing age was insufficient. The superior and middle-class instruction was successful in regard to literary and

general culture, but defective in respect to physical science, and to industrial or technical training.

There was a bright exception, however, in which some signal successes were achieved. Medical instruction had been imparted previously, but in my time it was nobly developed. The Native students proved adepts in learning and in practising, so as to form a large Profession of influence and usefulness among their countrymen.

The mitigation of suffering, perhaps also the saving of life, by the medical dispensaries and the hospitals established in all parts of our vast territories—did win Native respect. Indeed the Natives regarded this kind and gracious work as an example of merit without worldly alloy.

The Western education had, in my time, a potent effect on the religious faith of the Hindus who had thus been trained. They ceased to believe in the Hinduism which was still popular with the masses. They set up theistical systems for themselves, based on the traditions of hoar antiquity. Among these classes the progress of Christianity was disappointing and less than what might *a priori* have been expected. Still there were from year to year signal conversions of which the spiritual significance, and even moral effect, far transcended any mere numerical account.

Among other classes of the population—Hindu, but not Moslem—in many scattered districts, under the

influence of the Protestant religious missions, the advance of Christianity was a cause of thankfulness. It received a greater impulse in my generation than at any previous time. The aggregate of souls connected with these missions constituted a statistical factor even in India, where the statistics generally mounted up to high figures. The missionaries as a body became an engine of general good, and a moral force respected alike by the Government and the people. The Roman Catholic missions in many centres were also well maintained.

The growth of the Native Vernacular Press was due to the Western education. In many respects this Press was most loyal to British rule. In other respects it lent itself to excesses of thought and language verging on disloyalty, and so far it abused the freedom which had been generously conceded. Necessity arose for restricting this freedom temporarily by law. The fault perhaps arose in part from the indiscriminate imitation of extreme language sometimes used by the European Press, without observing the limits which patriotism would forbid an English publicist to transgress.

A movement, which subsequently became known as that of the Indian National Congress, had begun in my time and had advanced a certain way. But it had hardly approached the lengths which it seems to have reached later on. Even then its claims were of an exaggerated character, though they had not attained

their present climax, which is quite inadmissible, and which in effect is that those should control the Finance who do not undertake the defence of the country and the maintenance of order.

I saw many social reformers arise in the country, and it was hoped that sooner or later they would succeed in changing many customs detrimental to Native society. But in my generation they hardly achieved any substantial result that could be chronicled.

If personal greatness could hardly be achieved by individual natives under British administration, honour could be conferred. In my time the Government granted not only English knighthood but also Oriental titles to Natives. Though granted by a foreign Viceroy, such Oriental titles were much prized in Native society. But they were casually or incidentally bestowed. Towards the end of my time I thought that the procedure might well be systematised, and that a Native aristocracy, based on antiquity and on the traditions of indigenous rule, might be consolidated and developed under British rule.

A marked advance took place in the employment of Natives of all grades in the Public Service. In 1847 the clerks in the offices of the many Civil Departments were almost entirely European or East Indian. The work, being English, could not be performed by Natives, but before I left India, it was almost entirely done by them. In the middle grades of the magistracy, of the

police, of the revenue-collection, the employment of Natives had always been in vogue. But in my time its value and its credit were much raised, in respect to emoluments, to leave, and to pension. Natives were appointed to seats in the High Courts and in the Legislative Councils. While the emoluments of the European agency in State employ often remained stationary, those of the Native agency were increased largely.

This improvement in status and in prospect, combined with the Western education, wrought a marked improvement in the conduct of the Native officers and officials. When I recalled the character they had as I first knew them in 1848, and that which they enjoyed as I left them in 1880, the moral advancement was greater than anything I ever expected to see.

I always believed that much good might be produced by investing Native worthies with honorary functions and duties in the administration of the country, thereby attaching them to the Government under which they lived. Much, no doubt, was attempted in this way; but I never thought that enough was undertaken in my generation on this behalf. I did what I could in my several Provinces; but until opinion was more ripe than it proved to be among Europeans as well as Natives, I could not give full effect to my views.

In this generation to hold a census of the popula-

tion was recognised as among the first duties of the State. But as there were only estimates at the beginning of the time, a full comparison could not be made with the proper enumeration which was effected towards the end. Undoubtedly there had been an enormous increment, not much short of one hundred millions of souls. Of that about one-fourth had been due to the incorporation of fresh territory into the empire, and three-fourths to natural increase. When the question was raised as to how this growing multitude could be sustained, it was shown that the average density to the square mile was still very moderate, that the cultivation had expanded *pari passu*, and that the people were not likely to starve when they were exporting vast masses of food-grain to Europe.

The foreign trade was multiplied about fivefold within the time. It was for the most part transferred from the Cape of Good Hope to the Suez canal, and from sailing vessels to steamers. Some industries, textile and other, in India were superseded by British-made goods. The readiness with which the Natives clothed themselves with the English stuffs was among the wonders of the time. On the other hand, the industries of tea and coffee were set up by the British in India. Certain industries, too, originally European, —relating to cotton, to jute-fibre and others—were established in India by the British in competition with Europe. Thus, despite the loss of some industries,

the industrial advancement of India was enormous. All this, in combination with economic circumstances, caused a marked rise in wages and prices, whereby the condition of the Natives was raised.

A striking instance might be adduced of progress in the labour market. When I arrived in India recruits for the Native Army could be procured, in any number of thousands, on a signal from authorities. Before I left the country, difficulty began to be felt in obtaining recruits in several provinces, much like that which has sometimes been found in England.

The revenues and receipts of the State were doubled in the space of time. From about thirty-five millions sterling they rose to about seventy millions. The fall in the value of the rupee, which afterwards became financially disastrous, had begun indeed but had not advanced far. The National Debt was trebled, the increase amounting to more than a hundred millions sterling. Some of this was expended on military operations, especially the suppression of the Mutinies, but the rest was for remunerative work on railways and canals.

The condition of the Europeans, chiefly the servants of the Government, had been financially affected by the rise of prices and wages. It was threatened further if the rupee should fall in value when measured by a gold standard. But it had been sensibly ameliorated by the new rules of leave and furlough to Europe, and by the

railway locomotion within India, especially facilitating access to the health-resorts.

Sixteen years have elapsed since my departure from India, so closing the space of this retrospect. In those subsequent years, she may, perhaps must, have still further changed; and will, I hope, have advanced in every way. She has been in pathetic poetry described as a land of regrets. Personally I never felt any such, while residing within her limits. If I failed to feel due regret after leaving her, it was because of the new interest springing from my avocations in England. There was much in the Indian life to evoke my liveliest sympathy. Fortune had given to few men the chances which I had of seeing the whole country. I was on official duty—from the mid snowy range of the Himalaya in the north to within sight of Cape Comorin in the south—from the border of Thibet on the north-east to the border of Candahar on the south-west—at the mouth of the Irawaddy and at the mouth of the Indus—from the frontier of Siam on the east to Beluchistan on the west. The love of travel might have impelled me to visit these widely scattered places, but in fact the performance of my varied work had taken me thither. As a Governor, a traveller, and a student, I had discerned virtues and graces in the Natives, more than counterbalancing the faults and crimes which I had seen as a Magistrate, a Collector, and a Judge. If I were required to give a concrete example of an

ever-present sense of duty animating conduct—I should indicate the Anglo-Indian Administrators Civil and Military. If I were asked the practical meaning of devoted patriotism, and a singleness of desire for the popular welfare, I should point to the British governance of India.

CHAPTER V.

(1880-86.)—LIFE IN ENGLAND.

Arrival in London from India March 1880—The General Election—Proceed to Worcestershire—Defeated in election—Revert to London—Write book "India in 1880"—Make speeches Birmingham and Manchester—Residence at Hampstead—Write book "Men and events of my time in India"—Varied literary work—My "Oriental Experience" and "Cosmopolitan Essays"—Memoirs of John Lawrence and James Thomason—Addresses to various Societies—Honours from Universities Oxford and Cambridge—Move in London Society—Travel in Scotland—Negotiations with various constituencies—Resume candidature for Worcestershire—The Evesham Division—Electoral campaign—Elected Member December 1885.

I ARRIVED in London during the afternoon of Wednesday the 31st of March 1880. After admiring the snow-capped mountains of Crete in golden light, high above the violet sea-waves—I arrived at Brindisi. Thence I travelled with the mails to Paris. They had to go by the circular railway round the city; but I drove across the city and caught an earlier train. So I actually reached London some three hours before the mails and their despatches. Thus I was hailed by my friends as the man who "had beat the mail."

I was to enter at once, without any preparation, on an electoral campaign, with only a few days within which to fight a severely contested election, where my opponents had been for some weeks in the field. So I

went to the Carlton Club to seek my first political lesson. I heard that the earliest polls of the General Election had been declared that day. On entering the club I was struck by the sight that met my eyes. In the hall there had been placed wooden stands, against which were posted the results of the polls in the boroughs. Eager politicians were pacing backwards and forwards, scanning the figures.

It was thought best for me to learn all I could that very night from the central authorities of the Party in London—before proceeding on the morrow for the campaign. So I was kindly conducted to the Conservative headquarters in St. Stephen's Chambers, and was introduced to Mr. Roland Winn, afterwards Lord St. Oswald, one of the Whips. I asked him what were the main points to be advocated before the electors, and he was good enough to expound them to me. Then Sir William Hart Dyke also a Whip, came in with a bundle of campaign leaflets, like a quiver full of arrows, bristling with facts and arguments on the Conservative side for this General Election in particular. Out of the batch he selected several tracts for my special edification. It was now growing late, and the two Whips dismissed me with their blessing.

The next morning I journeyed to Worcester in company with Mr. Allsopp, afterwards Lord Hindlip, my colleague in the candidature for East Worcestershire. At Worcester I was met by my brother-in-law

Mr. John Willis Bund, afterwards Chairman of the Worcestershire County Council. That evening I went to my home, The Nash, in the parish of Kempsey. Mrs. Temple, my father's widow, was living there. My wife and daughter had just come back from the Continent to meet me. The next morning I drove to Croome Court, to see the Earl of Coventry the head of our Conservative party in Worcestershire. I had known the members of His Lordship's family from my childhood onwards; and he himself proved to be one of the best and kindest friends I ever had. He subsequently became Lord Lieutenant of the county.

Then I proceeded by train to Oldbury near Birmingham to attend my first political meeting, and to make my opening speech to the electors.

At Oldbury I asked my leading supporters what I had best say to the electors. They replied—tell the audience about Russia and Turkey, or the Eastern Question generally, and never mind about domestic topics. I heard ringing cheers and hearty applause all down the street as I walked to the meeting place. People enquired whether I felt the change from a Governor's status to an election campaign. I replied that the cheers of my Bombay friends had hardly died out of my ears, when the cheers of my Worcestershire friends began. Just after we had taken our seats, the sound of thick boots mounting to the galleries, and the confused noises in the body of the hall, showed me that

trouble was in the air. Indeed cheers began to be raised for our opponents. After I had uttered a few sentences of my speech, many men stood up in evident concert, and pushed their way through the rows of my supporters towards the platform. The meeting would apparently be broken up, and we held a hasty consultation. I would not leave the platform while it was being assaulted, but would stand in its defence. Meanwhile the assailants were on us. Fortunately there were at the foot of the platform two rows of hardy, prickly plants in large pots. So the storming party had to get over these, in order to gain the rails of the platform. As fast as they reached the rails, we, standing on a vantage ground, pushed them back. Thus checked, they soon found that the body of our men were forming up in their rear, and that their attack had failed. I was sorry to learn that several men were hurt in the scuffle, one Radical having injured his arm and another his rib—though the fault was theirs entirely. We then left our unconquered platform, and adjourned to the long room of the publichouse. There I gave to an audience of my supporters the speech which was to have been delivered to the public meeting.

After that, I encountered no rough treatment, except on one evening at Halesowen. When I was driving away after the meeting, a young man thrust his head into the carriage, and cursing me with a voice of suppressed rage, dashed a stone against my chest.

I received during this brief electoral campaign a generous hospitality from Mr. and Mrs. Allsopp at their seat Hindlip Hall, which I shall ever remember. I was zealously befriended by Mr. Charles Noel, a typical county gentleman, and our honorary secretary; also by Mr. Ralph Benson of Shropshire, a friend of my boyhood, who had already been making speeches to the electors on my behalf until I could appear on the scene.

I rejoiced to find that the electors cared far more to hear speeches about the Eastern Question, and the Empire abroad, than about any domestic topic. The recent policy of the Conservative Government in Eastern Europe loomed so large before the public mind that I had to devote myself to its vindication—a task highly congenial to me. I had often been warned that the electors would take no interest in India. To the honour of my patriotic countrymen, I found the very reverse to be the case.

I was struck by the excitability of the public mind during a crisis of this nature. For example, an opponent had said in a speech that I had come red-handed from the Afghan War; and I took this to be, what it really was, a mere figure of speech to indicate that I had very recently been in the theatre of military operations. Some of my good supporters, however, were so touched by this metaphor, that they obliged me to publicly defend myself, and to deny that my own hands had been imbrued with the blood of Afghans.

There were only ten days available for my campaigning, and I was gaining votes every day by my speeches on Russia and Turkey. Had a few days more been spared me, I might have won success. As it was I learned, without surprise on the election day, that my senior opponent, the eldest son of Mr. Gladstone, was ahead of me by a fair majority.

Meanwhile, the Conservative Government was in the throes of resignation, and after the briefest respite at home, I went to London to wait upon the leaders of my Party, before they should leave office. The Levées for the year being over, I fortunately found myself able to appear in the presence of Her Majesty at a Drawing Room in Buckingham Palace. I was thankful to be elected straightway a Member of the Carlton, and about the same time I came on for election successfully by ballot at the Athenæum.

I shortly afterwards became a Justice of the Peace for Worcestershire, and taking my seat on the Bench, recalled the memories of early youth when my father sat there. This was on the recommendation of the late Lord Beauchamp, then Lord Lieutenant. I was proud to have received his support regarding politics and local affairs. In common with my neighbours, I mourned his death and revered his memory.

I received a letter from my friend Sir Michael Westropp, on behalf of the inhabitants of Bombay, requesting me to sit to the sculptor Mr. Brock, now a Royal

Academician, for a statue to be erected in marble at that city. I was naturally proud to be thus remembered by my friends there. The sittings began during this year, and the work was completed in the course of a twelvemonth. The statue was placed in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy during the next year, and was subsequently erected in the Esplanade of Bombay. The mover on this occasion was Mr. Justice (now Sir Lyttelton) Bayley. He spoke in the most hearty and appreciative manner, being one of my best friends. The then Governor, Lord Reay, performed the ceremony of unveiling, with courteous and friendly expressions. The inhabitants of Bombay were good enough to send me a photograph of the scene.

In those days I met Mr. Fergusson, the renowned author on architecture. He advised me to write without delay a book about India, and suggested Mr. John Murray as publisher. Shortly afterwards I delivered before the Royal Geographical Society an address on the projected railway from the Indus to Candahar, for which the illustrations were painted by my brother, Lieutenant George Temple of the Royal Navy, from my sketches. After the conclusion of the address Mr. Fergusson introduced me to Mr. John Murray, who had been among the audience. The next day I agreed with Mr. Murray to write two books, the first to be done in the current year and to be called "India in 1880," the second to be completed in the

following year and to be styled "Men and Events of my time in India." Subsequently, I delivered two similar addresses to the Society, one upon the frontier of Thibet, the other upon the mountain fastnesses of the Mahrattas. Referring to my speeches and to my brother George's illustrations in combination, the President, Lord Aberdare, spoke of us as "*par nobile fratrum.*"

I returned for awhile to my Worcestershire home, to begin the composition of "India in 1880." I continued this work at Vichy, where I renewed my old friendship with Lord Houghton. Leaving Vichy I made, with my sister Augusta, a short tour in France. Thence I joined my wife at Malvern, and worked at my book till the autumn. I then proceeded to London for its completion and publication by the end of the year.

Early in 1881 I was invited to address a great meeting in the Town Hall of Birmingham on "the value of India to the industrial classes of England." I felt nervous at standing up on the very platform where, as a boy, I used to hear the great singers entertain the vast audience, each for a few minutes one after the other. How, thought I to myself, shall I with my single voice entertain just as large an audience for more than an hour? My courage rose, however, as I caught the eye of the listening multitude. I had to deal with facts, grand, telling and magnificent. As each fact fell

on the ear of the audience it evoked cheering. Indeed, the constant applause so delayed my discourse, that one hour and three quarters were taken up. When, at last, I sat down, the applause was so long sustained that I rose repeatedly to bow in acknowledgment, like a public performer. As I lay my tired head to rest, I thought that this had been one of the finest evenings in my whole career.

I met Lord Beaconsfield for the last time at the Carlton Club. I had not seen him since my entrance into English politics. He had quite recently been making an impressive speech about Central Asia and India, using the memorable words that the keys of India were not in Herat or Candahar, but in Westminster! He was sorry that I had not been able to enter Parliament at the last General Election. But he hoped I would persevere, and assured me of ultimate success. I little thought that within a day or so he would be seized with mortal illness.

In the early spring I went to Manchester for the purpose of delivering two addresses, one in the Town Hall on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, the other to the Chamber of Commerce in special reference to the Indian import duties on cotton goods. I was to be the guest of Bishop Fraser at Bishop's Court. But a gouty affection overtook me, so that I walked with difficulty; still I addressed the audience in the Town Hall. The next day I had to be carried in a

chair with shafts to address the Chamber of Commerce. I was allowed to keep my seat while speaking about the Indian import duties on cotton goods. The purport was, that while Finance Minister of India I had advocated the gradual reduction of these duties, and that I hoped the then Minister, Sir Evelyn Baring, afterwards Lord Cromer, would be able to abolish whatever might remain of them. After the speech was over I was being carried down the stone staircase, when the shaft of my chair broke causing me to be thrown with some force on the hard ground, and thus aggravating my ailment. The next day in my sick-bed I read the favourable comments in the several Manchester papers on my speech. For several days my host and hostess, Bishop and Mrs. Fraser, cared for me in a manner which claimed my lasting gratitude. They then seemed so strong and I so sick; yet they are both gone to everlasting rest, and I am left.

I was at Liverpool on several public occasions under the hospitable guidance of my valued friends, Mr. (now Sir William) Forwood and Mr. Edward Lawrence.

Meanwhile my wife, finding that Worcerstershire did not suit her health, had established an abode for us both at Hampstead, close on the Heath. As soon as I could be moved from Manchester I joined her there. I quickly recovered, and by May I was nearly as well as ever. I then began to compose my promised book "Men and Events of my time in India," and with

slight intermissions, devoted myself to this task for the remainder of that year.

Besides these larger works I contributed, in the following years, articles or essays to several Royal Societies, the Historical, the Geographical, the Asiatic, the Statistical—to the "Contemporary" and "Fortnightly Reviews"—to the "Quarterly Review." Many of these were republished in two separate volumes; one by Mr. Murray entitled "Oriental Experience," the other by Mr. Chapman styled "Cosmopolitan Essays." I wrote a Memoir of John Lord Lawrence for Macmillan's series of "English Men of Action." For that purpose I visited Londonderry, being the guest of Bishop—now Archbishop—Alexander and his gifted wife. I prepared the volume "James Thomason" for the Oxford Clarendon Press Series of "Rulers of India" —under the able editorship of Sir William Hunter. In reference to this Memoir I had to study the career of Charles Simeon at Cambridge. When this important series had been completed I dined at Oxford with the Vice-Chancellor Dr. Magrath, in company with the eminent men who as authors had contributed to the literary undertaking. I wrote the article on India for the new edition of "Chambers' Encyclopædia"; and that on the Mahrattas for the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." I lamented that parliamentary avocation prevented my attending the dinner at Cambridge, which was afterwards given by the conductors

of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to the numerous authors who had taken part in that comprehensive work.

I delivered many addresses in different parts of England on behalf of religious missions from all Protestant denominations, using Indian experience for giving weight to my testimony. The most interesting of these occasions was at Lincoln when I was the guest of Bishop Wordsworth, the venerable and distinguished author. I was soon chosen to be a Vice-President of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. I was afterwards elected Vice-President of the Church Missionary Society—my friend Sir John Kennaway being then President—on account of the many speeches I had made in support of the Society at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in the Metropolis, and at the chief industrial centres in the interior. I was astonished as well as rejoiced by the May meetings of the Society at Exeter Hall. In regard to magnitude, earnestness and fervour, to weight of numbers, to quality of influence and experience from many lands—these assemblages seemed to be among the moral phenomena of the age. The House of Laymen being constituted mainly with members elected from the counties of England and Wales—the Archbishop of Canterbury was empowered to nominate a limited number of members, and I had the privilege of being one of His Grace's nominees.

I conversed much regarding the Royal College of Civil Engineering at Cooper's Hill with General

Chesney, afterwards Sir George and Member of Parliament—a friend ever since my Panjab days. At the request of the Secretary of State for India, I became Chairman of the Board of Visitors for the scientific and practical curriculum of this important institution for technical education. Its President was my ally Sir Alexander Taylor of Delhi fame, and to it was added a Forestry branch under Dr. Schlich another old friend of mine in Bengal.

I was honoured by receiving the Honorary Degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, and of LL.D. of Cambridge. The ceremonies and social gatherings on those occasions were marked by the red gowns of us Doctors amid the verdant surroundings of the colleges. I was favoured with these distinctions in company with several eminent men, British and foreign—among the former were Watts and Millais, among the latter was Menabrea. The acquisition of these Degrees enabled me to become a member of two Colleges, Christchurch at Oxford and Trinity at Cambridge.

In the delivery of addresses my activity was exceedingly diversified. I had the honour to make speeches on general topics at the request of several Chambers of Commerce, notably those of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Stoke-on-Trent. I was elected an Honorary Member of the College of Preceptors in London. I was President of the Social Science Congress at Huddersfield, and was

offered the Presidency of a Sanitary Congress, which my political engagements prevented my accepting. I was twice President of Sections of the British Association for the advancement of Science, namely that of Geography at Southampton, and that of Economic Science at Montreal. Thrice I gave lectures before the Institute of Bankers in the City of London on the Currency system of India old and new, also the monetary practices of the Natives; further, on the recent closing of the Mints. To the Society of Arts in London I explained the principles of Indian Forestry. For several years I was President of the East India Association. I addressed the Royal Institute of British Architects on picturesqueness in architecture, and they published my paper with beautiful illustrations of their own. I made a speech to the Art Institute in the Pottery Districts on the works of Wedgwood. Thrice as President of the Richmond Athenæum I made historical speeches from the chair on striking episodes in Greece, in Spain and in Turkey.

Above all, when the United Service Institution was entering its new quarters in Whitehall—which had just been declared open by the Prince of Wales—I was chosen to deliver the inaugural address on the professional culture necessary for British officers on sea and land. Field-Marshal Sir Lintorn Simmons was in the chair, and many distinguished officers of the Army and of the Navy were among the audience.

Together with all this, I desired to see something of London society. I cherish gratefully the remembrance of the gracious and hospitable reception which was accorded to me and which far exceeded my anticipation. For three London seasons I went faithfully over the social round, learning for the first time what it was to make a business of pleasure. This *régime* seemed severe even to a man like me accustomed to hard work. I did not indeed appear on horseback in the Park during the gay months. But in some years, when it became empty owing to the slackening of the season, I really did ride there, and found it the best galloping ground ever met with by me. The social routine implied the devotion of fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, for some three months in the year, to Society. Experience of the world in one of its phases was thus gained. My recollections of it are blended in a golden atmosphere, with unfailing sunshine, with brightness of speech and aspect, with brilliancy of adornment and surroundings.

One afternoon I had the honour of showing to Mr. (afterwards Lord) Tennyson a portfolio containing a long series of water-colour studies indicating cloud effects in the Himalaya, near Simla. He on the other hand read to me some of his patriotic odes. Among these little sketches I shall ever remember one set, to which he was attracted, and which seemed to suggest poetic thoughts. For it represented the same view

from four different aspects; namely, the distant Satlej winding through the Plains, as seen from a mountain summit. The first aspect was pale with a tender grey sky; the second was violet with a golden sky; the third was red, even the river catching the rosy colour of sunset; the fourth was dark with the approaching nightfall, the horizon being streaked with the light of departing day, and the river just breaking the gloom with a subdued light.

I learned my first lessons in Uganda politics from H. M. Stanley himself on his return from his last African expedition. I was among the guests at his wedding in Westminster Abbey, amidst a large gathering of celebrated persons. When he entered Parliament, I rejoiced that he was there to help in guarding Imperial interests.

I was chosen by the friends of Sir Bartle Frere to preside on two occasions, one joyous, the other sorrowful. The first was the banquet given to him by his admirers, after his return from the Cape of Good Hope. The second was when I became Chairman of the Committee for arranging his public funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral. In a similar capacity I attended and read the address when his statue on the Victoria Embankment was unveiled by the Prince of Wales.

I paid a noteworthy visit to Scotland, when travelling to Edinburgh for the delivery of an address to the Scottish Arboricultural Society. Then I joined

them on a charming excursion. We visited Lord Haddington's grounds, studded and adorned with noble trees. No thought entered our minds that we were only just in time to view them before they perished. Thence I journeyed to Ross-shire and studied Sir John Fowler's estate, ranging from the shore washed by salt water, past cultivated lands, including woods and lochs, ending at length in deer forests several thousand feet above sea level. Returning southwards, I arrived at the Trossachs overnight. Early the next morning the hotel-master warned me not to go out, as some tempest was impending. By consulting the weather-glass I perceived that a cyclone was approaching, and I would fain see it burst on Loch Katrine. So passing quickly through the sheltered ravine of the Trossachs with my guide, we emerged upon the lake. Then, sure enough, the cyclone was on us, and we had to cling as close as possible to rocks and trunks of trees. The spectacle was terrifically splendid; the lake water was scourged into contortions, and was driven up aloft into the air in columns of spray. Proceeding south-eastwards, I heard of the tremendous havoc that had been wrought among the woods of the eastern coast, and that, in the wreck, Lord Haddington's trees, which we were recently admiring, had been lost.

During a subsequent visit to Scotland I stood at the mouth of Fingal's Cave. The geological formations were the most wondrous ever seen by me. I gazed at

Nature's exquisite elaboration of the rocks. As the waves from the Atlantic rolled into the cavern, and resounded with a melancholy cadence, the romance of the place was ineffable. The purplish black of the basaltic columns was partially reflected in the deep green of the sea. I suppose that there may be some six gems of Nature on the face of our earth. Of these one would be the marble wall of the Nerbudda in India, another might be the best of the sulphur springs in the Yellowstone Park of America, and Fingal's Cave would certainly be another.

My eldest son Richard returned for a while to England with his wife, having done well in the Civil Employ of Northern India, and having already won for himself a name in Anglo-Indian literature. He took up the manuscript journals kept by me in Cashmere, in Hyderabad of the Deccan, in Sikkim, in Nepal. For these he prepared a preface, and several introductions, with learned or useful notes in many places. Thus he produced a work which was published by Messrs. Allen in two volumes. He afterwards became President of the Rangoon Municipality, and is now Chief Commissioner of the Andaman Islands. My second son Henry also rose in the Indian Service, and is now a Political Agent in Rajputana. He has become eminent in water-colour art; so that now the walls of the old drawing-room at The Nash are hung entirely with water-colour pictures, painted by three generations of

our family—namely, my father, myself, and my son. My third son, Charles, has chosen a Colonial career.

As my wife was obliged for her health to stay at Heath Brow, Hampstead, I could not live continuously at The Nash. But I occasionally stayed there for a time in perfect accord with Mrs. Temple, my father's widow, who lived in the old house permanently, till her death in 1892. She took charge of my two sons during their childhood in my father's lifetime, and was as good as a mother to them. I cherish her memory with the most affectionate respect.

Despite my frequent absences, I sometimes received my Worcestershire neighbours at The Nash. Once there was a dance, at which I was favoured by the presence of gentlemen belonging to several Hunt Clubs; so that I actually beheld the uniform coats of five Hunts among my guests. Once, too, the Croome Hounds met on the lawn in front of the house, and made up a picturesque scene. At the hunt-breakfast I had the pleasure of receiving many former constituents, rural gentry, and farmers.*

* I have often been interrogated regarding the etymology of "The Nash." Traditionally we have held the name to mean the ash-trees—the plural of the ash being formed by prefixing the letter *n*. But a friend has pointed out to me the following passage in Earle's "Philology of the English Tongue," p. 138.: ". . . the tendency of N to adhere as an initial where it has no organic place, as Ned, Noll, Nell. Most instances have been caused by combination with a precedent word ending in N, generally an article, sometimes a pronoun. Thus nuncle arose from 'mine uncle,' nickname from 'an eke name.' In local names we have Nash, Noke, from 'at then ashe,' or 'atten ashe'—'at then oke,' or 'atten oke.'"

Since my return to England in 1880 I never lost sight of Parliamentary politics. I hoped to stand again for Worcestershire, inasmuch as, having come from India for that purpose, I wished to abide thereby. Meanwhile overtures or offers came to me from various constituencies. The first of these related to Canterbury, but that did not end in any definite conclusion. The second referred to Evesham, which I did not feel able to accept. I also was favoured with communications regarding the Leigh Division of Lancashire, and Barnstaple in Devonshire. I had some private communications regarding the borough of Liverpool—before it was separated into several divisions—and I agreed to stand in the event of a certain conjuncture arising, which however did not arise, and so the affair dropped. By this time the election law had been essentially changed by the Corrupt Practices Act. Next came the Franchise Act of 1885, and the redistribution of seats. The county of Worcester was broken up into several new divisions. Fortunately that division fell to my lot which comprised a goodly portion of the area that I had contested in 1880, which was nearest my home, and which had Evesham for its headquarter. So far all promised well; but then a temporary obstacle sprang up. Many of my supporters favoured Protection, and that I was unable to advocate. So I had to ask for an assurance that such advocacy was not to be expected of me. At that juncture an offer came from the Harrow

division of Middlesex, and I might have accepted it had the Worcestershire negotiation fallen through. My Worcestershire supporters, however, were so very kind as to take me without Protection, and thus I was in every way bound to them. My Liverpool friends had not forgotten me, for I received by telegraph an offer from one of the newly-formed divisions of that great borough, but naturally I had to decline with much expression of thankfulness.

Yet one more pleasing trial awaited me. The Conservatives of the Edgbaston division of Birmingham had been pleased to fix on me as the one candidate who would suit them all round. In their kindness they believed that, if due pressure were applied, my Worcestershire friends might be induced to give me up for the good of the Party in the Midland counties, leaving me free to transfer my allegiance. In the summer of this year, 1885, there was a political banquet in Edgbaston at which I was to speak. Unknown to me, an Address had been prepared and signed by several thousands of electors, urging me to stand for reasons of a most complimentary character. This was presented to me in the ante-room just before dinner, quite unexpectedly. After expressing my thanks most cordially, I could only say that my fate was in the hands of the Worcestershire constituency. The moment was one of triumph for me; indeed I have hardly ever felt more complimented than on this occasion. Very many of

the best people in Birmingham resided within the Edgbaston division. From every point of view it was a constituency of high rank and distinction. In the event I was unable to accept, being under the fullest obligation to Worcestershire.

Under the altered circumstances since the new Franchise Act, I found the campaigning in 1885, for the Evesham division, or South Worcestershire, to differ much for the worse from what it had been in 1880. Formerly we had only the upper section of rural society, with the farmers and the freeholders, to deal with. But now to them were added the farm-labourers and the small allotment holders. Consequently a meeting had to be held in almost every village, and I had more than eighty villages. Thus the fatigue of speaking at so large a number of meetings as this was a tax on my strength and spirits. But so far as the circumstances allowed, the work was facilitated for me by my trusty and able agent Mr. W. H. Moore. The platform was often a waggon in the midst of the village green, if the evening was fine. I would mount on the box in order to address the rustic folk standing around. Sometimes a barn would be fitted up for our reception, if the evening was wet. Soon I learnt that a considerable section among the farm-labourers had been listening to the siren songs of Liberal charmers, who promised them acres stocked with cattle, and all manner of good

things, if only they would vote in a particular way. I was confronted too by Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, my Liberal opponent, a very able and popular candidate.

In the villages the topics for my speeches were naturally parochial. The question of allotments was a burning one at that time. Fortunately I happened to be the owner of many prosperous allotments. So I pointed to these in illustration of my practice, as against the preaching and theories of our opponents. In the country towns, which were not large, imperial topics were desired by the audiences. For example, one evening as I rose to speak watch in hand, I said that just half an hour remained, and asked whether I should devote that to County and Parish Councils, or to Behring Sea and the great Seal controversy. The hearers cried out, "Never mind about the local Councils, tell us of Behring Sea and the Seals."

Once only during a campaign of several months was there any actual collision between my opponent's followers and my own. A body of my supporters attended a Liberal meeting in Evesham; consequently some disputes began and ended in a display of force on both sides, during which my people held somewhat more than their own. In retaliation for this, a meeting of ours, in the capacious barn of a neighbouring village, was broken up by our opponents. It was thereon decided that I should myself

hold another meeting on a subsequent day, and address it in that very barn. So I went with a potent body-guard of the stalwart market gardeners for which Evesham was renowned. They duly answered for order inside the barn while I was speaking. I heard however that outside our meeting the *mêlée* was at times tumultuous, and that there happened to be a broad trench hard by, into which some ardent opponents were pushed during the free fight.

I have often regretted that a day-book was not kept, wherein to note the amusing phrases that were uttered. Some of them, however, cling to my recollection. I happened to own a cover, which had fortunately been patronised by foxes, and where finds had been tolerably frequent. A rural sportsman, on my first arrival, warned me quite gravely that if I wished to preserve my political influence, I must also preserve my foxes. I replied that this principle was fully acknowledged by me. In the corn-market at Worcester while I was conversing with the farmers, one of them said to me, in a tone of menacing admonition, "We means to 'ave Protection, we does—and we doesn't want no half-hearted uns, we doesn't." I admitted that for so hard an enterprise as this, a whole heart was needed. One day a sturdy villager was recounting to me how he and his had driven an agitator out of their village. I jocularly asked whether they had threatened to bathe the intruder in the horse-pond.

He paused, touched his forehead, and after a moment's reflection, said seriously—"Well, sir, now you names it, there was something said about that." A farmer once was assuring me that his farm-labourers were politically sound. I asked, how he knew that—his prompt answer was "because I 'eerd 'em a hargling among theirselves."

In the end, the rural men kept themselves in what we regarded as the straight path. I frankly said to them that promises could never be made which we might be unable to keep. But I entreated them to stick to us their old friends and neighbours, whose fathers had been known to their fathers. Some of them did indeed wander astray, hoping to attain the unattainable. Nevertheless I was duly elected by a moderate majority.

CHAPTER VI.

(1882-1883).—TRAVELS IN EASTERN EUROPE AND PALESTINE.

Journey to Constantinople—Seraskier Tower—Scutari—San Stefano—Galata Tower—Prince's Islands—Broussa—Turks and Turkish Government—Across Black Sea to Russia—Odessa—Kieff—The Jews—Moscow—Kremlin—Political tendencies—Nijni Novgorod—St. Petersburg—Esthonia—Warsaw—Return to England—Voyage to Palestine—Jaffa to Jerusalem—Jordan and Jericho—Bethel and Shechem—Samaria—Nazareth and Tiberias—Tyre and Sidon—Beyrout and Baalbec—Benefit of travel in Holy Land—Sacred scenery.

IN the spring of 1882 I undertook a tour in Eastern Europe, beginning with TURKEY. So, starting from London, I proceeded by railway to Buda Pesth, and saw there a sitting of the Hungarian Parliament. I went on board a steamer on the Danube, and caught a train for Bucharest, the rising capital of the young Roumanian kingdom. Going on to Varna, I embarked on a Black Sea steamer bound for Constantinople. After a night's voyage I went on deck in the morning, and found that our ship was gliding along a narrow strait with mountains on either side and with palaces, castles, villas, down to the water's edge. This was evidently the Bosphorus, and soon Constantinople came in sight, bathed in sunshine and presenting the finest urban scene on earth.

My first care was to ascend the Seraskier — or War Office—Tower in the heart of the old city. From that lofty height the spectator can best understand the mediæval warfare, and the strategic points for modern operations on land or on water. My next thought was to mount the staircase of the Galata Tower in the newer city, from which the view was as instructive and even more picturesque. The panorama indeed was replete with magic beauty. The city, the queen of the East, shone like a diadem of gold and jewels between the azure sky and the emerald sea.

Crossing the water to Scutari, I visited two cemeteries, one most attractive and graceful, the other most gloomy and repulsive despite its grandeur. The former was the resting-place for the British soldiers who fell in the Crimea; the other was the burying-ground for the Turks. In the labyrinth of paths among the Moslem graves overshadowed by funereal cypresses, my guide warned me not to stray beyond the roadway, lest some murderous robber should be lurking behind the tall tombstones.

I spent a day at San Stefano on the shore of the Sea of Marmora, the place where the abortive treaty between Russia and Turkey was arranged in 1878, while the Russian army was encamped in sight of Constantinople. I was shown over the villa where Ignatieff the Russian Minister was staying at the time. Its owner, a Greek, indicated to me, with

evident glee, the balcony where the Minister stood and watched the little black spots on the sea horizon, which were the ironclads of Admiral Hornby's squadron, and which had come to frustrate the Russian policy. According to him, Ignatieff's imprecations and gesticulations of angry chagrin were quite amusing.

I steamed over to Prinkipo amidst the group of Prince's Islands in the sea opposite Constantinople, to visit Valentine Baker Pasha, then in the Sultan's service. I listened to his explanation of the means by which, had war broken out, the British could have obliged Russia to take her hands off Constantinople even when it was almost within her grasp. I lamented his untimely death as a loss to British interests.

In Pera I attended a festivity at the Palace, and saw the Sultan come forth to receive the congratulations of all the leading Ottomans. I admired the hardy and seasoned men of the Turkish battalions; fine fellows who, with honest and loyal commanders, would be equal to any service whatever. Then I took tea with Admiral Hobart Pasha and his wife in their villa.

On my way to Broussa I was carried by a steamer across the Sea of Marmora, finishing up my sketches on deck to the amusement of the burly and affable Turks who crowded around me. From the landing-place in Asia Minor I drove to Broussa by a carriage road. I found the place with its mosques and shrines nestling

at the foot of the Bythinian Olympus. The snowy summit of the mountain seemed proudly to overlook the famous scene. This birthplace and nursery of the Ottoman power is one of the most romantic towns in Asia. I understood that the Turks were saying—When we are driven out of Constantinople we will go to Broussa—when we are expelled from Broussa we will fly to Paradise.

During my sojourn at or near the Turkish capital, I spoke with Europeans, and with Europeanised Turks who would talk to a stranger; with bankers, consuls, officials, merchants, politicians. I perceived without surprise the stolidity, the un-reforming pride of the Turks. But even if there had been the will—which there was not—to improve, still the means of improvement were lacking. The recent loss of the Danubian provinces had impoverished the Treasury. There was scarcely enough money to pay for faithful and honourable service in any department. The State was getting only a moiety of the sums which might be got by honest administration. Whenever some branch of the revenue was, as a security for a part of the national debt, made over to a European syndicate for management, the proceeds would soon be nearly doubled. As for the reforms promised in Asia Minor when, after the Treaty of Berlin, England occupied Cyprus and undertook the defence of Asiatic Turkey against Russia—there remained at this time

but little thought of carrying them out. British consuls were stationed at places in Asia Minor to see all this done; but what they saw was that nothing had been attempted in that direction. The Armenian question had not then become acute; but it was already looming on the political horizon, and the prospect of its development was as a dark vision. Yet on the whole it was thought that the Ottoman dominion would for a while be patched up, and might, like Byron's shattered mirror, "brokenly live on."

The Turks did not choose to recognise that England had stood, and was still standing, as a guardian between them and destruction. They were at that time particularly incensed because they had been recently compelled to cede Thessaly to Greece.

Before my departure I was hospitably received by Lord Dufferin, then British Ambassador. He kindly gave me a letter of introduction to Prince Dolgorouki Governor-General of Moscow, and to the Russian Ambassador. When I waited on the Ambassador, he frankly asked me in French what I wanted to do in Russia. I replied that I was only a traveller; and he kindly gave me introductions to the Governors-General of Odessa and of Kieff. The next day I started in a steamer on a voyage across the Black Sea.

The soil of RUSSIA was first touched by me at Odessa—where I landed during the afternoon. My primary business was to call on Consul-General Stanley,

who forwarded my letter of introduction to the Governor-General Gourko. Immediately there came an invitation to a Reception that very evening by Madame Gourko. I there met many Russian officers, Civil and Military, the conversation being in French. General Gourko had been famous in the recent Russo-Turkish war. His wife was a charming hostess and an accomplished linguist. Altogether my first evening in Russia was delightful.

The next day in the forenoon I attended divine service for the first time on a feast day in the Greek Church. I lunched afterwards with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley to meet General Gourko. In the evening I started by railway for Kieff, traversing a steppe which had been burnt up by drought, and wore a blackened aspect. Just then the rain fell in the nick of time to save everything.

Travelling through the night, I reached Kieff the next day at noon. I at once visited the group of monasteries and churches which make Kieff to the Greek Church what Rome is to the Roman Catholics. My object was to see the pilgrims, mostly male, who were at that moment congregating there from all parts of Russia. In physiognomy, headdress, costumes, girdles, greaves, and sandals—their colouring had many shades and hues. Though worn or travel-soiled, their dress was yet sombre and rich. They were bony, sinewy, muscular, and had great capacity for marching.

Entering the churches and the vestibules of the monasteries, I gazed at the vast altar-pieces with their semi-barbaric splendour. Golden ornaments and precious stones were piled, one article upon the other, in profusion of magnificence. Nevertheless these Greek altars would conduce to pictorial effect more than most of the altars elsewhere, which might have higher pretension to artistic arrangement. These structures, with their gilt domes and pinnacles, stood aloft on a wooded height overhanging the river Dnieper, which was traversed by a railway viaduct.

I was fortunate in meeting countrymen of my own in Russian employ—civil engineers who told me of the labour market—professors who conducted me over the University and the colleges. I understood that the students were politically discontented and sometimes turbulent—while some of them were disposed to Nihilism. This unrest of the spirit, this dislike towards things as they were, seemed to be the outcome of the higher education whether literary or scientific. This was indeed hard on the Russian Government, which had instituted the education for the sake of its people, to qualify them for competition with the advanced nations of Europe, and to prevent all the high posts of Russia being filled by foreigners.

I visited the neighbouring town of Podolia, a smart Jewish settlement with pretty houses and villas. It had quite recently been the scene of anti-Semitic out-

rages committed by the peasantry. Quiet had, indeed, been restored, but the ruins were still smoking. The causes of the outburst of the Russian peasantry against their Jewish fellow-subjects formed the main topic of conversation at that moment. Nothing could justify or even extenuate the deeds of violence which had been done. Still my impression was that the Jews, though grievously sinned against, were themselves not without sin. They had offered a provocation which went on growing for many years, and at length drove the rude, unlettered peasants towards desperation.

Before my departure I had a long interview in French with General Drenteln, the Governor-General. Then I started by train direct for Moscow.

From the railway carriage I had ample opportunity for observing the somewhat gloomy and monotonous landscape of Central Russia. Its features were undulations of immense length, ridges covered with fir forests of which the black green was broken by the gleaming trunks of the birch trees just springing into leaf.

On my arrival at Moscow I alighted at the Slavianski Hotel in the purely Russian part of the city, with the afternoon and the long hours of a May day before me for sightseeing.

With my guide I made straight for the walled enclosure that formed the Kremlin. Entering by one of the grand portals, I ascended the Ivan Velik tower. Not only the Kremlin, but the whole of Moscow was

beneath my eye. Descending I drove along the banks of the Moscow river to the ridge known as Sparrow Hill. Thence I saw the river with its meadows in the foreground, and the structures of Moscow in the middle distance, standing in a line as if marshalled on parade before the spectator. I was on the height where Napoleon caught his first sight of the city, and on the spot where, as I was told, he turned round towards his henchmen and said, "See, gentlemen, it all belongs to you." The view was still the same as it must have been on that memorable day; except that the gorgeously gilded church of St. Sauveur had subsequently been built in memory of the deliverance of Russia from the French. At eventide I drove back in time to sketch the towers of the Kremlin, reflected in the river and rising up darkly against the sky which was glowing with red at sundown.

Having already sent my letter of introduction to the Governor-General, Prince Dolgorouki, I waited the next morning on His Excellency, as he was to hold a levée. I found myself in a large ante-room crowded with Russian officers—but was not allowed to enter with the others into his presence-chamber. When, however, they had all passed through he came into the ante-room to see me, and in the politest manner gave me a little illustrated guide-book to Moscow. Finding that the book contained representations of the very views I wanted to depict, I set about my sketching. My friends warned me against the risk of molestation;

but, knowing that the book was a talisman, I felt secure; and in fact I never was molested.

But I was unable to see the Church of the Kremlin and some other buildings, because they were being prepared for the coronation of the Czar. The very strictest precautions were taken against anyone entering or seeing the arrangement of the interiors. This circumstance was sadly eloquent regarding the dangers which were apprehended. I spent still several days amidst churches, summer-palaces, monasteries, museums, cemeteries, urban festivities, fairs and popular amusements, factories and manufactures. The weather was superb yet cool; blue skies and sunshine enlivened the bright dwellings and laughter-loving crowds. I never spent a more cheerful week anywhere than in Moscow. I conversed much with bankers, merchants, civil-engineers and others.

At the same time, however, uneasiness seemed to pervade society, and peril was in the air. Anxiety prevailed lest at the coming coronation there should be a dread disaster. Some even feared that the city might prove to be honeycombed with Nihilism or other form of anarchy. Even if this apprehension were exaggerated, still beyond doubt the assassination of the Emperor just a year previously had given an impetus to revolutionary ambition. I felt saddened by the thought that, in the belief of well-informed persons, there might be a volcano underlying this city, so bright as it was outwardly, and

so important, too, as being the very heart and centre of Russia.

I obtained an introduction to the superintendent of a steam-flotilla at Nijni Novgorod, and proceeded thither by train. He was a Russian married to an English wife, and his kindness to me was great. From the heights over Nijni I saw the junction of the Oka with the Volga, a fine river-scene. The tongue of land formed by the confluence must be literally alive with the famous fair when that is held there in the autumn.

Then I returned to Moscow and thence proceeded to the northern capital. I drove along the Nevski Prospekt at St. Petersburg, which was almost the longest street I had ever seen. Then I entered the cathedral of St. Isaac, and ascended to the top of the gilded dome. The city and its environs lay beneath my eye—the quays of the Neva, the Winter Palace, the imperial Square, the Admiralty, the War Office, and other structures—all on the left bank of the river. The fortress and the church of St. Peter and St. Paul were on the opposite bank. I sketched this view as being one of the most important in Russia.

I examined carefully the spot where the Emperor Alexander had been killed a year previously by a Nihilist bomb. I visited on a Sunday evening the mourning chapel temporarily erected on the sad site, and watched the strings of mourners, men and women, paying their devotions. This was a weird and strange

scene, showing that fervent loyalty yet lies deep in the hearts of many Russians. I attended divine service with the Greek ritual in the Kazan cathedral amidst a large and attentive congregation largely composed of men. I called at the British Embassy; and met some Russian officers to whom I had introductions. Further, I visited the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in company with Mr. Michell the British Consul-General, and spent a most instructive afternoon with him. Then I started by a night train westwards.

My destination was Revel, on the southern shore of the Baltic, and in the province of Esthonia. I admired the coast scenery, visited some particular Russian friends in that neighbourhood; and then retraced my steps towards St. Petersburg as far as Gatschina. The Czar was then residing there in a palatial summer home, environed by gardens and woodlands under the protection of defensive walls. People remarked that His Imperial Majesty had to live in retirement, it being dangerous for him to move abroad.

Then I travelled by train direct to Warsaw in company with a friendly Russian general and his wife, also with a Polish prince, who, when our Russian companions were not hearing, told me very much about Russian Poland of which Warsaw was the capital. The approach to Warsaw by the bridge over the Vistula was most imposing. The city was sadly romantic, with memorials, in every direction, of heroism without result,

of patriotic blood vainly shed. I spent a day with the Polish prince, who introduced me to several of his compatriots. I visited the historic summer-house and umbrageous gardens of John Sobieski on the bank of the Vistula, the national river dear to every Pole.

On my return to England viâ Berlin, I observed on entering Germany an outward smartness and cleanness of the cottages, a careful culture and trimming of the land, which in some degree contrasted with what I had left behind me in Russia. In fact, the Russian landscape has a wild vastness which leads to pensive and depressing meditation.

In the latter weeks of the winter in 1883 I went on my long-intended pilgrimage to PALESTINE.

Travelling from London viâ Brindisi and Alexandria, I landed from a Messagerie steamer on the coast of Palestine at Jaffa early in the morning. I drove along the carriage road to Jerusalem, passing Ajalon on the way just as the young moon seemed to stand still over the vale. At Jerusalem the tempestuous clouds and casual rain-storms, the amber sunrise and rosy sunset added to the effect of scenes that must ever stir the emotions of Christians. I there had the cultured society of my Worcestershire friends Sir Edward and Lady Lechmere.

Then I engaged a dragoman and camp equipage for a march through the interior of the country. We proceeded on horseback by Bethlehem to the Dead Sea, the

Jordan and Jericho. We ascended the mountains on the way to Bethel. I there caught sight of the central ridge that formed, so to speak, the backbone of the country. Marching northwards to Shiloh and to the heights beyond, I saw the Vale of Shechem and Mount Gerizim, with Hermon snow-capped far away on the northern horizon. Thence I visited the citadel of Samaria, and passed on to the uplands over against Dothan with Mount Carmel in the background. There I encountered bad weather, and that night my tent was blown down and fell on me as I slept. The next morning in fine weather I rode across the plain of Esdraelon past Jezreel, traversed the Brook Kishon in flood, and entered Nazareth. I was detained there for about three days by rheumatism, being hospitably received in the Latin monastery, and tended most kindly by a Swiss monk, Frère Jean. This interval was not wholly lost time, for it enabled me to complete my numerous sketches.

Meanwhile the rains had been falling in torrents; but the weather cleared sufficiently for a moment to allow me to proceed. After riding across the uplands of Galilee I descended to the Lake of Tiberias—the old Sea of Gennesaret. There was just time for me to be rowed over the sacred water—in the one boat then remaining on the strand which had been busy and crowded in Scriptural times—before a furious storm arose to lash the lake. I spent that night in the Latin monastery,

as it was impossible to stay in tents. I again traversed the Galilean plateau, though impeded by frequent squalls and hail-storms. After that I was thankful to stop at Sefuria, the old Sepphoris.

Thence I descended to the sea-coast at Acre, the weather having somewhat improved. I rode northwards along the Mediterranean coast, past the desolate Tyre and the prosperous Sidon, to Beyrout. Thence I had hoped to travel in the French diligence by a well-engineered road over the mountains to Damascus. But the bad weather had covered the road with many feet of snow in several places. The diligence traffic had been temporarily suspended, and the time at my disposal did not allow me to wait for its resumption. So I had to content myself with visiting the ruins of Baalbec, and riding through a narrow passage cut between walls of snow. Returning to Beyrout, I made the acquaintance of Rustem Pasha, then Governor of the Lebanon, and afterwards Turkish Ambassador to England. I then embarked on a Messagerie steamer for Alexandria in order to meet the mail for England.

This pilgrimage to Palestine produced a greater mental change in me than any travel I have ever undertaken. It gave me a living knowledge of Scripture, which could not otherwise have been acquired. I had previously studied the language of the Bible, and entered in a manuscript book every striking expression from the first chapter to the last. Now I seemed to

feel the force of these phrases to a degree hardly felt before. Even when the Lessons were read in church, a verse, or even a word, would summon up before me a whole scene or a train of circumstances, which would scarcely be appreciated by those who had not seen the localities concerned.

Regarding the sites of events narrated in Holy Writ, some few situations, thus indicated, were hypothetical, or merely traditional without any traceable authority. Otherwise, there was quite a wealth of sites that had been verified or could be identified. Some few, such as the spot where Our Lord stood and wept over Jerusalem, and the Well where He talked with the woman of Samaria—had a transcending interest. I was surprised at the accuracy with which the first Crusaders built their chapels on veritably Scriptural sites. They were right in their localities at Bethel, at Shiloh, at Shechem. The work of identification in all parts of the land was advancing fast under the Palestine Exploration Society.

The traveller ought, I considered, to go to Palestine in search of spiritual and intellectual instruction, and not in quest of artistic beauty. In all Eastern countries much of the landscape effect depends on the hour of the day; the noon being the least, the morn and the eventide the most, favourable. Still any thoughtful artist would find many scenes and details of loveliness. Some prospects, too, had a high degree of beauty irrespective

of their sacred histories. Such was the view—of Jerusalem from the crest of Olivet—of the Dead Sea from the Wilderness of Judæa—of the Jordan valley from the mountain over against Jericho—of Shechem from the heights near Shiloh—of the Plain of Esdraelon from the plateau near Dothan—of Carmel from the uplands behind Nazareth—of Mount Hermon from the Lake of Tiberias.

CHAPTER VII.

(1882-1894.)—TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

Health-resorts in Continent of Europe—Remarkable churches—Component parts of Poland—Dolomite mountains—Pyrenees—Riviera—German literature—Bohemia—My oil-pictures—Sweden—Stockholm and Upsala—Norway—North Cape midnight—Coast and islands—Norwegian lyric poetry—Spain—Picture Gallery, Madrid—Chapel of Escurial—Seville—Alhambra—Bridge at Ronda—Portugal—Cintra and the Tagus—Return to Madrid—Royal festivities—Spanish literature—Saragossa and Barcelona—Greece—Salonica—General Election in Greece—Gulf of Corinth—Parnassus—Olympus—Moonlight at Thermopylæ, Sunium, and Acropolis.

BETWEEN 1886 and 1893 I went to several of the health-resorts in Europe—such as Marienbad, Carlsbad, in Bohemia; Tarasp in the Engadine; Luchon in the Pyrenees; and Schmeks in the Carpathians. On my way from England to these pleasant places and back again, I visited most parts of the Continent. Thus with the exception of Valencia in Spain, the interior of Sicily, Croatia, Macedonia, the Crimea, Dalecarlia in Sweden, Transylvania—I have seen every district in Europe.

On three separate occasions I visited the component parts of the old Polish kingdom, namely Warsaw in Russia, Galicia in Austria, and Posen in Germany. I often found Poles willing to confide their sentiments

to an Englishman when talking with him alone. Irrespective of their political conditions, they cherished the most tender and passionate regard for the language, the poetry, the romance, of Poland in its old integrity. I gathered that the Polish nationality in Russian Poland was profoundly discontented, in Austrian Poland was well treated, contented and loyal to the Emperor, in German Poland was virtually annihilated and amalgamated with the new Empire.

Though loyal absolutely to Protestantism on my own part, I desired to hear and see what the Roman Catholic worship really was. So I attended the services in churches which had striking histories of their own. Thus I heard a requiem for the souls of Ferdinand and Isabella in a chapel adjoining the cathedral of Granada —an Easter-eve service from behind the stone chair of the Popes at Avignon — the Easter Sunday service while standing over the gravestone of Charlemagne in the church at Aix-la-Chapelle—the "Stabat Mater" sung on the evening of Good Friday in the darkened cathedral at Rheims where Joan of Arc proclaimed the French King—the morning service of Good Friday in the chancel at Chartres where Henry IV. was crowned—a Sunday service in the cathedral at Cracow close by the tombs of Sobieski, Poniatowski and Koschiusko—an afternoon service in the Tyne church at Prague from the steps of the pulpit where Huss preached the Reformation—an Easter service in the

church at Caen which witnessed the tragic burial of William the Conqueror.

In Tyrol I visited the Dolomite mountains, probably the remains of coral reefs when Europe was an ocean. They were, under the rays of the rising or declining sun, lighted up with an ethereal illumination, the like of which I never beheld anywhere else.

My sojourn at Luchon in the Pyrenees, though luckless, was rich in experience. After riding about the neighbouring mountains for several days, close up to the Maladetta the queen of the Pyrenees, I was suddenly prostrated by illness, probably arising from the sulphur waters. Being motionless I was for more than a week nursed day and night by two sisters from the convent belonging to the Order of L'Esperance. I shall ever recall with thankfulness the memory of their charitable and assiduous care. After my illness I drove to the Cirque de Gavarni, the finest point in the Pyrenees and, as a rock-formation, one of the places best worth seeing in Europe. In my eyes the charm of the Pyrenean region consisted in its equestrian facilities, which were far greater there than in any civilised country I had ever known. At Luchon some three hundred horses used to be saddled every morning in the season. As I lay sick, it was tantalising to hear the cavalcades trotting along the road underneath my windows.

In the Riviera, wandering from one earthly paradise

to another, I followed, at broken intervals here and there, the narrow and well-bridged road on the seashore, along which the soldiers of Cæsar had marched. On the heights above, I noted the policy of Napoleon when he caused the broad Cornice line to be constructed.

I rejoiced to visit my old friend Colonel Harry Rivett-Carnac, then dwelling in the fine castle of Wildeck in Switzerland amidst historic surroundings.

So during my various visits to Germany and Austria I set myself to study its noble literature, sufficiently at least to give me some slight acquaintance with the principal authors in philosophy, poetry, fiction, history and politics, even up to recent dates. Together with all this, I had opportunities of learning the elaborate system of local self-government in the Austrian Empire.

In Bohemia I paid visits in the autumn, during several years, to my hospitable and excellent friends Count and Countess Lützow at their château of Žampach. He has published in English a most instructive, though popular and graphic, sketch of Bohemian history. In those times I came much in contact with the reviving nationality of the Čechs. Prague, their ancient and beautiful capital, was being superbly adorned, and extended in all directions. Their development in manifold respects, social, educational, political, was quite portentous. Their claims, sentiments and aspirations seemed to be causing anxiety in many quarters. The German Liberals in Bohemia were, on the other hand,

asserting themselves. They fondly remembered the Emperor Joseph II. I was present at the unveiling of his statue at Eger, and heard Herr Plener, the well-known parliamentarian, make the speech on that occasion.

In 1890, I attended the decennial performance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and was edified as well as delighted. My impression was such that had I, within a short time afterwards, been stricken with mortal illness, some of the images on my wandering brain would have been the sacred scenes there represented.

I formed the project of painting one hundred small oil-studies, on mahogany panels, of scenes beheld during my travels, to be placed in volumes, each of which would have a set of four little pictures. I worked at this project for full ten years from time to time, and it was at last completed. Some of these were reproduced as chromo-lithographs in my book entitled "Palestine Illustrated."

Further, I undertook journeys in particular countries of Europe; and thus I visited Scandinavia, in company with my sister Augusta.

After passing through Copenhagen, examining the statuary of Thorwaldsen, and admiring the gloomy Helsingfors, we entered SWEDEN.

Taking a Swedish train at Malmö, on the direct railway to Stockholm, I noticed the friendliness of the

Swedes. The landscape of Sweden, despite a certain sameness, had a real character. With its creeks, sheets of water, network of navigable channels, natural or artificial, it reminded me of my river-kingdom in Bengal. Stockholm was the point of meeting between the inland river-navigation with boats and the Baltic navigation with sea-going ships. It struck me as being the most noteworthy city in Europe, next after Venice. Indeed it was justly called the Venice of the North, for instead of streets it had salt-water channels, instead of public conveyances it had little steamers constantly plying to and fro. Its suburbs, too, had the same salt-water channels, fringed by fir-woods to the water's edge, and with bright villas peeping out from amidst the dark foliage. We journeyed northwards to Upsala to see the old cathedral, and the Library with the manuscripts in Gothic, probably the mother of the Scandinavian and Teutonic languages.

During our travel in NORWAY we passed backwards and forwards through the southern part, which was then the region most frequented by British tourists and sportsmen. My object was rather to study the Northern coast, called the old Norsk, and the original home of the Norsemen.

With that view we went on board a steamer at Throndhjem, a vessel which was to convey a large party of tourists right up that coast round the North Cape to Vadsö, near the Russian frontier, and back

again. Though at the season of our coming the midnight sun had ceased to be visible, yet in those high latitudes the nights would still be as light as day. Consequently the steamer would proceed night and day on her course. But the voyage would be so arranged that the places which were passed during the hours of sleep as we went up, should be taken in the waking hours as we came back. The passage occupied about a fortnight, a week in going and the same time in returning. Our course lay for the most part between the long series of islands and the mainland. Consequently the sea-water was almost always smooth, until we rounded the North Cape. Then indeed we faced the Arctic Ocean with nothing between us and the North Pole. Even in summer weather the sea heaved with the potent force of the swell.

The scenery consisted of rugged islands, rock-bound coast, snow-tipped ranges, glaciers sometimes stretching to the wave-washed strand, in close juxtaposition with sea-going steamers. It never fell off, never grew tame, but on the contrary maintained a continuous standard of beauty for hundreds of miles. The finest view was that of the Lofoden Islands, standing across a great arm of the sea like a fleet of gigantic ironclads. The twin head-lands of the North Cape and the Nord Kyn were both sketched by me at the midnight hour. They threw out their massive bluffs as if defying the power of the ocean.

This coast has been the theme of that lyric poetry for which Norwegian literature is renowned. It was, in poetic phrase, garlanded, crowned, wreathed with islands. It was the home of the Vikings, and of the maritime warriors who attacked the coasts of Continental Europe, and carried their victorious flag to the Mediterranean. Indeed the mediæval position of the Norwegians seemed to be largely centred in the dominion of these islands.

With the help of courteous Norwegians whom I met on board ship, I studied their lyric poetry, and translated many pieces. I found it full of fire and spirit, of movement and force, of aspiration and patriotism, of romance and historic lore.

Of the people at large I heard the most favourable accounts on all hands. Indeed I never knew a nationality better spoken of. Their fortitude on sea and land, their cheerful temper and homely virtues, were universally admired. But it was hard to understand how they, so amiable in all the relations of life, could be so troublesome and contentious in politics as they seemed to be. At that time a political agitation was going on. Newspapers and pamphlets in Norwegian were being brought on board, at every station where our steamer stopped, and were handed round even to us foreigners.

The forest-conservancy was noteworthy, indeed quite instructive as being the most complete I had

ever seen in any country. It must have greatly augmented the national resources.

In the autumn of 1883 I went for a tour in SPAIN and PORTUGAL. On the way thither the train carried me from Paris to Bordeaux, and thence to the Spanish frontier, amidst the scenes of some among the greatest feats ever performed by British arms. Overnight the last thing I saw was sunset in the heart of the Pyrenees. Awaking in the morn, the first object I noticed was the Escurial—and that indicated the approach to Madrid.

There was just a single thing to be seen at Madrid, but that one had the highest merit, for it was the Royal Picture Gallery. It had a unity of interest, a fulness and richness of individuality, the like of which was possessed by no other gallery in Europe. It set forth the whole art-life of Velasquez, and partly that of Murillo. It indicated the origin and growth of the Spanish school of painting. It told the grand story of Spain, of her Kings and Emperors. In it the development of Philip II. could be traced from infancy to old age.

But Madrid was for me the centre of three notable excursions—the first to Toledo overhanging the rock-bound Tagus, with its cathedral most curiously picturesque—the second to Aranjuez where the Tagus water was made to irrigate the gardens of the Spanish Court, as an oasis in a thirsty land—the third to the palace, monastery, and chapel of the Escurial. The

architecture of the Escurial seemed to gain artistic grandeur from the rugged barrenness of the surrounding country. In the great chapel I gazed at an interior which was in chasteness of style, in simplicity and sublimity, the noblest ever beheld by me. While a chaunt was there being sung for all souls, I stood at the casement where Philip II. was placed just before death to cast his last looks at the altar-piece.

Proceeding to Cordova, I saw for the first time a Moorish mosque—quite different from the many mosques I had seen in other lands. It was wondrous but not beautiful, with its colonnades ramifying so as to almost produce the effect of a labyrinth. Thence the journey to Seville was short, and I at once attended a bull-fight there. That was a spectacle to be looked at once, in order to understand the temperament of the Spaniards, but not to be seen again. With its Roman remains, its Moorish structures, its well-shaded squares, its narrow yet elegant streets, its noble river, its sombre cathedral said to exceed all other cathedrals in dimensions—Seville was regarded by me as one among the pleasant places of Europe. The prime object, however, was the Murillo Gallery in the disused refectory of a convent. I there beheld about twenty master-pieces of the painter collected together, with no other pictures to distract the attention. Their position, separately in one series, gave infinite value to the combination.

A day's journey by rail took me to Granada and to

the Alhambra. I there observed three prospects in which landscape glory, romantic interest and historic eventfulness, were blended. The first was from the Vela Tower, looking over the whole palace and fortress of the Alhambra with the snow-masses of the Sierra Nevada right behind it. The second was from the heights of the Generaliffe behind the Alhambra, having the fortress in front of the spectator, and in the background that plain of the Vega which was the final battlefield between the Christians and the Moslems. The third was from the gardens of the Albacin, commanding the fullest view of the palace-fortress on its finest side, with the classic Darro winding at its feet. The first and second I carefully painted; the third was not attempted by me, because I possessed a famous sketch of it made by my father. Following the traces of the great Queen Isabella, I saw her tomb in the cathedral, I noticed the horseshoe arch through which she marched in triumph after the surrender of the citadel by the Moorish king, and underneath which her coffin was years afterwards carried for interment. I painted that peerless arch, as seen by night, when the ruddy glare of a fire in the archway contrasted with the pale moonlight outside.

Thence journeying to Malaga, with its air the softest and gentlest ever breathed by me, I passed on to the famous Bridge of Ronda. This structure spanned a narrow ravine of great profundity. The stream

rushing along its base formed a cascade just below the site of the bridge. Thus the spectator looking over the parapet of the bridge, could cast his gaze down to the end of the waterfall, and so perceive in one view fully a thousand feet of depth beneath his eye.

Thence, after visiting the Rio Tinto copper mine, exploited by British skill and capital, I skirted the little Bay of Huelva whence Columbus sailed with his flotilla to discover the New World. So I crossed the Guadiana and went on to Lisbon.

The approach to the Portuguese capital, across the broad estuary of the Tagus, was very imposing. The attraction for me, however, was the neighbouring town of Cintra. Behind it there rose up from the champaign a mighty mass of sharp-pointed rock, determining the course of the Tagus to its mouth. From one of these peaks I looked along the wide river right up to the walls of Lisbon. Then I reflected that on these waters there sailed, in the middle ages, the flotillas with the heroes who went forth to discover the East Indies. I visited Oporto, finely situated on the lofty banks of the Douro, and returned to Madrid.

At that time King Alfonso and his Queen, who subsequently became Regent, were about to receive the Crown Prince of Germany afterwards the Emperor Frederick. I had the honour of attending a State Ball in the Royal Palace. I was present at a luncheon given to His Imperial Highness the Prince by the British

Ambassador, Sir Robert Morier. Those were the days of the sunsets which, from some unexplained cause, seemed to set the country on fire. One evening I and others imagined for a moment that the city was in flames. I witnessed the same wondrous effect at Saragossa, the sunset lighting up with heavenly glow the convent towers and the bridge. Passing by Alcala, Montserrat and Lerida, I quitted Spain by Barcelona. The city of Barcelona was supposed to be a hotbed of Spanish revolutionists.

During my sojourn, I read parts of the Spanish classics and translated some modern sonnets. There was a majestic dreaminess about the literature, but strength and solidity for the most part were wanting. While the diction had ever a stately flow, the substance was often attenuated. "Don Quixote" alone had the inextinguishable spark of vitality.

As Spain justly claimed the parentage of the New World, all would sympathise with that fallen greatness of which traces were to be seen everywhere. I noticed the grave Castilians and the solid steadiness of the middle-class citizens in Madrid, contrasted with the laughter-loving Andalusians. For modern Spain, and for the future of the Spanish people generally, there was little to justify hopefulness. The responsibilities of a self-governing and self-sustaining country did not seem to be understood by them. A public opinion existed, indeed, but it did not seem to be seriously

patriotic, and its manifestations did often more harm than good from hastiness and petulance. There was a general lack of enterprise and of capital; the best industrial enterprises were conducted by foreigners. There were representative assemblies sitting, but the motive power really lay with the armed forces of the country rather than with the Civil authorities. At that time national concerns and State affairs lay at the mercy of military revolutions, with their decrees called "pronunciamentos."

In the spring of 1885, I undertook a tour in GREECE, taking my young nephew, Reginald Temple, with me. We travelled to Brindisi and thence took a steamer for the Piræus. At Athens I was very kindly received by the Prime Minister, M. Tricoupis, and his accomplished sister. I had some long conversations with him regarding the foreign policy of Greece, and the national aspirations of the Greeks. At that time the name of Salonica was flying about as a winged word from mouth to mouth. Situate at the head of the Ægæan Sea, it was the place by which the Greek power would be passing, if it should ever pass, on its way through Macedonia onwards. The fear was lest the town and harbour should be occupied by Austria, in which case the way to Macedonia would be barred. All hope of Greek extension in that quarter would be closed, and Austria would be sitting, with a dead weight, on the head of Greece. Such were the expressions then being

used by the Greeks. The recent acquisition by Greece of Thessaly, which had been abstracted from Turkey by moral compulsion with the help of some among the European powers, had encouraged the Greeks to aim at still further dominion.

Actuated by such springs of motive, the Greek people were anxious to maintain their military forces by sea and land. Their national debt was heavy, but they then meant to discharge it honourably. Their pride forbade them, as yet, to think of repudiation in any form or degree. Still, if these obligations, administrative and financial, were to be fulfilled, heavy taxation had been, and would be, necessary. But it was hard to bring this stern fact home to the Greek electors; and they resented the imposition of fiscal burdens. Their feeling in this respect was about to be tested, for a General Election was impending. The Tricoupis Ministry had carried several measures justly needed to meet the national expenses. But their well-wishers were dreading lest the electors should exact retribution for all this at the polls.

After departing from Athens for my march in the interior, I found every Greek intent on the issues of the Election. My dragoman, an Athenian, was a partisan of M. Tricoupis, and he assured me that all my Greek servants were fellow-thinkers with him. He hoped that I would afford them every facility for recording their votes. I promised my co-operation,

believing M. Tricoupis to be the best man in Greece. On the evening before the fateful day we were at Thebes. I then sent my muleteer and my tent-pitcher to the district of Parnassus to vote at the old Daulis of Philomele. Early in the morning I went with my coachman to the Board-school at Thebes, and saw him enter the ballot-booth. I presumed that he must be voting in accordance with his profession of political faith. He then drove me, with my dragoman and my cook, as fast as four horses could carry us—past Cithæron, Daphne and Eleusis—to Athens. I forthwith went with my dragoman to the Greek cathedral there, and saw him enter the booth to vote. It was now near eventide, but there was just time to send my cook by local railway to Piræus to vote. The next morning I waited on Mdlle. Tricoupis to recount my experience of a Greek election. By that morning's news, however, it seemed certain that the Ministry would be met by a majority against them in the new Parliament. The next day I saw a number of gentlemen driving up to the Royal Palace; and they were the new Ministers.

My tour was in the spring-tide, the bloom of the year when the snow, as yet unmelted, served as a crown to the mountain-brows, like a diadem to the human head. The passage in a steamer through the Gulf of Corinth, and again through the Strait of Eubœa by Chalchis—while the snow tipped the mountains on

either side—was like a summer's voyage on an inland lake. From these waters the sight of Parnassus, with a coruscation of snow under the sun rays, was finer far than anything I had expected. Mount Olympus as seen from the plain of Thessaly, with his rounded top one vast snow-field, also exceeded my anticipations. I was disappointed by nothing except Delphi, and even that grew upon me as I sketched it. The moon too shed her gracious favour upon me. For in three consecutive nights I saw Thermopylæ, Sunium, and the Parthenon, by moonlight. It was signally good fortune for me thus to sit on "Sunium's marbled steep," thus to hear the night wind sigh among the columns of the Acropolis.

Recalling my Rugby days I followed the political course of Demosthenes, from the Pnyx, where he stirred Athenian patriotism in full view of the objects endeared to the national mind, to the island where he died in sight of Attica. I studied the battlefields towards which his brave thoughts were ever turned—Marathon where Greek liberty was founded, Thermopylæ where it was endangered, Salamis where it was re-established, Platæa where it was consolidated, Chæroneia where it was lost.

CHAPTER VIII.

(1882-1884.)—TWO VISITS TO CANADA.

First visit to Canada 1882—Mouth of the St. Lawrence—Quebec—River voyage to Montreal—Visit to Sir John A. Macdonald at Ottawa—Second visit to Canada 1884—Voyage to New York—Meeting of British Association at Montreal—My presidency of Economic Science Section—Ball given by Sir Donald Smith—Our journey to Toronto—Excursion to Rocky Mountains—My chairmanship of Excursionists—Hospitality of Canadian Pacific Railway Company—Across great Prairie—Snow-topped chain of Rocky Mountains—Enter British Columbia—Re-cross North-West Prairie—Arrive at Winnipeg—My address to citizens there.

MY first voyage to North America was undertaken in the autumn of 1882. Early in September of that year I started from Liverpool by the Allan Line for Quebec. Notable among my fellow passengers was the late Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Rochester. After a stormy passage across what the Bishop called "the splenetic Atlantic," we were thankful to discern in sunshine and under a blue sky the rockbound sides of Labrador on the right, and the mountainous coast of Newfoundland on the left. I descried an iceberg in the distance, and rejoiced in the Aurora borealis on the northern horizon. Entering the land-locked Gulf of the St. Lawrence we hoped that our storm-tossing was over. Not so, however; for a hurricane

caused us greater risk in that position than on the open ocean.

The next morning was clear, as we steamed up the majestic waterway of the St. Lawrence. I then perceived that which must be nearly, if not quite, unique in geography. The great rivers that I had ever seen or read of would, on approaching the sea, branch out into a network of deltaic streams and so lose their identity. Not so with the St. Lawrence, for I found it entering its Gulf in one single volume of water. Its stream, all the way up to Quebec, was guarded by mountain-ranges on either side. We stopped for a moment at a riverside station for news and letters. Instantly I heard cheering arise from my fellow-passengers. This was for the telegraphic intelligence of Wolseley's victory over Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir. As we passed, up I caught a glimpse of the mouth of the famous Saguenay river. Then in front of us, against a broad reach or pool of the river, there jutted forth the citadel of Quebec, as the Canadian Gibraltar. I admired the quaint, old-world town, an embodiment of the France of the eighteenth century, preserved as a relic in the new world. I met French Canadians who seemed entirely loyal to the British connexion. Their loyalty was confirmed by the religious and educational freedom which they, as Roman Catholics, enjoyed.

I started at night by river-steamer for Montreal. The nocturnal voyage was one, the like of which I have

never known. There were lights set on either bank from point to point, as lamp-posts on the river-highway. Guided by these, our luxurious steam-boat proceeded at a high rate of speed in the darkness, along a channel broad indeed but encompassed with dangers on either side. We reached Montreal by the morning in perfect safety, after what seemed to me a triumph in river-navigation. At Montreal, I traversed the railway viaduct across the St. Lawrence, then the longest bridge in the world, and ascended the wooded hill which had been turned into the most picturesque cemetery I ever saw.

Then I travelled by rail to Ottawa, the headquarters of the Dominion, on a visit to Sir John A. Macdonald the Prime Minister. He kindly gave me a most instructive explanation of Canadian politics, and presented me to several Members of his Cabinet. He said that Canada must be a part either of the British Empire or of the United States, and that she distinctly preferred her present imperial connexion, being quite content with the internal autonomy she possessed.

I returned quickly to Montreal in order to attend a municipal banquet, where several Governors from neighbouring jurisdictions in the United States would make speeches. From the conversation that night I gathered that the Canadians believed themselves to possess as much liberty under their present form of government as could possibly be had under a Republic. I had myself

to make a brief speech of a strongly imperial tendency in returning thanks for the visitors.

The following day I started by railway for the United States, and travelled to Augusta, Maine, *en route* to Boston. I afterwards proceeded to New York, and thence journeyed to Toronto. No visitor from England could fail to be struck by the peculiarly British aspect of Toronto, as compared with Quebec, and to some extent with Montreal. It evidently drew its inspiration straight from the mother country. There was a massive solidity about everything in the place. Sturdiness, hardihood, enterprise, were stamped upon all its features. I saw the public and educational buildings, and visited several of the institutions of the city. I had a conversation with Mr. Edward Blake, then leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament. I then recrossed the Canadian border, *en route* for Chicago; and I did not revisit Canada that year—1882.

On my first visit to Canada, in 1882, as above described, I was a private traveller. On my second visit, in 1884, I had a quasi-official capacity. The annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science was to be held this year in Canada and at Montreal. The work of the Association was divided into several Sections. I had been elected President of the Section of Economic Science and Statistics. Of my fellow Presidents, some took the Allan line for Quebec. Others, including myself,

preferred the Cunard line to New York. Two Sections besides my own were represented in our steamer, namely Physics by Sir William Thompson, afterwards Lord Kelvin, and Chemistry by Sir Henry Roscoe. Among our fellow passengers was Sir Frederick Evans, Hydrographer to the Admiralty, who was proceeding to Washington for the Meridian Conference. We had the company of Mr. Inderwick, Queen's Counsel, who was about to visit some property of his in the Rocky Mountains. Dr. Newman Hall preached to us eloquently on Sunday. One evening I was chosen to preside at a social meeting of the passengers on behalf of a charity. Short addresses of the best kind were given by the eminent scientists on board. Never did I hear so many scientific speeches of the highest authority made in the same evening as on this occasion.

Arriving in New York, I made a tour of some days in the Eastern part of the United States, which will be described hereafter. Then I travelled by rail from Boston to Montreal, where the meeting of the British Association was about to take place.

At Montreal I was received most hospitably by Mr. (afterwards Sir Donald) Smith, and I remained with him during the session of the Association. Of all the excellent hosts I have known in many lands, never was one more genial and generous than he.

I was now intensely occupied with the work of my Economic Science Section. With the aid of the

Secretary, Professor Foxwell, I arranged finally the papers that were to be read. Besides British or European scientists, many Canadian authors wished to appear, and I had to find room for them. Among the two classes of authors, however, European and Canadian, some conflicting claims had to be recognised, and some susceptibilities smoothed. The inaugural address was delivered by the President of the whole Association, Lord Rayleigh, in a spacious hall, to about fifteen hundred people. Of this audience fully one-half consisted of the eight hundred members of the Association who had crossed the Atlantic for this meeting. Lord Lansdowne the Governor-General of the Dominion, and Sir William Thompson (afterwards Lord Kelvin) made speeches, and then we were addressed by a Canadian citizen in French.

This inauguration took place in the evening, and in the forenoon of the following day the Presidents of the several Sections delivered their addresses to special audiences. My own address for the Economic Science Section had been already prepared and printed in England. The subject had been chosen with respect to Colonial hearers. It was entitled—"The Statistics of the British Empire in 1884." We thought that our Canadian fellow-subjects would rejoice in facts and figures that might assist them in measuring exactly the magnitude of the Empire to which they belonged. The room was crowded with people as I rose to read the

address. Applause burst forth from time to time as some fact or figure appealed to their patriotic sympathy.

Then during several days there followed the reading of papers by various authors and the discussions thereon in the daytime always. I presided and tried to regulate the proceedings so as to afford scope for everyone who had a right to be heard, and especially for Canadian speakers. The subjects in hand covered almost the whole range of Economics.

Meanwhile social entertainments were taking place, under the auspices of the Governor-General, of the Municipality, and of some eminent citizens. I was at a beautiful garden-party given by Mrs. Redpath in grounds situate on the slope of the Montreal Hill, and overlooking the city, the St. Lawrence, the wondrous viaduct, and the gorgeous sunset on the horizon. A great reception was held in the Skating Rink, the most roomy and commodious assembly-room I ever entered. Among the guests was Lieutenant Greely, the American explorer, and I heard from him how he and his men were rescued when just at the point of death from starvation. I was one of those who had to make speeches at the meeting when the British Association bade farewell to the citizens of Montreal. There was a galaxy of speakers that afternoon—Sir William Thompson, Sir Henry Roscoe, Sir Lyon Playfair (afterwards Lord Playfair), Sir Frederick Bramwell, Sir Henry Lefroy, Mr. Frankland the distinguished

chemist, and Professor Boyd-Dawkins. On that occasion the LL.D. Degree of the M'Gill University was conferred on me together with my colleagues.

The same evening my good host Mr. Donald Smith gave a very pretty and graceful dance. A temporary dancing-room of wood had been put up in thirty-six hours. The house was illuminated and the gardens were lit up with Chinese lanterns. The whole effect in the moonlit night was fairy-like. The dancing over, I conversed after midnight with Canadian gentlemen. Then I had to pack up in readiness for departure early in the morning *en route* to the North-West of Canada. During the small hours I had to arrange quantities of papers and pamphlets which had been in use during the incessant and urgent business of the last few days. I had hardly any rest at all that night, as our departure was indeed hurried.

So we travelled by railway to Toronto during the day. In the evening there I had to meet the Mayor, and, as senior member of the British Association then present, to introduce my colleagues. The next day addresses were formally presented to the Association in the Town Hall by the Municipality, in the presence of a large company. In the absence of Lord Rayleigh, I had to make a speech on behalf of the British visitors. We then accompanied the Mayor on a circuit all round the well-built town and its fast rising institutions. In the afternoon I attended a garden-party given by the

Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Robinson, in his beautiful grounds. In the evening I dined with Colonel Denison, the very type of a patriotic and imperially minded Canadian. The following day a large party of us started by railway for the far North-West.

This party had been constituted in a strength of one hundred persons, members of the British Association, for a special purpose. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company had generously undertaken to convey them as its guests, and therefore free of any charge, on an excursion to the Rocky Mountains and back. This number included representatives of the sciences, chemistry, botany, agriculture, geology, natural history. The excursion was probably one of the greatest ever known. The excursionists were numerous; the distance, some three thousand miles in all, there and back, was vast; the time to be occupied, somewhat less than a fortnight, was relatively short; the interest of the prairie and of the mountain range was unbounded. As the trip was designed for the interest and amusement of the excursionists, many questions would arise as to when and where they should stop, what objects they should make a point of seeing, and what things they should give up owing to want of time. Thus for so large a party as this, the details to be considered between them and the railway officials were numerous. It was agreed that the necessary arrangements should be settled with one person as chairman or representative

of the excursionists; and they chose me. Accordingly, from day to day, sometimes from hour to hour, I used to determine these affairs, after consulting my friends. The task was quite the most amusing one I ever performed. The railway official with whom I principally had to deal was Mr. Egan, whose activity, efficiency, and good humour I shall ever remember. He was a New Englander of purely Irish descent, and called himself "a blue Yankee"—whatever that might mean.

Our train from Toronto, then, carried us to Lake Huron. A steamer conveyed us to the St. Marie Islands adjoining the American border. We passed the St. Marie Rapids by a series of fine locks, constructed by the Americans, and so reached Lake Superior. We embarked again on a lake-steamer of dimensions suitable to this inland sea. It being Sunday, service was performed on board by the Bishop of Ontario. The next morning we were near Thunder Cape, a headland worthy of its romantic name. It jutted out against this queen of lakes, in a manner that recalled the North Cape of Norway to my remembrance. So we reached Port Arthur at the northern extremity of the immense sheet of water. From this point the railway was being constructed to Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba. This line was unfinished, the hill-ranges were clad with fir-forests, the streams were flooded by recent rains. After several narrow escapes from being stopped by obstacles here and there, we crossed the

region which is the watershed between the Arctic and Atlantic Oceans. Thus we arrived at a point opposite Winnipeg. As we were to stop at this important place on our way back, we went on without any pause, travelling day and night. The line was now more completely finished, and our faces were set straight towards the Rocky Mountains.

The route lay across the area which had been the broadest of all the North American prairies. But this old prairie was being encroached upon and broken up by civilised man, bit by bit, here and there. Still it was strange to watch the sun rise and set on a flat horizon all round us, as if we were sailing at high speed over an ocean of green herbage. One day we stopped to inspect the encampment of some Indians, comfortable and cheerful in appearance, with the squaws, the wigwams, and the barbaric paraphernalia. From time to time we halted for a brief while at some rising European settlemen. Tents, or wooden cottages called "shanties," had been placed on lines of streets already laid out with good alignment. These dwellings were soon to be succeeded by substantial houses. The settlers, all along the line, regarded our coming as an event of importance. They presented addresses to the excursionists, and I, as the chairman, had to respond. The geniality of the greetings between them and us, fellow-subjects of the same Empire though widely separated by domicile, was such as to warm the heart.

The incline was so gradual that we were unconscious of our ascending many hundreds of feet. So we neared the Rocky Mountains, familiarly called "The Rockies." We were then surprised on discerning many snowy summits, in the early time of autumn, at a height above us much less than might have been expected. The fact was that the champaign basis along which we were moving stood much higher than we had imagined. The weather was fitful, and our first sight of "the Rockies" was imperfect. We perceived, however, that they consisted of separate and numerous rock-masses arrayed on a long line from north to south. As they thus rose abruptly, like fortresses out of an upland plateau mostly grass-grown, we appreciated their name of Rocky. Our train pierced this cyclopean line of rock-outposts, and stopped inside it for the night. The next morning we ascended by trollies—wooden settees propelled by men—along the line then under construction, as far as the central ridge. The weather was misty, and we saw only the near objects. It cleared, however, when we reached the temporary terminus called "the tip," which was inside British Columbia. Thence I gazed wistfully towards the Selkirk Mountains, knowing that Vancouver lay deep down on the other side. We turned backwards in the afternoon, on the way followed by us in the morning. But though the immediate surroundings were the same, the general view was quite different. In place of vapoury wreaths

and palls of fog, we saw snowy summits looking down upon us from every quarter, and seeming quite close to our eyes in their sunset glory. The next morning, having re-entered our train, we emerged from "the Rockies." Re-crossing the champaign right at their base, we stopped for awhile at Calgary.

From a hillock near Calgary, on a bright and clear forenoon, I looked back towards the Rocky Mountains, and beheld a view the like of which I have never seen or heard of anywhere. It stands out in my memory as distinct from all the mountain views I have ever observed. For some two hundred miles, along the western horizon from north to south, one long wall of snow seemed to stretch, with peaks continuously standing up like battlements. The snow-wall rose almost right out of the green and slightly undulating plain, with only a narrow interval of grey near the base. The range really consisted of a long series of rock-masses, each mass separated from the other by an intermediate space. But at even a short distance the intervals were lost to sight, and the masses seemed to fall into one unbroken line. The uniform brilliancy of the white colour completed the effect of combination. The fact of the snow extending downwards near to the base over the plain, was accounted for by the champaign itself being at an elevated level.

Then we hastened back towards Winnipeg with but few stoppages. One Sunday we halted for a while,

and moved from our train to a neighbouring encampment in the prairie for divine service. A clergyman said the prayers, I read the Lessons, and the Bishop preached. We stopped one afternoon to inspect an enormous wheat-growing farm in charge of Mr. Bell. It had an area of several square miles, was perfectly cultivated and organised after the European models; and was probably the largest concern of its kind to be found in any country. One process in vogue there struck me as being characteristic of the New World. The farmer did his harvesting by machinery; then upon the sheaves thus formed he brought his threshing machine to bear. The threshed wheat was stored in wooden sheds on the field, in order that the grain might harden, until the snow should fall and assist locomotion. Then by sleighs the grain was drawn easily over the ground to the elevators erected alongside the railway. From the elevators it was shot into the wagons, and so carried away by train for exportation. No wonder that, with all these labour-saving appliances, the average of the cultivated area to each man was extremely high.

When our train reached Winnipeg, the excursionists were to proceed onward at once, as they were returning to England; but I was to remain in order to visit the western regions of the United States. So they held a meeting to receive the congratulations of the Winnipeg public on the success of the excursion.

They explained how their English engagements compelled them to continue their return journey without any delay. But they intimated that I, their chairman, would remain behind, to render to the citizens of Winnipeg a full account of all that we had seen and done. They then passed formally, but with the utmost cordiality, a vote of thanks to me for my conduct as their chairman. An industrial exhibition had been excellently organised in the town for their inspection, so they just stayed the day to go round and examine that instructive display. Then by a night train they departed *en route* for Lake Superior.

I was thus, so to speak, quite a local lion at Winnipeg, being charged with the duty of telling to the citizens the story of the excursion. They evidently regarded the expedition as an accomplished fact of interest and importance. I was hospitably received by the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, Mr. Aikins. He arranged with the civic authorities the plan by which my exposition was to be given. The place was to be the theatre—popularly called the opera-house. The platform would be the stage, and on that would be placed a table. I was to be supported by the Lieutenant-Governor as chairman, by the chief Minister of Manitoba, Mr. Norquay, by Mr. Brown, the Public Works Minister, by Mr. Logan, the Mayor, and by Mr. Taylor, the United States Consul. Accordingly at eight o'clock in the evening I appeared and, standing in front of the

foot-lights, faced the audience. The pit, stalls, boxes, galleries were all crowded, just as if a theatrical performance of a popular character was about to take place. The hearers were both men and women, somewhat more perhaps of the former than of the latter. After a few introductory remarks by the Lieutenant-Governor, I began a speech whereby the audience were to be kept amused and interested for full two hours. They were bursting with curiosity to hear what we had been seeing and doing, and I was burning with desire to tell them. Thus there was a perfect understanding between us, and the interest never flagged for a moment. With them, in imagination, I ran rapidly over the excursion, "the Lone land," the scenery, the minerals, the soil, the farming, the labour, the climate, the tree-culture, the forestry, the rising settlements, the prairie as a whole, the communications by rail and by river, the tariff, the colonists, the immigration, and lastly "the land of promise." I besought them to give much more attention than had previously been given to forest conservancy. Rounds of applause at frequent intervals greeted every patriotic point, and at the end, after ten o'clock, I received quite an ovation of cheering. The vastness of what had been seen, the infinite vista of the future which unfolded itself—had lent wings to the imagination and fluency to the tongue. There have been some half-dozen brave occasions in my life, and this was one of them.

Throughout my sojourn in Canada I felt myself to be among, not only my fellow subjects, but also my fellow countrymen. The Canadians, whether of British or French extraction, had formed a nation in unison with the British Empire. Their heart beat in harmony with its heart. Their ideas and aspirations were Imperial, and they were ready to bear arms for the defence of interests common to all parts of a world-wide dominion.

I stayed yet a brief while with Mr. Aikins and his family, holding many conversations with him regarding his province of the Canadian Dominion. I went for a second time over the industrial exhibition, and visited the educational institutions. I attended a ball given in one of those skating rinks for which Canada is renowned, and there bade farewell to my Canadian friends.

Then I started on a journey southwards by rail across the flat and open country which adjoins the Canadian border, on my way to the United States. Crossing that border I entered the fertile, well-cultivated State of Dakota, and went on till I joined the American line of the Northern Pacific Railway.

CHAPTER IX.

(1882.)—FIRST VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

Approach United States from Montreal—Boston—Newport, Rhode Island—First visit to New York—Voyage up the Hudson to Albany—To Falls of Niagara—To Chicago—To Omaha—To Kansas City—St. Louis on the Mississippi — Cincinnati — Columbus in Ohio —Washington—Richmond, Virginia—Back to Washington—Baltimore—Philadelphia—Second visit to New York—Mr. John Jacob Astor—Second visit to Boston—Return to New York—American characteristics—Voyage homewards—Queenstown, Ireland—Killarney—Return to England.

I ENTERED the United States immediately after my first visit to Canada, which has been already described, in the autumn of 1882. My desire was to see, not only the exterior aspect of America, but also something of its inner life and some of the best people in it. I had been so fortunate as to obtain influential introductions to prominent Americans.

In the morning of September the 23rd, 1882, I started, from a hospitable house near Sherbrook in Canada, by railway *en route* for New England. My line ran across the forest-clad range of the northern Alleghanies, amidst furious rain-storms. Descending to Augusta, Maine, I heard and saw something of the effects of the Liquor Prohibition system. I there left the Canadian train, and entered an American train for

Boston. The carriage was elegant, luxurious and ornate. As I complimented a native fellow-passenger on all this, he replied, "Yes, sir, you are now in America." Like all our American cousins, he was most helpful to me a stranger. On our way to Boston he explained to me exactly how I could do and see everything there in the shortest possible time.

The next day at Boston was a Sunday, and I attended divine service in the Anglican church with its elaborately ornate interior. It was under the care of the Reverend Phillips Brooks afterwards Bishop. I visited the University, where I found some old acquaintances among the Professors. Then I proceeded by an evening train to Newport, Rhode Island.

Newport, as I saw it, was worthy of its repute as the most fashionable sea-side resort in America. For several miles stately villas stood in a line along the high coast overlooking the Atlantic. They had umbrageous gardens and were backed by overarching avenues. I had an introduction to Mr. Bancroft, the aged historian. He walked with me through his extensive garden stretching down to the wave-washed rocks. Mrs. Bancroft knew the old world as well as the new, and as a Minister's wife she had a wide acquaintance with the Courts and the politics of Europe.

Thence I proceeded in a luxurious river-steamer, under the shelter of Long Island, during the night.

Early in the morning I entered the river and passed underneath the new suspension bridge, a superb structure connecting New York with Brooklyn. Landing at New York I went with an American friend to breakfast at the famous restaurant of Delmonico, and then proceeded to my hotel, the Brevoort House. I went upstairs with full elasticity of step to bathe and dress, without any apprehension of mishap. But after only an hour spent in my room, I walked downstairs with a stiff knee. Nevertheless I went out, though in some pain, along Broadway to Wall Street, in order to converse with some gentlemen about the then burning question of "Civil Service Reform," *versus* the counter phrase of "The spoils to the victors." When I returned to my hotel in the evening the doctor was sent for. During the next three days I was confined to my room, unable to do anything except complete my various sketches. I wrote to General Ulysses Grant, whom I had formerly received at Bombay during his visit to India. I explained the cause of my inability to call upon him. He immediately came to see me, spoke with the heartiest remembrance of the hospitality at Bombay. Then, turning to his own country, he gave me the counter view regarding the "Civil Service Reform" movement. Some other leading Americans were also good enough to visit me in my sick-room. On the fourth day an American friend, Mr. Ogden Mills, found me so far improved as to be able to go

with him for a drive to see the exterior of some public buildings, the Fifth Avenue the fashionable street for residences, and the Park where the fast-trotting horses, or teams, were making not only the dust but also fragments of earth fly from under their feet. In the evening he took me to dine at the Union Club, in order to see some more leading Americans. I was fortunate in meeting an American friend, Mr. Clark, whom I had known in Bombay, and who afforded me much aid in learning about men and things.

I had by this time reflected as to what I should, or should not, attempt to do. In the time at my disposal I could visit the Rocky Mountains and California. But then the journeying would be hurried, I should see little but the exterior of the country, and I should have hardly any chance of learning the conditions, social or political, of the Eastern States. I knew that the Americans justly regretted that Englishmen of culture should spend their travelling days in rapid transit from ocean to ocean, acquiring naught but a superficial acquaintance with the land and the people. So I decided to defer visiting the Western States till another occasion, to make just a sweep round the Central States, and to give my leisure to the Eastern States, where I might, owing to the excellent introductions in my possession, hope to have the advantage of meeting some of the best people in the country.

Very soon I started for Albany in a steamer on a

short voyage up the river Hudson. In lovely weather I saw one of the fairest river-scenes on earth. The broad bosom of the Hudson was dotted with the white sails of countless boats. On the right bank were long ridges of the precipitous "Palisade Rocks." On the left bank were stately villas for miles and miles, with gardens sloping down to the river's margin. Then we approached West Point, the strategic centre of Washington's operations in the War of Independence. We passed through the mountain belt called the Highlands, and anchored at Albany the capital of the State of New York. Thence I went on by train the same night to Buffalo and Lake Erie.

The next morning I was on the tiptoe of expectation, having my face set straight for Niagara. Alighting at the railway station of Niagara, I drove towards the river. Soon several columns of white mist, or spray, were seen shooting up from the horizon. These emanations from the falls signified that the wonder of Nature was near at hand.

My first view of the falls was fortunately from the American side, and transcended even the height of my expectations. Besides being extremely beautiful, it was most instructive in respect to physical geography. The brow, or crest, of the vast cascade was not at all in a straight line, but in a series of curves inexpressibly graceful. Having sketched that, I crossed a branch of the river to Goat Island, and drove through a dark

forest with gleaming breakers all round from the rapids of the St. Lawrence—truly a marvel of sylvan scenery. Then I passed by a suspension bridge below the falls, at a great height, over blue water with whirlpools circling in white lines—probably a unique spectacle—and entered on the Canadian side. Then I drove to the point whence the general prospect is obtained from that quarter. This my second view of the whole line of waterfall was comparatively flat and commonplace. Before the time of railways, this was the prospect which the traveller used to see on his approach, and which doubtless caused people to say that the first sight of Niagara was disappointing. No traveller could say that now, who first sees the falls, as I saw them, from the American side. Then I betook myself to the hotel, which is close up to them. I lay down for a short rest, with the voices of many waters lulling me to sleep, and with my bedroom window open on a hot evening. But soon the spray, wafted by the wind, gently awoke me with a sense of dampness. The next day I visited the tremendous rapids, where Webb the swimmer subsequently lost his life, and then the whirlpools, revolving noiselessly as if they would engulf even the largest objects in the silence of death. Late in the evening I descended a long flight of steps to a point near the base of the Horseshoe Fall. There I beheld a spectacle in its way unrivalled. In front of me, high up, and athwart my whole plane of vision, the line

of the waterfall stood out against a red sunset sky. The declining sun cast its vivid light, leaving a sharply edged shadow across the falling water—one half being thus sea-green in colour, while the other half was bright orange. From the midst of the base there sprang up a column of spray, which threw a gentle shade on the brightly lighted side of the fall. The idea of a mass of spray, leaving its shadowy reflection on falling water, was marvellous. The column of spray itself had its shadow, the lower half being sombre, the upper half in rainbow hues. Below all this, the river was boiling tumultuously.

Then I journeyed viâ Detroit to Chicago, which the Americans called a "phenomenal city," by reason of the rapidity with which it had sprung up again, like a veritable Phœnix, from the embers and ashes of its conflagration. I attended a meeting where a thrilling narrative was given of that event, the memory of which seemed to be fresh in the minds of the audience. My inspection of the fire brigades' organisation was to me a lesson in preparedness.

Thence I crossed the Mississippi and the Missouri, on my way to Omaha near the base of the Rocky Mountains—now a rising city, but in the last generation a prairie—and once famous as the half-way place on the through line between New York and San Francisco. This was the western limit of my present travel.

I passed southwards through the well cultivated State of Nebraska, in order to gain an idea of the American agriculture on a wide scale, so I reached Kansas city, and turning eastwards arrived at St. Louis on the Mississippi. From the footbridge of the railway viaduct, I watched the long quays, where in the time before railways, river-steamers in vast numbers used to be moored in parallel lines. Though the interest of the passenger traffic had in these days departed, and the goods traffic greatly diminished, still enough remained to give me an idea of what the scene must have been in the palmy period. Thence I proceeded to Cincinnati beautifully situated on the heights over the river Ohio. The large cemetery there still occurs to my recollection as a sylvan scene, laid out with extraordinary skill and aptitude in landscape-gardening. I made a trip to Columbus the State capital of Ohio, in order to obtain some acquaintance with the executive and judicial officers of a large State, and to see the educational establishments, University, colleges and schools. I had indeed been visiting schools at the various towns through which I had passed on my travels. Here at an educational centre I was able to correct and adjust my notions. Thence I travelled by night-train across the mountains to Washington.

I found Washington to be quite different from any city seen by me anywhere. Apparently it had not grown by degrees, it had no irregularities, it seemed to

have been laid out altogether on some fixed plan. Broad roads admirably kept, interminable avenues, imposing vistas often bounded at one end by the great dome of the Capitol—were its characteristics. The Senate and the House of Representatives were not in session, but all the State Departments were open. With the help of my friend Colonel Dickinson I visited them all. In the Educational Department I verified the various points and threads of information, which I had gathered up in the schools and colleges of the interior. I gave some time to the Patent Office, an amazing *répertoire* of American genius and inventiveness. I had the honour of dining with Lord Sackville the British Minister, and with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. I had some long conversations with Mr. Frelinghuysen the Secretary of State, and by him I was presented to the President Mr. Arthur, who received me with affable kindness in the White House. By Mr. Arthur I was introduced to several of the Cabinet Ministers, including Mr. Lincoln son of the historic President. In conversation Mr. Arthur happened to call for the day's issue of a New York newspaper, and gave it to me in reference to a passage among its contents. On reflection I determined to preserve this paper, which was remarkably interesting, as having been given me by the President of the United States in the White House.

I attended service in the several churches, the

Episcopalian, or the old parish church where the President usually went, the Independent, the Roman Catholic, the Baptist, Zion Chapel, where the congregation was negro. The service at Zion was to me memorable by reason of its religious fervour. The sermon was to European ears so emotional as to be quite rhapsodical; but to the dusky listeners it was touching and moving in the extreme. Tears flowed, sobs and low groans were heard, some of the women fell into transient hysterics. As we walked away I heard the negroes saying that the sermon had been "splendid."

I crossed the Potomac, entered Virginia and stopped at Richmond, musing on all the romantic gallantry which the Virginians had displayed in the Civil War. Some people whom I met were still cherishing memories of the great struggle, and told me how Virginia had bared her bosom to the sword. The elections for the House of Representatives were beginning, and I went to hear the candidates addressing the electors, this being the first political meeting which I had attended in America. I noted the audience, their orderly bearing, their patience in listening to oratory most elaborate and prolix. Before my departure, I visited the dwelling place of the ill-fated President Davis—the room where he worked—the apartment where he received visitors—the garden where his escort tethered their horses. This was the southern limit of my travels,

and I regretfully postponed visiting the Southern States, until a convenient opportunity which might never arrive.

I then returned to Washington, took leave of my newly formed but excellent friends, and travelled to Baltimore. I there met an old friend Professor Sylvester, and under his skilled guidance saw the Johns Hopkins University, the Peabody Museum and other institutions.

A short journey by rail took me to Philadelphia, where I had the advantage of staying with Mr. John Welsh, one of the best men then in America. He drove me round the great Park, and thus I understood the genius with which the Americans are endowed for imparting a grand effect to public enclosures of this description. A sylvan area, wild and natural, of considerable extent, with rock-formations ravines and streams, had been enclosed. It had then been beautified by landscape gardening, and rendered available for spectators by walks and drives which wound about with ever-varying prospects or vistas. Among the friends I made was Mr. Childs of the well-known newspaper "the Public Ledger," and one of the heads of the journalistic profession in America. I visited him in his villa with its beautiful grounds. National festivities were then being held in celebration of the bicentenary of Penn's landing. I had the fortune to witness a procession in honour of the event. I was placed on a balcony amidst

American friends who explained to me every object as it came into view. For the first time I recognised the taste which Americans have for processions, quaintly picturesque, sometimes even mediæval in aspect. This procession paraded the long streets of the city for some hours, and comprised persons, in diverse costumes of several epochs, carrying all manner of things illustrative of the national life, customs and amusements since the days of Penn, together with objects agricultural, industrial, domestic.

A short journey further by rail brought me to New York, whither I was glad to return as I had by this time learned to appreciate the city as the actual capital and the imperial centre of the Union. There I found the discussions about the impending elections to be concentrated. I attended a large meeting in Tammany Hall, but was not favourably impressed by the proceedings. There was much enthusiasm, and a thorough understanding between the speakers and the audience. But I failed to catch any political argument or exposition. The oratory related chiefly to organisation for some purposes not declared, but presumably apprehended by all present. Very wisely the Americans arranged that the elections, for the Lower House of Parliament and for many high functions in the component States of the Union, should take place at the same time. Thus the operations of the two principal Parties, the Republican and the Democratic, extended simultaneously over

many divers elections. But I heard in all quarters that the best time for my studying of politics would be two years later, when the election of the next President would be coming on.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. John Jacob Astor, then one of the leading citizens of the capital, and I inspected the fine Library which he had presented to the public. I was favoured by being made a temporary member of several among the most influential clubs. I made the valued acquaintance of Mr. Andrew Carnegie the great iron and steel manufacturer at Pittsburg. From none in all America did I receive more assistance in my studies than from him. I had to my great benefit some intercourse with Mr. John Jay, a man of European fame and experience. I went with General Ulysses Grant for a drive in the Park and sat behind the fast trotting teams, or pairs of horses, a strange experience amidst the flying dust. The gentlemen who owned and drove the famous teams were busy persons in the Stock Exchange, and this fact showed the sporting instinct of the English-speaking race. At dinner with General Grant I met the then famous Senator Conkling. I went several times to the theatres and thought the tone and tendency of the plays to be good.

I went for a short expedition to Vassar College, instituted for the higher education of women. The situation was admirable, on the cliffs opposite West Point and overlooking the valley of the Hudson.

Among the students some were destined for the educational profession no doubt, but many were acquiring polite knowledge in order to fulfil their future duties in ordinary society. I was introduced to a class of young ladies who had just been listening to a lecture by a learned Japanese on the ambition and aggressiveness of the British in the far East. Their indignation had been thereby aroused, and they began to reproach me as one of the imperialist class to which the lecture was applicable. They softened, however, when I reminded them that, owing to kinship, their characteristics and ours must be much the same.

Amidst the society of New York I noticed a cardinal virtue. In the best sense of the term this society was exclusive, that is to say, its higher circles chose for admission, not those who had wealth especially, but those who had merit whether from gentle birth, or personal qualities or culture and accomplishment. I had heard of "the almighty dollar," but whatever else it might do, it could not by itself procure an entrance to the best American society. Though families could hardly be old in the European sense of the term, still weight was attached to the association with whatever had been distinguished or favourably known during the two centuries of the nation's existence. In this sense the just pride of descent was as strong in America as in any country.

I had a full conversation with General Grant regard-

ing his life during the Civil War. He narrated to me how he had, not only to command, but to create his army, how he had to take in hand bodies of troops, brave and able indeed, but absolutely raw, neither officers nor privates having known anything of arms or of drill. I understood him to consider that his capture of Vicksburg on the Western River was the turning point in the war, because that completed the environment of the doomed South by land as well as by sea.

I then revisited Boston, mainly on the invitation of Mr. Alpheus Hardy. I there addressed a meeting of Protestant Ministers of all denominations and benevolent laymen, on behalf of religious missions in India. They seemed to be much impressed, as was shown by several sympathetic speeches which came from them on the occasion. I then visited the Franklin college for the education of women, situated on undulating ground amidst wide belts of oak woods. The foliage was changing colour in the late autumn, and the hues ranging from red to russet were lovely. The instruction here was not so high as at Vassar, being intended for a somewhat different class, and it included housewifery of many sorts. The institution seemed to me to be excellently practical.

Here, too, I attended a political meeting in reference to the coming elections. The excitement rose higher than anything I had seen on previous occasions, and there was a section of coloured men in the audience. I

felt regret when the American speakers had to address arguments to them especially.

On my return to New York, in preparation for my departure from America, I found that the results of the elections were just being declared. There was disappointment somewhat poignant on one side, and a corresponding degree of triumph on the other. The clergy here, having heard of my address to the meeting at Boston, invited me to do the same at a meeting on behalf of their missions. This meeting was to be not clerical only but general. I had great satisfaction in attending, and in exerting myself to advocate the good cause. A verbatim report of my speech was sent to me for revision, and was subsequently published. Shortly afterwards I visited a Normal College for the instruction of women-teachers, and attended at the hour of morning prayer. The reverend principal read the prayers to the young women assembled in the number of about a thousand. I was standing on the platform behind him, and the audience were seated in semi-circular rows as in a great lecture room. As he finished his brief address, he quietly said that there was a stranger with him who would say a few words to them—pointing to me. I had not even a notion of being required to speak, and for a moment my brow was moist with embarrassment. However there was nothing for it but to stand forward and utter one or two sentences, in order to gain an instant for reflecting

on what should be said. Happily the thought flashed across my mind that I would tell them about the education of the women in India. So I made a short speech, which went off well despite my unpreparedness. Afterwards I good humouredly rallied the principal on his having subjected me to such a trial unprepared. He rejoined that, having heard me speak at the missionary meeting, he had deemed me quite capable of facing this ordeal.

Shortly afterwards I attended a banquet given by a large number of American friends to Herbert Spencer the philosopher, who had been for some time travelling in the country. The post-prandial oratory, as is usual in America, was very fine, and the distinguished guest gave an instructive reply. Among other things he reminded the audience that their countrymen underwent too much of mental and nervous tension. This tendency spread from serious to lighter pursuits, and he gave many striking instances.

I started from New York in a Cunard steamer for Queenstown, Ireland, full of regrets, carrying a host of charming memories with me, and hoping that I might be spared soon to pay a second visit.

During a voyage of eight days I had some leisure to consider what points had struck me most, during my happy intercourse with the Americans. Their patriotic sentiment, for the land and its institutions, amounted to a passionate affection; and allusion to this

would be made even by the preachers in church. They were most desirous that the land and its people should be admired and esteemed, and I have never seen this amiable desire so strong in any other nation. But they desired the admiration and esteem of their British cousins far more than that of any other people. The welfare of the motherland was frequently prayed for in their churches. If they stood well in British regard, they did not seem much to notice the opinion of other nationalities. Thus they were naturally jealous of British criticism, and if that took a cynical form they were quickly moved to resentment and indignation. At Washington, the British Embassy—or Ministry as it then was—overshadowed in the eyes of Americans all other Embassies. It seemed to me that British people should note all this, as a potent factor in all that concerns the common interests of the English-speaking race on both sides of the ocean. A considerate and sympathetic attitude on our part was likely to be of infinite avail towards keeping the Americans in line with us. For I felt assured that, despite any superficial manifestations to the contrary, there was at bottom, *au fond*, in the American heart an intense regard for the motherland—*manet altâ mente repostum*. I describe the sentiment as it existed then, in the fervent hope that no real change can have subsequently supervened.

After all my agreeable experience I naturally

admired, and sympathised with, the land and the people on the whole. When the Americans saw from my conversation that I entertained this sentiment, they became honestly anxious that I should not carry away with me any wrong notion of everything being perfect, but rather that I should be aware of faultiness here and there, which they recognised and meant to remedy. Indeed they loved to discuss, in the company of a sympathetic stranger, the merits or demerits of their institutions with a candour and frankness which to some might be surprising. For example, they generally complained of the weakness of the Civil power in the face of a mob in most States, not only in outlying districts but sometimes in centres also. This defect had much to do with the occurrence of lynching from time to time; though nothing could justify the malcontents in thus executing what they thought to be rude justice, still the difficulty of obtaining redress might be pleaded in extenuation. Having heard warnings that even in cities something grave would one day be happening, I afterwards remembered these predictions, when events of this character did happen in Cincinnati and in New Orleans. Again, complaint was generally directed against municipal administration in most cities, especially in regard to public works. If I pointed out that nevertheless some things were admirably done in almost every city, the reply was that these were carried out by private companies who must

succeed for their own sakes. There did not seem to be much dread of strikes or labour-organisations tending to socialistic revolution. But I read a graphic novel which was circulating at the time, and which if now re-perused in the light of recent events at Chicago, might seem almost prophetic. The phrase "lobbyist" or "lobbyism" was largely current, as indicating the practice whereby men interested in large schemes, industrial, financial, or other, attended in the lobbies of the Legislature, and urged their views upon the Members. The development of this practice seemed to be causing an alarm which might in some cases affect the elections. Respecting the electoral contests, I did not hear of abuses being largely alleged, not so much indeed as I had heard adduced against electioneering in England. Still, the burden of political organisation was held to be so oppressive in some quarters as to be conducive to malpractice. I read a novel, written in illustration of all this, which at the time had a great circulation. An impression apparently prevailed that, notwithstanding the freedom assured by the laws, and the assertion of a supreme democracy, individuals might be driven hard, and indirectly oppressed or coerced by powerful corporations, and by head-men called bosses. It was thought that even lesser corporations might suffer a similar fate. This was not uncommonly the subject of cartoons, or caricatures, or of comments in the newspapers on the eve of elections.

Yet, in spite of these and other defects which I heard mentioned, there was not only a general desire, but a resolve, to ensure virtue in the servants of the Republic throughout all grades, to make every citizen feel and act up to his share of responsibility for public order, to promote the domestic comfort of labouring men, to imbue the people with a taste for culture, to stimulate national education and especially the higher instruction of women.

Thus musing and reflecting, I landed in due course at Queenstown and thence visited the Lake of Killarney. The beauties of that lake district were enhanced by the autumnal tints, by a sprinkling of snow, and by squalls beating the placid water into waves. Before returning to England I was able to see something of county Kerry, then in the depth of its agrarian troubles.

CHAPTER X.

(1884.)—SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

New York—Mr. Pyne's Villa—President Arthur—Newport, Rhode Island—Mr. Thayer—Boston—Thence to Dakota, viâ Canada—Yellowstone Park—Geyser Valley—Prairie of Idaho—Salt-lake City—San Francisco—Monterey—Yosemité Valley—The "Big Trees"—Mr. Consul Stanley—Central Prairie to Colorado Springs—Denver—Presidential Election—Political Meetings, Peoria—Chicago—Pullman Town—Pittsburgh—Altoona—Philadelphia—New York—Banquet to Mr. Blaine—Union League Club, Republican—Manhattan Club, Democratic—Processions before Mr. Blaine and Mr. Cleveland—Election Day, 4th November—Recount Votes in New York State—Mr. Cleveland at Albany—Smith College—Mr. John Welsh at Philadelphia—Return New York—General Ulysses Grant—Voyage homewards—Ireland—Limerick and Galway—Return to England.

EARLY in August, 1884, I started in one of the steamers, then called "Atlantic racers," for my second visit to the United States. On this occasion I hoped to fulfil the two objects which remained for accomplishment when I bade farewell for a while to America in 1882. I was now, if possible, to pass through the Rocky Mountains right on to the Pacific, and then to witness the Presidential election. So my pulse beat high with expectation as I entered the noble harbour of New York. The City, as regards Society, was quite out of season, and after a mild summer, the heat had recently become intense. I wondered how white men could

bear such heat so bravely as they did; and at night the temperature was almost like that of India. Nevertheless, as I drove along Broadway towards Wall Street, the animation of the traffic was as great as ever. The decorated house-fronts, ensigns and sign-boards all along the extended line of Broadway, the many-shaped cars and light-painted omnibuses, made it the finest and liveliest street I ever beheld. In the business quarter I found that several noteworthy structures had been added since my last visit two years previously—a new Produce Exchange, a Cotton Exchange, an Insurance institution.

I then paid a visit to a hospitable friend, Mr. Pyne, in his villa at Riverdale on the Hudson, with its richly wooded grounds sloping down to the river's bank, and with the sharp-cut range of the Palisade Rocks across the water. In these shady gardens I entered into a sketching match with some American ladies who were skilled in using the pencil. Thence I went to a dinner party at Mr. Cyrus Field's house, also situated near the Hudson, to meet the President, Mr. Arthur. Afterwards the President was so kind as to take me with him on his way back by railway to New York. Thus I witnessed the local ovations offered to him on the road. I stood behind him as he received valedictory addresses on his approaching retirement. I noted his mode of replying, quiet and genial, yet dignified. In the railway carriage he said much that was instructive regarding

the country, but no allusion was made, under the circumstances, to current politics.

Returning to New York, I met Mr. Kiernander the Senator, and many other magnates, chiefly of the Republican Party. Already their conversation was being earnestly directed towards the candidature on their side in the coming election of the new President. Evidently an influential section of the Party was dissatisfied with Mr. Blaine the candidate, by reason of personal objections regarding which no stranger could have any opinion. On the other hand many had the warmest friendship for him. Already I began to hear the name of "Mugwump" applied to those who were discontented, and that of "Stalwart" to those who stood firm in their allegiance. The divergence of opinion, however, cast a cloud on the prospects of the Party.

I started at nightfall by the luxurious river-steamer, the "Old Colony," for a night voyage, through arms of the sea sheltered by islands, to Newport, Rhode Island. I was glad to revisit this famous seaside resort in the height of the season. At that moment the temperature was changing, and a "cool wave," as the Americans were calling it, supervened. I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Bancroft the historian, and was present at several gatherings. Then I proceeded to visit Mr. Nathaniel Thayer at his country seat in the township of Lancaster near Boston. The house was built of wood in the Swiss style, and was surrounded by umbrageous

elms. I had never met with so fair a chance as this for observing rural life in the oldest part of the United States. The names and the objects around me recalled the England of the elder time. The whole parish was as well-wooded and as verdant as an English sylvan area. The landscape was dotted with wooden houses, which were painted with light colours and belonged to yeomen or peasant proprietors. The main road or street of Lancaster was equal to that of the prettiest English village. We attended divine service in the old parish church.

Thence I proceeded to Boston to renew my acquaintance with several friends there. I had the good fortune to be introduced to General Butler, a candidate for the Presidency. He was independent, not being attached to either of the great Parties, and was therefore supposed not to have any chance. His aspect was striking and bluff, without any attempt at polish. He had much conversational power, and was evidently a born orator for the masses.

By the night I travelled to Montreal to perform my duty with the British Association there as already described, in reference to my second sojourn in Canada,

Having finished my work and my tour in Canada I started on the 18th of September from Winnipeg by railway, crossed the Canadian border and entered the Dakota State. My travelling companion was Dr. Macintyre a retired London physician. I was now about

to undertake my long-projected tour through the Rocky Mountains of America right on to San Francisco.

From Dakota we travelled by the Northern Pacific Railway, and then by a short branch-line to the Mammoth Hotel at the threshold of the Yellowstone Park. In those days the Hotel deserved its name; for it was a monster lodging-house and nothing more; the viands consisted of elk's flesh. The Yellowstone Park, an extensive region within the Rocky Mountains, is now well cared for by the Central Government. In those days it was only beginning to be frequented by Americans; the visitors indeed were mostly British. There were establishments of riding horses, and some waggon-conveyance for luggage over unmade roads. So early one morning Dr. Macintyre and I started on horseback, with a mounted guide who was also to take care of our horses. We were to march to the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone—a long day's ride—carrying the bait for the horses in our saddlebags. After riding for some hours through forests and scattered rocks, past cascades and rivulets, we began in the afternoon to ascend Mount Washburne by long grassy slopes. Here I noticed for the first time the contrast between the gradual inclines facilitating ascent, and the precipitous hill-sides of the Himalaya. We easily reached the summit, about eleven thousand feet above sea-level, the highest altitude up to which I ever rode a horse. Patches of snow lay scattered around, as we

beheld the distant lake of the Yellow-stone far below us. Twilight closed in upon us, as we descended to our destination, the Grand Cañon. We alighted at a wayfarer's resting-place, consisting of tents and bedding, with a tidy landlady to supply us. Our guide, instead of tethering the three horses for the night, turned them out loose to graze on the herbage in the surrounding forests. He said that such was the custom of this region, and that the horses would reappear all right the next morning.

I lost no time on the following day in sketching the Grand Cañon, a mighty ravine, between lofty rock-walls of various hues, white, amber, orange, pink, red, and russet. Rarely in any clime have I seen such a combination of boldly abrupt forms with exquisite colours. The sketching was to go on till past noon, when Macintyre and I were to mount and ride off. At noon I told the guide to get ready the horses as soon as might be convenient. He said he would go and hunt for them in the woods, and this reply did not sound cheerful. After more than two hours he came back without having found them. It was then too late to proceed onwards that day. Luckily I met an English friend who was marching with his camp on the way to a cattle "ranch" or pasture. He most kindly proposed that we should sleep that night in his camp, and he would lend us horses for our march the next day. That night we tasted of the bush

hospitality, under the overshadowing monarchs of the primæval forest. The next day, mounted on my friend's horses, we rode to the wayside inn near the foot of that Geyser Valley, which was justly styled the wonderland of America.

The next day we marched up the Geyser Valley to its head, and there alighted at the tents of a resting-place for tourists. All the way we admired the geysers bursting periodically in lofty shoots of boiling water. The jets gleamed for a moment like silver, and then turning into vapour disappeared immediately under the cold blue sky. The sulphur-pools, that is to say, sheets of water lying in sulphureous basins, had their colours graduated on the edges from amber to pale green—to emerald—to violet, and ending in the centre with the blackness of infinite depth. At eventide I looked down the long valley with its vista of geysers, some quiescent in their placid pools, some steaming, some bursting, some springing upwards majestically in full play. I never saw a place so full of Nature's wonders as this.

Returning to the inn I arranged to drive across the Prairie of Idaho, and so meet a railway that would take us down to the Salt-lake City. A transit-agent undertook that we should have a carriage with relays of horses. Trusting to this, we started early in the morning, and soon crossed the great watershed range between the Atlantic and the Pacific, this being the centre-line of the Rocky Mountains. As we proceeded,

the relays of horses were not forthcoming, and evidently the same horses must carry us on to our destination, the rest-house in the prairie. The plateau of this Idaho Prairie lay seven thousand feet above sea-level, an immensity of drab and ochre with its withered vegetation. No living thing was on its surface save antelope and grouse called prairie-chickens. The horizon in all quarters was diversified by summits of perpetual snow. The whole scene was one of ideal dreariness, and our situation was not quite safe. We were in this vast solitude two gentlemen, a coachman and a carriage, with a pair of horses tired though powerful. In the event of any mishap we were resourceless. We could in stress of need have walked on, had there been only one track. But we met several cross-tracks, and a deviation into any one of these would be fatal, as leading to no particular place. Our horses, however, proved to be enduring and our coachman faithful. So we reached the rest-house at nightfall, and the railway station on the next day.

The railway afforded us a rapid passage southwards to Ogden, the great junction-station in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Thence a short run by railway brought us to Salt-lake City in superb weather. It was hard to imagine how superstition so dark as Mormonism could flourish, and be bravely maintained, in such a paradise as this. I entered the enormous

tabernacle and, inside it, heard from Mormons the story of their faith Not even in Asia had I come across fables more grotesque than these. The tales they told of female devotees, recruits from the Western counties of England, were distressing for me to hear. I wondered at the sacrifices made, and the burdens borne, by the industrious Mormons for the sake of this mystic organisation.

Then we returned to Ogden and took the express train for San Francisco. In the central prairie of the Rocky Mountains we were whisked through an infinitude of desolation at high speed. After nightfall, looking out from my Pullman car, I saw the young moon reflected on little lakes or tarns, and just tipping the edges of snowy summits with her light. In the morning we found our line roofed over with timber for miles, as a protection against the snows of winter. As we descended the western flank of the Rocky Mountains, the scenery, though fine in its way, was disappointing. I missed the savage boldness of the European mountains. The range threw out long spurs, with gentle inclines facilitating the construction of the line. Our progress in some ways reminded me of the descent from the Alps into Italy. Quitting the chilly rocks, sands and forests, we entered California, and were at once greeted by the sight of grapes and luscious fruit. We advanced straightway towards San Francisco, and crossed by steamboat the harbour, an arm of the sea recalling to

my mind the haven of Bombay, but surpassing it in grandeur. Then we alighted at a magnificent hotel appropriately called "the Palace." I soon got a boat, and was rowed on to the harbour-mouth called "The Golden Gate." Through that romantic portal I looked out on the Pacific with the sheen of sunset on its wavy surface, like a Claude Lorraine picture.

In San Francisco I made the acquaintance of Mr. Coleman, one of the leading merchants. He was full of information which had become historic, having been one of the Vigilance Committee in the troublous days of the city. From him and from his friend Mr. Johnson I received kindness and hospitality never to be forgotten. I was somewhat surprised to learn that San Francisco had not acquired that imperial status which had been anticipated for it, in reference to its geographical position when the through railway was first opened from New York. Its citizens seemed to fear lest the supremacy of the Western coast should fall to Portland Oregon, at the end of the Northern Pacific Railway. I rejoiced to find my old friend Mr. Stanley here as British Consul, whom with his wife I had known at Odessa. I then went with Macintyre to see the beautiful watering place of Monterey on the coast in a southerly direction.

My main care, however, was for an excursion to the far-famed Yosemité Valley, which was well inside the western range of the Rocky Mountains. As far as the

base of these mountains the journey of a few hours by rail from San Francisco was easy enough. From that base onwards there were two kinds of transit; the old one by Mariposá, and the new one by a detour on a smoother line. As we were somewhat tied to time it happened that the new transit would not be available to us, so we must needs fall back on the old. For this latter route the transit-agency promised relays of horses. I doubted whether the promise could be fulfilled beyond Mariposa. But I had acquired some confidence in the coach-drivers of the Rocky Mountains, and I trusted to advance somehow, even though the relays of horses should fail. So we travelled partly by rail and partly by horse-van quite rightly to Mariposa. Then, just as I had feared, nothing was obtainable there, save a dog-cart and a pair of horses to take us for the long way up the mountains to Clarke's Hotel near the Yosemité Valley, and that, too, after some delay. However, the autumnal night was before us, cool and balmy with perfect moonlight. As we advanced, the moon's rays struck on the ground with white light, while the lowering fir trees cast their shadows athwart the rough road, and made it hard for us to see our way. This might be awkward, as the least divergence would cause an accident. Then as midnight approached, we all three—Macintyre, the driver, and myself—began to be drowsy, and that, too, involved danger. So we arranged that by turns one should walk

at the heads of the horses and keep them on the road, while the other two sat in the dog-cart. Having dozed in the cart I would take my turn on foot, and then I was amazed at the sombre grandeur of the fir forest. Perhaps the witching hour made my thoughts transcendental, but it seemed to me that I had never seen such heavenly moonlight. The driver behaved admirably and fully justified my confidence. So we wended our way through the small hours, and by five o'clock in the morning reached Clarke's Hotel. Thus we obtained two hours' rest before it became time to rise again for the trip to the Yosemité.

After breakfast we joined a party of tourists in a roomy open coach with four horses. I was amused at the style in which these trained and sagacious animals turned round the sharp corners, where any divergence meant precipitation into unknown depths. In due course we reached the head of the Yosemité Valley, at a spot justly called "Inspiration Point," where a short halt was allowed for sketching. Most of the main features were before me as I sketched—the El Capitan bluffs, the Bridal Veil falls—the Cathedral towers—the Sentinel Rock—the North domes—the mighty Half-dome—the Mercedes River deep below, winding through fir-forests—the Sierra Nevada crowning the horizon with white. Then we descended by a zigzag road to the valley with its base level as a floor. There our tourist party broke up, some going to one hotel, some

to another. Macintyre and I alighted at a pretty little inn near the foot of Sentinel Rock.

Then I got a capital mule with a mounted guide, and rode up the mountain-side towards a vantage ground called "Glacier Point." During the ascent I came face to face with the Half Dome, the most memorable rock I ever saw. There had originally been a granite formation, rising several thousand feet above the valley, with its top shaped like an orange. By some volcanic action this round mass had been split or cut into two halves, one half disappearing, the other remaining and rightly named the Half Dome. Then I beheld, on the opposite side of the valley, the famed Yosemité Falls three thousand feet from top to bottom. They descended, not in one sheer unbroken cascade, but in three divisions on the same line—and were reputed to constitute the highest or longest waterfall yet discovered in the world.

From Glacier Point I perceived an upper valley, unseen before. Its bed was one vast plateau of rock, from the midst of which a lofty obelisk stood up named "The Cap of Liberty." Along the rock-plateau there coursed a stream ending in a noble cascade called "The Vernon Fall." Behind all this the Sierra Nevada pierced the violet sky with peaks catching the rose of sunset. After sketching the scene, I turned round to descend homewards. Then I perceived the risen moon whitening the broad face of the El Capitan bluffs.

Right upon that moonlit mass the Sentinel Rock cast its shadow, in full outline of form, from the other side of the valley. On the sky behind El Capitan there was still the afterglow of departed day.

My sightseeing was not over yet, for after dinner I set out in a carriage to see the valley by moonlight—the Mercedes meandering through lines of firs—the North Dome rocks basking in the brightness of the moon—and above all "the Mirror Lake," catching sylvan reflections from all sides, so that no sky was reflected on its surface. Then at last I returned to my hotel for the night.

I had travelled for twelve hours, then undertaken laborious marching or journeying for twenty-eight hours—forty hours in all, out of which I had lain down for only two. But I was not tired; the inspiration of the mountain air, the excitement of travel, the joy of success despite difficulties—lent me strength to defy fatigue. Then, for that night, I slept the sleep of the successful.

The next morning we started by a return coach to Clarke's Hotel. There we joined a party in a coach and four to visit the far-famed grove of "the Big Trees" of hoar antiquity, "the Grisly Giant" and his comrades. The heads were scraggy—but the trunks and the bark were gorgeously rich in hues and in texture. By the passage cut through one of these trunks our coach and four was driven.

Then we returned by the new transit to the nearest railway station, and so by train to San Francisco. My friend Macintyre left for New York, and I remained in California yet awhile. Under the hospitable auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, I ascended the mountain of Tamal Pais overlooking the harbour of San Francisco and the Pacific beyond. I visited the public Park where sandy dunes were being planted with firs, and saw the seals disporting themselves in the surf of the Pacific. Then I bade my Californian friends farewell, and took the express train for Ogden. I now found that hereabouts the Rocky Mountains did not form a single range, but consisted of a broad desert, several thousand feet above sea-level, which was flanked by two parallel ranges hundreds of miles apart. Of these one overlooked the Pacific coast, the other the Missouri basin. As I looked out once more on the Central Prairie in all its wildness—my thoughts were swimming about in a sea of recollections.

From Ogden, I took a train in what the Americans called "the Scenic Line" of the Rio Grande—by reason of the scenery in the Cañon of the Gunnystone. Emerging from the defiles with their fantastic rock-formations, our railway wound by easy inclines up the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains to a height of nearly eleven thousand feet above sea-level. This was the greatest altitude I ever reached by railway. Then we

descended and turning northwards reached Colorado Springs.

The station of Colorado Springs was a lovely health-resort in a wonderful position. It stood on the Mesa an old Spanish name for a flat plateau seven thousand feet above sea-level. Right above it, and seeming to be quite close, there stood peaks again some seven thousand feet above the plateau. They thus had an altitude of fourteen thousand feet altogether, and were consequently tipped with perpetual snow. Near their base I sketched groups of rocks quaintly called "the Garden of the gods." I penetrated a wild valley environed with rugged cliffs of glowing red. No wonder that the Spanish discoverers called this region Colorado —the coloured land.

Thence I proceeded to Denver, and from my bedroom window took a last look at the long line of snowy peaks forming the eastern ridge of the Rocky Mountains. I thus closed the chapter of the mountaineering with the landscape sightseeing, and shut up my sketch-books. For my mind was to be straightway diverted to different subjects.

This being Sunday I attended service at the Episcopal cathedral, and spent a part of the day with Mr. Hill, a Member of the Senate and a man of the best stamp. From him I obtained an outline of the electoral crisis then impending. Indeed, emerging from the solitary quietude of the mountainous region,

and entering the busy haunts of men in the open country, I found every place in a ferment of expectancy, one subject only being in the thoughts and on the lips of men, namely the Presidential Election.

It was now the 21st of October, and the election of the future President of the United States was to take place on the 4th of November. So there was just the most eventful fortnight remaining, within which to see the close of the international contest. On the Republican side the candidate was Mr. Blaine. He was himself heading the fight, was making his voice heard and his presence felt everywhere. He was, too, one of the best political speakers of his day. On the Democratic side the candidate was Mr. Cleveland. Though doubtless he was doing much solid work for the election, he made very few speeches. As a stranger I wished to make friends on both sides, and so learn as much as possible without presuming to espouse either of the conflicting policies. By keeping my judgment in suspense I avoided the risk of indicating any opinion.

I was travelling in the train from Denver for Chicago on the 21st of October. But some American fellow-passengers told me of a political meeting to be held immediately at Peoria in the State of Illinois; so I diverged thither. On my arrival there, however, I found that the first meeting would be at a neighbouring town named Pekin on behalf of the Democratic Party; therefore I went on to that place. Heavy rain was falling,

so there was no external display, and the whole affair had a plain garb. A goodly and orderly multitude was gathered in a large room to hear Democratic orators, who were representative men in Illinois; and I was seated in a forward row among the audience. Their speeches referred much to Free Trade, which they seemed to be advocating in some degree at least. But afterwards they drifted into personalities. I had already heard and read outside of the personal element which was being introduced into the contest generally. Such an element was indeed often to be found at elections in every country. But in this electoral campaign then pending it was prevalent to an excess.

Early the next morning at Peoria I was awakened by music sounding as a *reveillè* for the Republican forces. Workers and organisers, dressed in fancy uniforms, were marching about, some rallying the cavalry, so to speak, and some the infantry. Evidently the Republican Party—in contrast to the Democrats perhaps—were appealing to the senses of the electors by pleasant sights and sounds as well as to their reason and judgment. On this occasion, brilliant weather, after the rain of the previous day, and a starlit sky favoured the proceedings. A torchlight procession preceded the meeting, with bands of music and Chinese lanterns. The meeting itself had a festive and gala aspect. Ladies' dresses enlivened the platform. Young women presented bouquets of autumnal

flowers to the candidates. Alacrity, vivacity, hilarity pervaded the assemblage. The whole affair seemed to me like an electioneering carnival. The leaders were so kind as to place me in the front row on the platform, next to General Logan. He was, after Mr. Blaine, the second man in the, contest being the candidate for the post of Vice-President. He was honourably distinguished in the Civil War. He had dark hair and fine features, bore the friendly name of "the Black Eagle," and was a typical personage. His speech on this occasion was vigorous, and his delivery gentlemanlike. His arguments were those which are ordinarily used for Protection as against Free Trade. He was very polite to me, just as if I had been one of his supporters. The speech of the evening was made by a regular lecturer. He adduced the poverty and distress of the nail-makers near Bromsgrove in Worcestershire as being the consequence of Free Trade. He had worked up his details so as to excite the pity of his hearers, and predispose them to Protection. After the meeting the Republicans asked me what I thought. But I contented myself by saying that I was a native of the Worcestershire which had been prominently mentioned, and that I felt flattered when the evening was spent chiefly in alluding to England and her economic policy.

At these two meetings I had listened to the case stated for each of the two rival Parties, and more

particularly the points for Protection versus Free Trade—as Protection was to be one of the main planks of the Republican platform in the coming election.

On my way to Chicago I found the newspapers full of allusions to England and her policy, real or supposed. I read a leading article entitled "England in Ohio." There had been a local election in the State of Ohio, which was thought to foreshadow the line which that State would take in the Presidential election. This had gone against the Republican Party, and the newspaper went so far as to attribute the result partly to English gold and influence. I was surprised at the extravagance of such a hypothesis as this. I saw a pamphlet on the Democratic side, and this too related to England. It gave statistics showing the vast acreage of landed estate in the Western States, belonging to Englishmen of wealth and status, and showed the constant growth of what was regarded as foreign property. This was indicated as dangerous to the United States, and as needing a prompt check. Believing that friendliness to England lay deep in the American heart, I remarked to my friends of both Parties that the newspapers abounded with severe or sarcastic hits upon British policy. They replied that these meant little or nothing, and that the paragraphs were inserted merely to conciliate an Irish section among the electors, which was hostile to Britain in reference to Nationalism in Ireland.

At Chicago I noticed Republicans, in the evening

after the day's work, drilling for their evolutions which were to take place before and after the meetings, just as if they had been militia under words of command. There was an earnestness about the men which made me think highly of their organisation. I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of Mr. Pullman the well-known proprietor of the car manufactory. Under his auspices I visited the town of Pullman in the neighbourhood. The place was entirely built by him for his men, and supplied with model dwellings, schools, institutes, libraries, gardens for general resort, and every comfort pertaining to industrial life. Never had I seen any place of the kind so generously organised in any country as this had been by him. I was afterwards amazed on hearing—some years later—that the strikes at Chicago originated with his men, and I thought that of all the employers of labour in the world he was the last to deserve such a requital.

Returning to Chicago, I was introduced to the club where I met members of both the rival Parties. I was "interviewed" by more than one representative of the Press. On the other hand I sought interviews with other Press-men, who kindly informed me on many points. It chanced that the arrival of Mr. Blaine in the city was to be celebrated by a torchlight procession. The endless strings of his supporters began thus to defile before him, fringed on either side by a portentously large crowd as if the whole manhood of the vast city had turned out.

The march began after nightfall and lasted up to I know not what hour. After sitting for more than two hours, I was piloted by skilful hands through the seething multitude to the railway station, and went off by the night train in company with Mr. Pullman, *en route* to Pittsburg.

That night I travelled under Mr. Pullman's hospitable auspices, and he gave me a compartment in his luxurious car. The next day I spent in most useful conversation with him regarding the electoral crisis. So we entered the western side of the Alleghany mountains, and I parted company with him. I alighted at Pittsburg while he went on to New York. As Pittsburg was a centre of steel and iron manufacture, I wished to see the works belonging to my friend Mr. Andrew Carnegie. I then went on to Altoona, near the eastern base of the mountains, and was shown over the railway workshops which existed on a magnificent scale. Thence I had a short journey to Philadelphia. Having renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Childs of the "Public Ledger," and met some of the principal bankers, I obtained introductions to the Democratic leaders, in order to counterbalance the opinions I had imbibed from the Republicans, I was at that moment under the impression that, whatever might be the merits of Democratic arguments, the moral forces would be found on the Republican side. I thought too that

there must be a Republican majority in the country. But I heard men repeat, what had been heard in the previous August, to the effect that in the Party there was a section opposed to Mr. Blaine on sincere and conscientious convictions. Some of them perhaps might prove determined that he should not be elected if they could help it. This grave circumstance might just turn the scale towards the Democratic side.

Then I hastened to New York, having been favoured through the kindness of Mr. Carnegie with an invitation to a banquet to be given to Mr. Blaine by his leading supporters there. Entering the city and driving towards my hotel, the Windsor, in Fifth Avenue, I passed by a crowd near a platform where some speeches were being made in the presence of Mr. Blaine himself. I heard that one of the speakers had, with an alliteration of the letter r, just charged their opponents with supporting "rum, romanism and rebellion," whatever that might mean. This expression being thought dangerous, Mr. Blaine was engaged in explaining it away.

In the evening I appeared at the banquet in Delmonico's Restaurant, covers being laid for two hundred of the most zealous partisans of Mr. Blaine in the Eastern States of the Union. I was the only stranger present, and to be there was for me a memorable and unique privilege. Once more I heard the after-dinner speaking for which America was justly

renowned. Mr. Blaine's reply was admirably delivered both as regards matter and manner. He looked every inch a ruler, and I understood what his friends meant when they spoke of him as "a magnetic man." One passage in his speech caught my attention, for he expressed a hope that some arrangement might be made, whereby the lesser Republics of Central and Southern America should cease from internecine conflicts, and settle their differences peacefully. Pondering thereon, I perceived that this was a very ambitious aspiration of his, for its meaning must be to constitute the United States as arbitrator. The banquet went off for the moment as merry as a marriage bell, and in the drawing-room after dinner he held an informal levée. Among many others, I had the honour of being presented to him.

The next day I saw and heard the adverse side in respect to this banquet. For I attended an open-air meeting of the Democrats in the business quarter of the city. I was fortunate in being placed on a platform immediately behind the principal speaker, an eloquent Minister related to the famous Mrs. Beecher Stowe. He objected root and branch to the company in which I had been associating the evening before. He mercilessly dissected each one of the principal men who had been at the banquet. He apparently implied that they belonged to the "lobbyist" class. He summed up the total of political unrighteousness "that had sat under the mahogany" at the feast. Then he turned

round and gave me a look of such severity that I almost feared he was going to denounce me to the audience as having been present there.

I soon found that my Republican friends were fearful lest this banquet should have done more harm than good to their cause. It might have tended to identify Mr. Blaine with a particular section of their Party which would alienate other and still larger sections. They apprehended that it would accentuate the objections to him entertained by many of their fellow-workers. Soon they began to call it "Belshazzar's Feast."

Meanwhile I had been highly favoured by being made a temporary member of the Union League Club, the Republican head-quarter, and of the Manhattan Club, the Democratic centre. The Union League was the handsomest of the two, being indeed one of the finest clubs to be seen in any country. It and its inmates seemed to be in New York what the Carlton Club is in London. The Manhattan Club, though the lesser in external pretension, was most friendly and pleasant. I shall ever feel grateful for the confidence with which I was honoured by the two rival clubs simultaneously. I thus heard the conflicting hopes and fears of the opposite Parties from hour to hour, and I regarded the conversations as confidential. I never admitted or repeated anything as against Democrats before Republicans, or against Republicans before

Democrats. The experience thus obtained by me was such as would be rarely obtainable by a stranger.

For example, at meal-time in the Hotel Windsor, I used to sit next to an engaging lady who was an ardent Republican. Our talk ran solely on the one topic of the day. She said that I must be at heart a Democrat—and why? Because she never could get me to say anything of what I must have heard from the Democrats. I replied that, by parity of reasoning, had I been sitting next to a Democratic lady she would have supposed me to be at heart a Republican, because she could not induce me to repeat anything that had been said by Republicans.

As the final week drew near to its close, the Republicans held their grand torchlight procession to defile before Mr. Blaine, at a place near the end of Fifth Avenue. Here I was privileged to sit near him on the platform. Never elsewhere have I seen the like of this immense pageant. The host that marched past was divided into various sections according to locality or to profession. The long line, moving with many men abreast, was lighted on its way by numberless torches. A drizzling rain in no wise damped the ardour of the performance. The streets chosen for the show were those in which the electric lighting had been well established,—and that added an artificial moonlight to the scene. Each section, as it approached the saluting point opposite to Mr. Blaine, was heralded

by blue lights and rockets. Each section again had its special uniform, or fancy costume, or other distinctive dress and head-gear, generally full of colour and glitter. There was every sort of fantastic effect, partly modern, partly mediæval — with armorial bearings, spears and bannerets,—with placards bearing legends, inscriptions, caricatures, — with cars, sedan-chairs, canopies. The men were mostly on foot, but many were on horseback, and often some conspicuous leader rode in front of the troops of his political followers. As each section passed along, there was joyous acclamation from the sympathising crowds that lined the streets. Bands of music were frequently heard, playing popular or patriotic airs. The marching past the platform began soon after nine o'clock that night, and lasted till past three o'clock in the morning. I sat it out till two o'clock, and then retired to my hotel, while shouts and huzzas were still rending the air.

During these long hours I was seated on the platform next to a lady, who would naturally be a strong Republican, and we exchanged sympathetic remarks regarding the beauties and wonders of the show. At last, in order to say something pleasant, I remarked how kind it was of the Republican politicians to go through all this fatigue, not only for their own Party, but for the edification and amusement of the world at large in the city,—and how I hoped to witness a performance by the Democratic Party on the following

day, which perhaps would not be so stylish as this one. Up to that moment she had been entirely gracious, but now she rounded on me sharply and said—"Sir, I see that you do not understand the significance of these things."

The next day I beheld from a balcony the corresponding procession of the Democrats, defiling before Mr. Cleveland by full daylight in the afternoon. It presented an absolute contrast to the rival procession. The men were all in a uniform dress of black coats and low hats, the only distinctive mark being a blue rosette on the breast. The vast multitude marched past in serried ranks, with a discipline just like that of the militia or the volunteers. They were in divisions, indeed, but without any accompanying insignia; and they moved in silence without any music. The crowds were not vociferous nor demonstrative, but gazed on the affair with respectful admiration. The march-past lasted several hours. It wore the appearance of moral strength, and it raised my estimate of the Democratic Party for fighting power. Indeed, I never saw a political demonstration so imposing and so businesslike as this was. I then spent the evening in the Manhattan Club, discussing the events of the afternoon.

On the Sunday the churches which I attended were more crowded than ever. On the Monday there was a cessation from meetings or other demonstrations. The leaders on both sides were occupied in

mustering their electors for voting on Tuesday, the decisive day.

During all the hours of that day, Tuesday the 4th of November, I was at the polling booths in various parts of the city, watching the system of voting and the demeanour of the anxious crowds. On the whole, I thought that order was preserved in a degree creditable to all concerned. The evening passed off quietly enough, like a calm after a long storm.

But the next morning all the anxiety and the excitement were renewed, though in a new form. For the telegraphic announcements from the various parts of the Union indicated something like "a dead-heat" in the race between the two Parties. Some parts of the country "had gone solid," as the phrase went, for one Party, and some for the other. But in the doubtful, and therefore the deciding, States it happened that the votes had been so given as to cause a nearly even balance between the two Parties. Foremost among these deciding States was the great State of New York, often called "the Empire State." Instantly it was seen that the action of this State would decide the issue for the whole nation. But its returns, so far as they had come to hand, left doubt as to whether it had "gone" Republican or Democratic. Evidently, there would be but a small majority for either side. I stayed in what was then the most fashionable and influential hotel in New York. The guests, whether native or

stranger, were on the tiptoe of curiosity as to the electoral result. On a morning as we passed through the vestibule to the breakfast-room, men were stationed with bundles of newspapers which supported one Party or the other. As the guests filed past, in a string or *queue*, they would buy these papers, to compare the conflicting news. The returns from the outlying counties were long in coming, and neither side could possibly have authentic intelligence. But each thought it knew, and with this supposititious knowledge kept alive the hopes of its adherents.

The Democrats at the Manhattan Club were comparatively reserved, and confident of having a small majority. The Republicans at the Union League Club were more demonstrative. I stood with them one evening on the balcony, while a body of their workers brought the latest news. I heard one of the orators address the assembly in the street below, and congratulate them on the State "having gone Republican." Although the dissemination of statistics, semi-authentic only, and of a partisan complexion, could not affect the results, which must in the end be a matter of mere enumeration—yet it caused deep umbrage. Public opinion was morbidly sensitive even upon such a matter as this. One morning we learned at our hotel that on the previous night certain prominent citizens had slept under the same roof with us. I understood that they had not felt safe in their own houses. because an

angry multitude suspected them of circulating statistics likely to mislead the political world.

It had become clear that the result of the whole Election depended on the New York State proving to have had on the 4th November a small majority for either one Party or the other. Upon the difference of a very few thousand, perhaps even a few hundred, votes, the Presidential Election of the United States, in which some millions of votes had been cast, must now depend. When at length the electoral returns were made up, the difference either way was so small that an official re-count was at once demanded. This was ordered, and all men knew that it must occupy several days. While this "count," as it was called, should be going on, there was a truce, an armistice to the excitement, inasmuch as the result of this quasi-judicial enquiry must be awaited.

I occupied the interval in an instructive way, for in company with a kind American friend, Mr. Ruggles, I journeyed to Albany, the head-quarter of the New York State. My hope was to be introduced to Mr. Cleveland himself, who in his capacity as Governor of the State had returned thither. Mr. Ruggles and I had an interview with him in his State apartments, while he was in the very crisis of his fate. He was massive physically and mentally, not gifted with external graces, but having much reserve force, with phlegmatic steadiness. We hesitated to ask him, but

unasked he told us that he did not fear the result of the "count," and that he believed himself to have a small majority of between one and two thousand. Such indeed proved to be the case for him; yet the number seemed but slight to be the determining factor in an all-important issue for a great nation. Then he conversed calmly but freely on his work as Governor, his powers and his opportunities.

As the outcome of the "count" was soon declared, there was no farther excitement. The Democrats took their triumph with calmness, and the Republicans their defeat with fortitude. The personalities, the recriminations, the heated dust-storm, the mental cyclone, vanished into thin air, leaving apparently no ravages, hardly even a trace behind. I was present at a meeting, largely attended by members of both Parties, for the abstract discussion, and the philosophical treatment, of the distinctive issues in the great contest just over and decided. Well-chosen orators put the cases for their respective Parties, and the chairman took care that a Republican speech was always followed by a Democratic one and *vice versâ*. An academic calm pervaded the proceedings.

I still had many interesting and instructive sights to see,—so I visited the Columbia technical school at New York, the College of Civil Engineering at Troy, and the Smith College for the higher instruction of women at Northampton in Massachusetts. The Smith

College was one of the best institutions of its kind I ever inspected. The instruction of the young women in classics, in philology, in science, was being admirably conducted, and there was much of art-culture also. The lady Professors, too, were persons of a high intellectual order.

I made several excursions of a social character. Thus I journeyed to West Point to see Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow, in their villa and garden overlooking the Hudson, combining with the visit a brief inspection of the famous military establishment in that quarter. I made a point of once more travelling to Philadelphia, to bid farewell to my good friend Mr. John Welsh. I attended a noteworthy garden party in Long Island, at which the greater part of New York Society were present. We the guests proceeded by special train to a point opposite the island, and were ferried across the water. There we found carriages to drive us to lunch in the old-fashioned house near the beach, and we walked in the verdant grounds close by the surf.

I had to pay what proved, alas! to be my farewell call upon General Ulysses Grant. Rumours were rife of his being ill with an obstinate sore throat, but no public apprehension was at that time felt on his account. He told me, however, in confidence that the throat-affection was of a grave character, and he led me to infer, without expressly saying so, that he felt doubtful

as to the chances of recovery. His tone was changed from that of former years, and a certain gravity of manner implied that he was looking to something beyond this life. Still he conversed on politics with a subdued cheerfulness. I alluded to Mr. Blaine's speech at the banquet in reference to the lesser Republics of America, and asked what it really meant. The General said I was right in supposing that the object was to constitute the United States as arbitrator in all disputes which these Republics might have among themselves. He admitted that this might ultimately vest the United States with the control of all the foreign affairs of these Republics. He added that this could be arranged only by their entering voluntarily, as sovereign and independent States, into an agreement between themselves and with the United States.

In New York, as the social season was beginning, I found myself paying calls, leaving cards and attending parties, very much as if I had been in London. An American lady of distinguished parentage had, on a journey round the world, passed from the Himalayas to the Rocky Mountains and so home to New York. She was telling a circle of ladies at a tea-party in Fifth Avenue that, as compared with the Himalayas, the Yosemité Valley was a little place. They were somewhat hurt at this and asked me how it could be? I replied that by survey and measurement the Yosemité Valley was only about one-fourth of the Himalayas.

But I added that grandeur of impression did not always depend on dimensions, and that, owing to its formation, the Yosemité produced a more imposing effect than almost any valley in the Himalayas. The last of the entertainments for me was a wedding party at the house of Mr. and Mrs. William Astor, where I saw a quadrille in which all the ladies dancing were bridesmaids in their special costume—truly a graceful and pretty sight. Immediately afterwards I attended at Delmonico's Restaurant the annual banquet of the New York Chamber of Commerce. Thence I went straightway on board the Atlantic steamer "Umbria" bound for England.

As I steamed away my thoughts could not but revert to the political issues which I had heard passionately discussed, and then set aside, like arms hung upon a wall. But gathering together my sunny and vivid memories of kindness, confidence and hospitality, I felt as if I had left behind me in America—*animæ dimidium meæ*.

I landed at Queenstown in Ireland, and proceeded to Limerick which seemed to wear a somewhat melancholy aspect. Thence I visited Galway and went on by lake-steamer to Ardilaun. Returning to Galway, I journeyed *via* Dublin to England.

CHAPTER XI.

(1884–1894.)—THE SCHOOL BOARD FOR LONDON.

I become Member of the Board in 1884—General Election of the Board for London in 1885—Am elected for the City of London—Become financial Member of the Board—Budgets in 1886 and in succeeding years—The Economical Party—Fresh Election for London in 1888—Am re-elected for the City—Growth of expenditure—Further Election for London in 1891—Am elected for City of London for third time—Religious Instruction—Resign my seat Easter 1894—Conduct and policy of the Board—Merits and demerits—Educational results.

ON my return to London in November 1884 from my second visit to the United States, I received notice that during my absence I had been elected a Member of the School Board for London, on a bye election by co-optation of the Board itself. I was nominated for the Westminster District, the vacancy having occurred there.

I was immediately placed on the Finance Committee, and made the acquaintance of its then Chairman, Mr. Joseph Diggle. While visiting the Board Schools of Westminster, I found myself one day in the back parts of Covent Garden, another day behind Drury Lane, another day in the rear of the Law Courts. The gentlemen Members of the Board fulfilled my expectations fairly well. But I was struck by the ability, and sometimes even the eloquence, of the lady Members.

As the autumn of 1885 approached, I found that the General Election for Parliament, and for the London School Board, would occur about the same time. Being the candidate for a distant Division in Worcestershire, I did not feel able to contest any School Board district in London. It was impossible to conduct "the campaigning" in both places simultaneously. But in the nick of time I received an offer from the City of London to stand for their district, and this too without the need of any "campaigning." Fortunately I had allies there, foremost among whom was my old friend Sir Robert Fowler. I was to accompany him to the Mansion House and there make a speech to the rate-payers; that was all. My colleague in the candidature was Alderman, afterwards Sir Joseph, Savory and a Member of Parliament. Later on, in the throes of my parliamentary election, telegraphic information came that my colleague and I had been elected Members of the School Board for London.

Then as the Conservative or Moderate Party had obtained a majority in the Election, our friends in the new Board wished to elect Mr. Diggle to be the Chairman and me the Vice-Chairman. This election was to take place on the day when the result of my poll in Worcestershire would be declared. Fortunately for me the poll itself took place on the day before. So having done all I could to secure my parliamentary election during those eventful hours, I started the same evening by the

night train for London. Early the next morning I had to meet my new colleagues on the School Board. Meanwhile I could not be present at the declaration of my own poll in Worcestershire. So my old friend Sir Edmund Lechmere represented me on the occasion. I was informed of my parliamentary election on entering the great hall of the School Board. The new Board was then meeting, and the first business was the election of Mr. Diggle and me as Chairman and Vice-Chairman. Standing at the table, he and I in turn expressed thanks to the Board. A close alliance was formed between us, which lasted till I left the Board some years later, and which still subsists. As I stood up at the table, I remembered that high on the wall just behind me there hung the portrait of my old Chief, Lord Lawrence, who, many years ago, had been the first Chairman of this Board.

I was then, in December 1885, elected to the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee, a position which I retained for more than nine years, that is until the end of my connexion with the Board. I felt half surprised on finding myself in the executive position of collecting year after year a million to a million and a half sterling from the numerous Vestries of the Metropolis annually.

In February 1886, I produced my first Budget of the Board's finance. Heretofore the financial statements had been presented in a somewhat technical form. The results had been explained to the Board by

my predecessor, in excellent speeches, which might or might not be fully reported by the newspapers. I was anxious that this branch of Metropolitan finance should be understood, not only by my brother Members on the Board, but also by the Metropolitan ratepayers at large whose interests were concerned. I hoped that such understanding on their part would help me in urging the economy which apparently was more and more needed. Therefore, while retaining the technical statements so as to preserve statistical continuity, I superadded a formal exposition of the Budget in a clear and popular form so that the public outside might readily follow it. This exposition, having been printed beforehand, was read out by me to the Board. After its delivery, copies were circulated among my colleagues, and then distributed to the newspapers. Fortunately it attracted the notice of the Metropolitan Press. Thus the flag of economy was hoisted, and round it there gathered an Economical Party of which Mr. Diggle was the head, while I was the spokesman, and Mr. Frederick Davies became the Whip. We had a majority in the Board, not large enough, indeed, for real retrenchment, but sufficient to curb extravagance and to prevent the rates from rising appreciably. On each annual occasion, with the assistance of Mr. Attenborough, Accountant to the Board, I produced my Budget exposition, which was honoured by much notice from the Press, and was probably regarded with favour

by most of the ratepayers. On the other hand, it was attacked by our opponents, who desired a more generous expenditure for what they regarded as educational progress. We succeeded, however, in shewing that, together with economy, there had been a gradually increasing efficiency and a continuous advance.

The next triennial Election took place in the autumn of 1888, when my colleague and I were re-elected for the City of London. The elections, however, in the Metropolis generally did not go well for us, notwithstanding all the efforts we had made for saving the money of the ratepayers. Our majority was not indeed lost, but it remained with a decrease of strength. Mr. Diggle kept his position as Chairman of the Board, and I continued to be Chairman of the Finance Committee. But our influence for the promotion of economy was less than before. I did my best by the Budget expositions to apprise the ratepayers of that growth in the expenditure which seemed to me to be, in part at least, avoidable.

After the lapse of three years, again an Election came round, when my colleague and I were for the third time elected for the City of London. Not having been satisfied with my majority in the City on the previous occasion, I resolved to take further precautions for this election. So, in company with my skilled agent Mr. Inkersole, I walked through every street within the area of the City, canvassing the ratepayers.

This peregrination lasted just thirteen days, and the result was proportionate. For I obtained a majority of ten thousand four hundred votes over the "Progressive" candidate as he was called. The result of the polls generally was favourable to our Economical Party. Consequently, for the following three years up to 1894, the local taxation did not increase, economy, though far from complete, was fairly observed, and efficiency went on improving at a moderate and steady pace.

At the end of the triennial period in 1894, I should have served for ten years on the Board, devoting to the just interests of the ratepayers a portion of my time, already taxed heavily for Parliament, and my financial experience acquired in other lands. Though grateful for the support accorded to me personally in the City of London, I was yet disappointed at the insufficiency of the support given to the Economical Party in many, though not all, of the Metropolitan districts. I had decided not to seek re-election in the autumn of 1894; when circumstances arose that caused me to resign my seat on the Board at Eastertide in that year. At the request of my Parliamentary colleagues I had accepted the Chairmanship of the Public Accounts Committee in the House of Commons. The onerous work of that post was incompatible with my financial duties on the School Board. So perforce I must resign them without delay. At that moment my Party in the Board were much concerned in the passing of a Circular regarding

Religious Instruction, in which I myself, too, was extremely interested. So I held back my resignation for a little while, to help in securing the safe passage of the Circular. I attended for the last time, when after protracted delays it was to be passed. I voted in the final division for passing it, and that was my closing act in the Board. Immediately afterwards I walked up to the table, and handed my resignation to the Clerk. Shortly after my resignation I attended, by invitation, in the old hall of the School Board, to meet the Accountant and the numerous Clerks of the Finance Department, in order that they might present me with a farewell Address. The occasion passed off with the heartiest friendship on both sides.

During a lengthened and diversified career, I have never gained more valuable and interesting experience than when serving on the School Board for London. Some of my fellow-thinkers will consider that this great Board was marked by numerous faults, and did many things which it ought not to have done. I myself should be the last person to defend its policy all round. I, like my fellows, preferred to retain the Voluntary system, wherever and as much as possible. The Board by unnecessary competition drove many Voluntary Schools out of the field—and that I regarded one of its prime faults. Still all impartial observers must admit that the Board's organisation was magnificent, its teaching staff professionally accomplished

and admirably efficient, its sum total of achievements very great, and its general conduct worthy of the position occupied by one of the largest, if not the very largest, of the educational bodies in the world. That it spent far too much money, and attempted several things not contemplated by, nor pertaining to, the Elementary Education Act—was the belief of myself and my Party. Yet in many parts of the Metropolis it did much needful work which could not have been done by any other agency.

Most of its instruction was useful, practical and conducive to the future welfare of the children. In discipline moral and external, in physical drill and manual training, in elementary drawing and the rudiments of industrial art, in that class-singing which humanizes child nature—its system was admirable. I was struck with the proficiency evinced by the children at the annual Exhibitions held under the Board's auspices—in the Albert Hall for physical training—in Exeter Hall for the singing competition—in Farringdon Hall for needle-work—in the Crystal Palace for orchestral performance. The assortment of industrial art-works, done by the children and sent to the World's Show at Chicago, was in my eyes wonderful. Certain faults had indeed crept, and threatened to creep still further, into the Religious Instruction. All this constrained us to issue that Circular which was the cause of much controversy at the time. Still for the

most part this all-important instruction was, in my belief, unaffected and intact, continuing to deserve the confidence of the parents who desired their children to be brought up in the Christian faith. I had subsequently the pleasure of declaring this belief when distributing, at the request of the Board, the annual prizes munificently given by Mr. Francis Peek for proficiency in Scripture knowledge.

For enforcing attendance at school the efforts of the Board were astonishing. By an ubiquitous staff of Visitors a house-to-house visitation throughout the Metropolis was carried out. This operation was truly arduous in the poorest quarters, swarming with people of many nationalities and of infinitely diverse pursuits. Our legal powers would never have sufficed, had we not been able by temperate and forbearing administration to exercise a moral authority over the parents.

Equally judicious was the system whereby the Board sought out, by night as well as by day, the children who were wanderers, houseless, friendless, uncared for, running fast on the road to ruin. Daily and nightly were these poor little creatures caught and rescued. Their cases were brought before a Committee of the Board, of which I was a member, and we directed due provision for them in the institutions under us or under other agencies. There was an almost scientific system whereby children, apparently incorrigible, were by a peculiar yet gentle discipline reclaimed. For children who came

to school, insufficiently nourished, private charity was largely evoked to supply food, and this, too, at the instance or with the co-operation of the Board—and in these proceedings also I bore a part.

Throughout my ten years' service I seized opportunities of visiting all the poorest schools in the humblest localities. I found that wherever the Board had worked in these dark regions, the social tone and the domestic manners of the inhabitants improved. In these schools I looked into the condition of the weakest scholars, that is, the children of the poorest parents. I had seen misery of various forms in other lands. But nowhere had I noted such black care, such anguish of anxiety, such a striving to keep the head above water in the waves of the world—as in many parts of London. Nowhere had I known such parental fidelity evinced under cruel disadvantages and under crucial trials—as in these saddened localities. After ascertaining the condition of many families—with all their domestic disadvantages—I wondered how they could contrive to send the scholars to school with some show of respectability. Evidently mothers themselves half-starving managed to sustain the children, themselves in tatters did yet clothe the little ones. The manner, again, in which the families would help one another, in extremity or emergency, filled me with admiration. In these respects, indeed, the conduct of many among the London poor raised my estimate of human nature.

CHAPTER XII.

(1886.)—PARLIAMENT IN 1886.

First entrance to Commons—Speech by the Queen in Lords—My parliamentary journal—Maiden speech—Defeat of Conservative Ministry—Mr. Gladstone's Liberal Government—Home Rule Bill—Great debate Second Reading—Liberal Unionist Party—Bill rejected on decisive Division—Dissolution of Parliament and General Election—My election at Evesham—House meets under Conservative Government—Prorogation in Autumn—My position and duty in the Commons.

DURING the General Election of 1885, and in December of that year, I had been elected as a Conservative Member for the Evesham division of Worcestershire. I had not long to wait before entering on my new duties. It was in the beginning of January 1886 when I walked from the School Board for London to the Palace of Westminster. I was surprised at the absence of formality when Members take their seats after a General Election. As I passed through the Members' entrance of the House of Commons, I was asked my name by the policeman on duty, and the same by the door-keeper when I walked inside the Chamber; so that was all.

A hope was now fulfilled which had been cherished since I was twenty years old. An ambition was satisfied which had affected my personal plans during the

closing years of my career in India, and dominated my proceedings in England since 1880. I was not only in Parliament, but was representing my native county of Worcester. Now, then, was a fair time for elation, yet I did not feel elated. There was, indeed, a depression in our parliamentary atmosphere. Our seats had been hardly won; but soon we should have to contend for them again. The Conservative Party, though holding power for the moment, had no majority in the Commons. The balance between the Parties in the Commons was held by the Irish Members following Mr. Parnell as leader. They called themselves Nationalists and I shall hereafter refer to them by that name, meaning the Irish Members who were devoted to Home Rule for Ireland. We feared that the newly elected Parliament must be dissolved after a few months. Mr. Gladstone, as a new convert to Home Rule, would we thought, with the help of the Nationalists, drive the Conservative Ministry from office. He would then introduce a Bill for Home Rule, which would be defeated in the Commons, whereon he would appeal to the country.

I was in the closely pressed throng at the Bar of the House of Lords when the Queen herself read her Speech from the Throne, with special reference to Ireland among other imperial subjects. I could distinctly hear Her Majesty's voice throughout the Speech, even at my distant end of the Chamber.

In the Commons I wished to comport myself modestly

and quietly. I understood that men of my antecedents would be welcomed in respect to subjects wherein their authority was recognised; but would not be accepted as exponents of matters which had not been specially under their cognisance. I would not speak except on subjects where I had personal knowledge and experience not ordinarily possessed by Members, or where I might afford explanation which could hardly otherwise be afforded.

I acted on this principle in my maiden speech, through which ordeal I passed on the first night of the Session. Our Whip asked me to speak after nine o'clock in the debate on the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. Many subjects were mentioned and among them I chose the annexation of Burmah, and as a reason for so doing I adduced the experience acquired by me in that country some years previously. An inquiry into Indian affairs having been proposed by the Government, I took the opportunity of adverting to the good qualities of the Natives of India, being anxious that my first words in Parliament should be on their behalf and in commendation of them. In my next proceeding I acted at the bidding of my Leaders. The subject was that of Allotments for agricultural labourers, regarding which I had special knowledge. The Nationalists wished to precipitate a division before our men could come up. For the purpose of gaining time I was asked to speak despite of them. I spoke, indeed, but under some disadvantage. Afterwards, in the division lobby

the Leader told me that I had saved the division. I felt however that, for a new Member like me, an enterprise of this sort ought not to be repeated even at the bidding of a Leader. My first days were indeed eventful; for I saw a Speaker elected, a Ministry fall and a new Ministry rise. After a brief adjournment the House reassembled, and began "Supply," thus voting the necessary sums of money for the public service.

I began keeping a Journal of what was seen and heard by me in the House, with four pages on the average for each day. I persevered in this plan throughout all my years in Parliament. I used also to write a weekly letter to the Conservative organ in my Division, as a sort of statement to my constituents at large.

Soon the new Liberal or Gladstonian Government began to be unduly pressed by its Radical followers on many a point, and had to stand out against them in the discharge of its duty. In such cases I perceived that this duty had a Conservative tendency. It was important that Conservative Members should support Mr. Gladstone in well-doing, when he and his were thus deserted by a portion of their own followers. During the hours after midnight I was often, for this reason, in the same lobby with the Gladstonians, communicating with their Whip almost as if he had been my own. I acted up to this wholesome rule in several succeeding Sessions.

At this time on a Private Members' night a Bill for conferring the parliamentary franchise on duly qualified women was read a second time after a division, though pressure of affairs prevented its further progress that Session. I was glad to vote for the measure on that occasion, having taken a part in the movement before entering Parliament.

I now discovered that the House, so far from being the best club in London as it once may have been, was no longer a club at all, in the sense wherein the Athenæum and the Carlton, for example, are clubs. The Library and the Terrace on the Thames had amenities which could hardly be excelled. The architecture and the elder precincts of the House had associations of high importance. But the dining-rooms and all their belongings were quite inferior to what the Members would see in their clubs and their homes. I was not at all affected by this fault myself; but I was surprised at it, because the authorities should have been interested in inducing Members to stay in the House through the dinner hour, and in obviating any discomfort which might cause them to go elsewhere.

I was laid up by illness when Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill for Ireland. After Easter I listened to the debate on the Second Reading of the Bill, the grandest discussion that occurred in the present generation. I then gathered the meaning of a "full-dress debate," which was a set performance for each

evening arranged between the opposite Parties. There was oratorical cannonading, musketry, sharpshooting in nearly a fixed order, according to the rules of the "Kriegspiel." The evening began by a cannon of first-rate calibre being let off, reply being made by a cannon of equal weight. Then musketry rattled till near the dinner hour. Thereon sharpshooting would play till about ten o'clock. Then guns of heavier sound would fire again, till the night's performance was wound up by fresh cannons going off and answering shot for shot. The arguments were soon worked out by this riddling process, but still the roar of artillery went on; so I wondered what all this was for. I soon perceived that many lesser Members indulged in this wild shooting for the satisfaction of their constituents. The people at large outside did indeed complain of there being an excess of speaking in Parliament. But then the constituencies, if taken one by one, were but too often apt to insist on their Members speaking inside the House. Naturally the consequence was the very excess complained of. Happily my constituents, in their wisdom, refrained from putting any pressure upon me in this respect. So I sat still during the six weeks of this debate. I listened to the mighty performance much as the audience does in the theatre. The excitement arose because many Liberals, justly dissenting from Home Rule, were apparently about to join us. The question was whether Mr. Gladstone could by promises

or any legitimate devices induce them to come back to his fold. Knowing his skill and mastery, we feared at first that he might succeed. But having regard to the sterling qualities of our new allies, we hoped he would fail. As the fateful day drew nigh, I and my comrades on the green benches interested ourselves in reckoning the probable numbers on each side. We expected to win indeed, but not by so large a majority as that which the event proved us to have.

On the morning of the division day in summer weather, I rose saying to myself that this day would live in history. I went early to my place and noticed the care with which every Member was, so to speak, gleaned and noted down—so that none should fail. In the closing hours of the Debate the climax was Mr. Parnell's speech, which I regarded as the acme of audacious cynicism. In the small hours of that June morning, we trooped into our lobby with the joy of victory on our faces; though we were sentencing ourselves to Dissolution with all its cares and pains. Nevertheless, at any cost the patriotic duty must be discharged, and the eagerness to beat down Home Rule subdued every other sentiment. After the Division the excitement in all quarters of the House, the rejoicing and triumph in our quarter and in that of our allies, made up a scene the like of which I never saw. A few days afterwards, when Mr. Gladstone announced the Dissolution, there arose from our

benches a furious cheer of defiance, of ardour, and of confidence.

In the General Election which followed, I fared well with my constituents. The declaration of the poll at Evesham, the head-quarter of my constituency, was a moment of triumph for me. The High Sheriff, Colonel Victor Milward—afterwards a Member of Parliament—was reading out the numbers in the balcony of the Town Hall to the multitude in the square below. The name of the Liberal candidate came first alphabetically; and so his number of two thousand and odd hundred was read out. The people heard this in silence with a visible unrest. Then coming to my number the High Sheriff read four thousand, and could get no further. For the multitude instantly burst into vociferous and tumultuous cheering which lasted several minutes. Then the High Sheriff began again, but could not reach the odd hundreds by reason of the renewed cheering. At length, after two or more unsuccessful efforts, he succeeded in reading out the odd hundreds.

In August the House re-assembled under the auspices of a Conservative Government with the Liberal Unionists as our allies. One feature in the General Election had been the wondrous progress of Lord Randolph Churchill, who was now our Leader. The business related to the voting of money for the public service, which must be completed early in the autumn.

It was impeded and at some moments imperilled by the flank movements of the Nationalists. Many blows were parried and several attacks turned by our Leader with as much dexterity as we could have possibly expected. The financial business of the brief and initial Session of the new Parliament was completed fairly in time. Thus we were prorogued in the third week of September.

I had now been a year in Parliament, and the time had sufficed for me to decide what part I should attempt to play in the House. My antecedents gave me advantages, no doubt; but they also involved disadvantages. I had heretofore been accustomed to an open field without favour, where the prize went to the best informed and the ablest. Such was not, indeed could not be, always the case in Party politics. This condition arose from political and national considerations which would be supported by me as a Conservative; so I could not complain. Still there was something I could do for my Cause and my Party in a private and un-official capacity. I could be a working Member of the House all round, on the green benches inside the Chamber, in the division-lobbies, in the Committee-rooms upstairs. I would profit to the utmost by the knowledge thus gained, by the experience thus enlarged. I would never "pair" and go away; I would attend every division without exception, Session after Session, unless prevented by some unavoidable cause. I recalled to mind

the Rugbeian maxim *αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν*—always excel. In these respects at least it would be in my power to act up to this maxim; though to excel thus would indeed be arduous. Few tasks could be harder than to attend every division in a Session. It must tax the strength, and it might undermine the health. It would demand ceaseless vigilance, and the sacrifice of many things that are generally thought to make life worth living for in London. It was impossible for many, perhaps even for most, Members to undertake such a duty. Some had business, others had professions, others had avocations which must be attended to. I had none of these and therefore I could compass the task, being master of my own time. My duties in the School Board for London were the only distractions that could ever draw me away from the House. But I meant to make Parliament my first object. Even one Private Member, unfalteringly diligent, might avail much, from the moral force of the example set by him. I hoped, however, that others would do the same; because the existence of a set of men, thus disposed, and able from circumstance so to act would be a clear advantage to my Party indeed to any Party. Moreover, I believed this to be essential to the efficiency of Parliament itself.

Besides these public reasons, there was a personal motive actuating me. The then Government was that of Lord Salisbury. I remembered that His Lordship was Minister of the Crown when I was recommended

for honour after honour by successive Viceroys of India. He also had nominated me for the highest office I ever held. He was therefore one of those towards whom I acknowledged a loyal obligation. I would show in Parliament, towards his Administration, a fidelity which not only in word, but in action and performance, could not easily be surpassed.

CHAPTER XIII.

(1887-1892.)—PARLIAMENT FROM 1887 TO 1892.

House meets January 1887—Conservative policy—Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. W. H. Smith—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Balfour—Rules of Procedure—All-night sittings—Irish Crimes Bill—Irish Land Bill—Opening Session 1888—Hours of business—Conversion National Debt—Local Government Bill for England—Parnell Commission—Autumn sitting—Session 1889—Scotch Local Government and Universities—Session 1890—Mr. Goschen's Budget—Licensing clauses—Mr. Balfour's success in Ireland—Imperial arrangements Africa—Session in November—Re-assembling 1891—Tithes Bill and Irish Land Purchase Bill—Free Education—Death of Mr. W. H. Smith—Session 1892—Mr. Balfour leader—Irish Local Government Bill—Agricultural Small Holdings Bill—Dissolution of Parliament.

THE new Parliament re-assembled in the beginning of 1887 to fulfil its legislative mission. Up to that time my experience, though stormy and eventful, had on the whole been cheerful and lively. Grave issues had been raised and then promptly settled. If the disputes had been sharp they had been also short, the disputants being anxious to come to a decision. There had been anxious uncertainty as to which way such decision would go, and both parties were desirous to solve the doubt. But now I was to learn a very different lesson. The issues to be raised would have their settlement delayed to a distressing degree. The discussions would be

designedly prolonged. One at least of the disputant parties would be anxious to avoid a decision. There was no doubt as to the result, if only a decision could be taken. Seeing this, the weaker party would stave off the decisive moment by interminable impediments.

My comrades and I formed a strong body of Members supporting a strong Government. There was hardly a fixed programme; but main heads of policy had been put forth enough to present the outline of a scheme. It seemed probable that the Parliament might run its course for six to seven years. In that event we understood that there would be measures—for the enforcement of the criminal law in Ireland—for Local Government in Great Britain—for the higher education in Scotland and the secondary education in Wales—for the various landed interests—for the Local Government in Ireland—and for numerous national interests in detail.

Still we had some misgivings for the course and conduct of our Party. Our brilliant Leader, Lord Randolph Churchill, had gone from us; and we rallied under a new Leader, Mr. W. H. Smith. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was obliged by ill-health to relinquish his post as Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Arthur Balfour was appointed to fill this place.

The Queen's Speech had foreshadowed an alteration in the criminal procedure for Ireland. But it was evident that if any such law was to be passed through

the House, the Rules of parliamentary procedure must be altered. The closure indeed existed already but in a comparatively mild form, and was not easy of application. But its stringency, and the facilities for its employment, must be augmented. The Nationalists saw that the new Rules of procedure were proposed as preliminaries of the legislation to follow. But the old closure was used to expedite a decision whereby a new closure was sanctioned. So the new Rules were passed without any excessive delay.

The Nationalists however set themselves to impede the introduction of the dreaded legislation. The business of voting money in Supply afforded opportunities for erecting barricades. It was thus that I first had experience of "all-night sittings." One Monday I attended the School Board for London soon after midday, and then went on to the House. There I stayed till past midnight, and on through the small hours of Tuesday, till the afternoon of that day, without lying down at all. The Nationalist wranglings had been going on the whole time for a particular object which was defeated. In the afternoon I had just time enough for going to my lodgings in St. James' Place to bathe and dress. Thence I returned straightway to the House and remained there till midnight. Thus I was on duty a day and a half, with a full night too, and without intermission. Another time, I was kept up all night and released in the morning. It was at my

option then to go to bed, as the House would not meet again for some few hours. But the freshness of the morning forbade that, so I took a walk in the Park instead.

About that time it was felt that we must form a band of Private or un-official Members, who would at all hours be either in the Chamber, or in the precincts of the House within hearing of the division bell—who would always dine in the House, never leaving it from the moment when the Speaker mounted his Chair to the moment when he left it. Further, such Members would be on the benches immediately behind the Ministerial bench at those hours when the attendance was expected to be thin, like the dinner hour and the very late hours of the night in protracted sittings. Thus the Minister, be he Leader, or be he Member in charge of the Bill, would never be left without adequate support. Evidently the attacks from the Opposition would test the endurance of the defenders. The men who undertook this defence used to be familiarly called "the Old Guard," and I was proud to be one of them.

So the Bill for amending the criminal procedure in Ireland, called shortly the Crimes Bill, for the decent and reasonable administration of the criminal law in Ireland, was introduced. It was read a second time soon after Easter. When it entered on the Committee stage, that is, had to be considered clause by clause in a Committee of the whole House, then I learned the

meaning of Obstruction. With a persistency, an ingenuity and a mastery of details quite amazing, the Nationalists contested not only every line but sometimes every word. The new Rules of procedure enabled us to arrive at decisions indeed. But the points to be decided were so numerous that the consumption of time was unconscionable. I remember one day the Minister exclaiming—"At this rate, when can the Bill pass through Committee?" The Nationalists cried out—"Next year"—which words were equivalent to the Greek kalends, meaning that the Bill should never pass through the Committee stage. From that time a further procedure had to be framed, so drastic as to be sure in its effect. A Resolution was passed fixing a date for the decision of the House being taken on each stage of the Bill. The delays after reaching certain limits would hereby be summarily cut short. The process was familiarly called "the guillotine." Thus the Bill passed after several dramatic scenes, and became law by the middle of summer.

Then the Nationalists tried to wear us out by nocturnal sittings. I became accustomed to see proceedings being put on "from dawn to dawn," as we used to say, and to walk across St. James' Park at sunrise before going to bed. The conduct of the Nationalists was indeed distressful to us, but was quite legitimate warfare. They had a right to oppose us to the utmost. It was within that right for them to

give this particular form to their opposition. If in the small hours they could have succeeded in narrowing our majority, or turning it into a minority, on any details however small, that would have sapped the foundations of our power. We did not complain indeed, but we set our teeth to prevent their succeeding in this way.

In these days the men of our Party gave a banquet in the Crystal Palace to the able and popular Whips, Mr. (afterwards the Right Honorable) Akers Douglas and Sir William Walrond. As we left the terminal station in London, and as we entered the Crystal Palace, it was amusing to watch the keen interest taken in our proceedings by crowds of sight-seers and by-standers.

Shortly afterwards the new Crimes Act had to be carried out. This could be done only by proclaiming the National League. But when the Proclamation came to be issued, Mr. Gladstone with his Nationalist allies led the way in debating these executive steps. Thus for a while our old disputes were resuscitated and our toils renewed.

The Crimes Act, an enforcing procedure, was followed by the Land Bill, a remedial measure. The latter measure, however, included matters which for a while strained the relations between us Conservatives and our Liberal Unionist allies. Notwithstanding its pacific and conciliatory intent, it caused far more

danger to the internal management of our composite Party than the drastic and stringent measure which had gone before. It was, however, passed in due course.

There were yet many votes of money in Supply to be completed. Now as the Bills of the Session, for weal or woe, had become law, we hoped that the Nationalists would refrain from further tormenting. Not so, however; they worried us more effectually than ever, during the autumnal weeks, when many of our men had gone away in weariness. Anxious as the midsummer days had been, still worse was the wasting care of the concluding weeks of that truly tremendous Session. Here, again, we could not complain, for this was lawful warfare which we had to counteract. For all our distress there was the compensation afforded by complete, even triumphant, success.

But we who had borne the brunt and burden of the Session were obliged to look to our future career. The existing Rules evidently enabled our opponents to wear us out by sleeplessness in night sittings. We were not querulous about this; they had a right to do so while the Rules allowed it. But we had to insist on the Rules being altered. Some, perhaps many, of us, myself included, privately intimated to our Leaders that physically we could not go on as we had been going throughout this Session. They naturally sympathized with us; and we assured them of our support in improving the Rules next Session.

When the House reassembled in February 1888, I was, together with my comrades, in good heart. The hours of business were to be altered so as to lighten for us the hours of attendance. The principal measure was to be a Local Government Bill for England. We had in the Exchequer Mr. Goschen, one of the best financiers of the age. If our Party had been victorious in the last Session, how much more would it be so in the Session before us! I could hardly foresee that we were to be brought near to danger, and that this promising Session was to exemplify the vanity of parliamentary expectations.

The first part of the Session, however, did accord with our hopes. The newly-arranged hours of business enabled me to leave the House by half-past twelve at night. I thus, together with my comrades, obtained a fair time for rest and sleep. Mr. Goschen's scheme for reducing the rate of interest on a great part of the National Debt proved quite successful. Subsequently his Budget, too, was much admired. The Local Government Bill was introduced by Mr. Ritchie with acclamation from the Opposition in regard to its principle, and with tacit acquiescence at least from our own side. Being brought forward by a Conservative Government it seemed sure of a safe passage with the concurrence of the Opposition. Thus we had halcyon days up to the end of May.

But as the Bill advanced by very slow steps through

the Committee stage, we perceived that the Opposition, though still professing a general approval, were urging objections in countless particulars. In vain did Mr. Ritchie lighten his ship by throwing all sorts of cargo overboard. Indeed, he deferred that portion of the scheme which related to Parish and District Councils till the more convenient season which never arrived. The measure was then restricted to County Councils The hindrances so increased that we suspected the Opposition of intending to leave the measure stranded. Moreover, some of our own men began to criticize and amend. Thereon the Leaders impressed on us all the need for cohesion, as the situation was drifting towards breakers. Then we found that the Bill could be passed only if the whole Session were devoted to it and the business of voting money on Supply left undone. Thus we feared that a separate sitting in the autumn for Supply would be necessary; and soon the Bill was passed on this understanding.

The necessity was, so to speak, clinched by an occurrence which came upon us suddenly. In consequence of grave charges against the Parnellite party preferred and reiterated by the London "Times," Mr. Parnell asked for a parliamentary enquiry which was refused. He intimated his intention of re-opening the question on a given day. Meanwhile Mr. W. H. Smith, to our astonishment, came down to the House with a proposal for a judicial enquiry into the charges.

A Bill was immediately introduced for appointing a Commission. Our men disliked the measure, for which indeed they could not see any adequate justification. But our loyalty to the Party leaders, and our regard for the safety of the Good Cause as a whole, constrained us to sustain the Bill.

Thus the middle of August was reached, when we separated in order to meet again in November for the business of Supply.

When we met early in November it was soon ascertained that, if our Leaders would abstain from pressing legislative measures, the Opposition would help us to make short work of Supply. Nevertheless, several measures were produced. One measure, for procuring additional funds on account of land-purchase in Ireland, being urgently needed, was passed, though with difficulty. The general consequence was that the Opposition kept us wrangling over Supply, and we were not released from attendance until a late hour on Christmas Eve. We departed in the belief that our strength had been unduly taxed in several respects.

The next Session of 1889 restored our good humour in some degree. Even then, however, the clouds of 1888 threw some shadow over the beginning of 1889. The collapse of the case against Mr. Parnell, in respect of certain compromising letters, did in truth cast no reflection at all upon our Party. On the other hand, many of the grave charges against the Parnellites were

found proven by the Judges who formed the Commission. Thus the results of the Enquiry did less harm in some respects, and more good on the whole, than we had anticipated. Otherwise our political affairs promised well for the Session. The Naval Defence Bill passing into law added effectively to the strength of the Navy. The measures regarding the Local Government in Scotland and the Scotch Universities, satisfied some among the most important interests and conciliated the best opinion in North Britain. The grants for the children of the Prince of Wales testified to the faithful loyalty of the Commons. Towards the end, our joy was dashed by the introduction of a Bill regarding Tithes at too late a date in the Session. Still, we separated in contentment for a long Recess, believing that one part of our Party policy had been achieved.

Thus we reassembled in cheerfulness soon after the beginning of 1890. The Tithes Bill was re-introduced, and an extensive measure of Land Purchase in Ireland was brought forward to enable tenants to become owners. At Eastertide Mr. Goschen introduced a successful Budget in a brilliant manner. No sign of trouble; not a cloud in the blue sky was visible. Up to the end of May we supposed that this Session would be at least as successful as the last one had been.

But then a cloud arose upon the horizon, and grew apace till it covered our political horizon with darkness. In the Bill for giving effect to the Budget some clauses

were included for gradually reducing the number of public-houses, with the grant of compensation to the owners of those which might be abolished. These soon became painfully known as the Licensing Clauses. At this time the production of them was regarded by us with extreme regret. Yet we were bound loyally to support our Leaders, and to stand by them in their desperate attempts to pass this licensing measure before Whitsuntide. Despite all our pains, however, we failed, after having wasted some valuable weeks which were sorely needed for carrying out the programme of the Session.

After Whitsuntide there was depression in our ranks, and, still worse, some symptoms of discontent broke out. Indeed, that sort of disintegration set in which might break up even a large majority such as ours still was. Nevertheless, the attempt to pass the licensing clauses was maintained for a time. But in the frequent Divisions which occurred, our majority became less and less. At length on one afternoon in July it dwindled down to four only. Not only had the licensing clauses to be abandoned, but also the main measures of the Session relating to Tithes and Land Purchase had for the moment to be sacrificed, as no time remained for proceeding with them. Our Party had yet to complete a goodly portion of its general policy within a limited number of Sessions. The fact of one Session being for the most part lost, that is,

bereft of its two principal measures, was, in moral effect, a heavy blow.

Yet there were some circumstances of a reassuring character. Mr. Balfour's administration in Ireland had proved successful beyond all previous experience, and was hailed as a political triumph. It had been formally challenged by the Opposition just at the lowest ebb of our fortunes in the summer. But it was affirmed by a majority of ninety-five, showing that on a fair field for fighting we still had full parliamentary force. The Foreign Affairs had been conducted with a grandeur that maintained British influence all over the world. The agreements with Germany and with France in Africa not only consolidated the British Empire, but strengthened the bonds between us and two great European Powers. Lastly, the administration by Mr. Goschen of the finances had given much satisfaction to public opinion.

After all that had happened in the summer, nothing remained but to pass many lesser measures of which the utility was admitted by nearly all Members, and to complete the votes in Supply so that prorogation might take place by the middle of August.

In consequence of the mishaps in the Session of 1890 the following Session instead of beginning normally in February 1891, began abnormally at the end of November 1890—to be carried on till Christmas and then, after a short adjournment, to be resumed in January 1891.

So we reassembled on the 25th of November 1890, and heard a Speech from the Throne. The two Bills of the last Session for Tithes and for Irish Land Purchase were at once reproduced. We were threatened with evil days in the coming wintertide, as the Opposition had been encouraged by the events of the last summer. But suddenly a new conjuncture arose to paralyse them and to proportionably relieve us. A case in the law courts compromised Mr. Parnell personally. The Opposition, both leaders and followers, at once became too much occupied with their internal difficulties to trouble the Ministerialists. So we passed the Address in reply to the Crown in a single night, a stroke of good fortune unheard of in our experience. The two large Bills were read a second time without much ado, and to our glad surprise we adjourned after a fortnight's sitting.

When we reassembled in January 1891, the first business was the passing of the Tithes Bill into law. Then the Irish Land Purchase Bill entered on its Committee stage. After lasting for several weeks, it was passed by midsummer.

Meanwhile, Mr. Goschen had introduced his fifth Budget in April. At the end of his statement he informed us that the surplus would be applied to compensating Voluntary Schools for the abolition of fees. Though "Free Education" was thought to be in the air, this was the first definite notice we had of it.

The Bill for "Free Education" was introduced towards the end of June and passed early in July, a rare instance of legislative promptitude. This was largely owing to the dexterity evinced by Mr. W. H. Smith as Leader. The measure was, however, sharply challenged during its passage. The principle of it was objected to by those Conservatives who had paid attention to educational affairs. When the Government had committed themselves to a measure before the House, most Conservatives were prepared to acquiesce in the second reading, in the hope of obtaining good terms for the Voluntary Schools. Some Conservatives, however, of whom I was one, had repeatedly made declarations the other way, and had actually given votes in Divisions as against the principle. We felt bound to resist the second reading, even though we should form but a small minority; Mr. Bartley moved the rejection, and about ten of us went with him into the Division-lobby. Once we had made up our minds that assent could not be given, I, for one, was strong for going to a Division, however scanty our numbers might be. I was naturally sorry to vote against my Party, but occasions will sometimes arise when men must do this, and here was one of that nature. It was well for the House and the country to see that, on a crucial test of consistency, Members will not swerve from their line of conduct.

It was now time to close the Session, which had

lasted for nearly eight months. So the votes in Supply were concluded, and the House was prorogued in the first week of August. The last days of our sittings were brightened by the news that the disputes between our nation and the United States, in regard to seal-catching in the North Pacific, had been submitted to arbitration. Some time after our rising we were grieved rather than surprised on hearing that our Leader, Mr. W. H. Smith, had succumbed to mortal illness.

On our re-assembling in February 1892, under our new Leader, Mr. Balfour, there was a general belief that this, the sixth year of the present Parliament, would be the last. By law there might be yet another Session after this one, and some of us thought that there ought to be. Our majority, though diminished as such majorities always are by bye-elections during the course of a Parliament, was still very large. The unity of our allied Party was unbroken; and much of our original policy still remained to be undertaken. But for reasons, felt rather than expressed, men had settled their opinion that a General Election would take place in the next summer, and had made their arrangements in their constituencies accordingly. Once this process had set in, there would be difficulty in keeping a Party together for any large enterprise within the walls of the House. One reason was this that the principal measure of the Session, the Local Government Bill for Ireland, was not

really liked by the Conservatives. On principle they were bound to support its second reading, but they dreaded many of its details. On the other hand, the Nationalists were sure to resist it all round. So our Leaders must have doubted whether the Party could be depended upon to fight the contests that would arise on the Committee stage.

The Bill was introduced at once, proposing concessions, privileges, powers, respecting local administration for the Irish people. But then elaborate precautions had been framed to guard against the abuse of these advantages. The Nationalists immediately denounced these precautions as insults. Evidently the details would cause exhaustive discussions in the Committee stage. If then the Bill was to be carried, not a day was to be lost in pressing forward the second reading, so as to enter on the contentious details as soon as possible. Instead of that, the Government proceeded with an Agricultural Holdings Bill, important and interesting no doubt, but not of any difficulty. The second reading of the Irish Bill was delayed till past the middle of May; but this delay was taken to mean that the Bill was to be a declaration of principle rather than a measure to be passed into law. Our Leader had adroitly parried many interpellations as to whether there would be a Dissolution in the summer; but all men on both sides were convinced that there would be. The second reading was carried by a large majority,

as the last of the majorities which our party had been victoriously displaying for six years. Then in the middle of June Mr. Balfour quietly announced the Dissolution as a foregone conclusion. At the end of that month the good and great Parliament, elected in 1886, sat for the last time.

CHAPTER XIV.

(1887-1892.)—LIFE IN THE COMMONS.

Jubilee of the Queen's reign—Service in St. Margaret's church—Scene in Westminster abbey—Character of House 1887 to 1892—Opposition and Obstruction—Work with "the Old Guard"—Attendance in Divisions—Nocturnal sittings and morning walks—Drives from Westminster to Hampstead—Routine of labour—Service on Committees—Educational work—Superannuation of Teachers—Hartington Commission—Party meetings the Carlton Club—Parliamentary comrades—Guests in precincts of House—Hours of business—Resign Seat Worcestershire—Accept candidature Kingston Division of Surrey.

THE events of a comparatively long Parliament have been summarised, as they affected me and my parliamentary comrades. Apart from all that, however, I had an individuality, with a life of my own to lead.

In the midst of the Session of 1887, the Jubilee of the Queen's Reign afforded a charming episode. An important preliminary was the service in St. Margaret's, the historic church of the Commons, on the 22nd of May. Together with my comrades I stood in Westminster Hall lined by the Westminster Volunteers under the command of a Member of our House, Colonel, now Sir Charles, Howard Vincent. The Members paired off in a long procession, the rival Leaders Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Gladstone being the first pair. The sermon

was preached by the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Boyd-Carpenter. It gave an account of the last quarter of the nineteenth century; the tendencies and aspirations, the faults and foibles, the virtues and merits being all depicted as with the hand of a limner.

The celebration of the Jubilee was to take place on Tuesday, June the 21st, so we had a very late sitting on the Monday night. After that I walked from Westminster to my lodging in St. James' Place by broad daylight on Tuesday morning. I found the multitudes, who had happily been to bed and had risen betimes, already taking up their places to view the show and the procession. After a very few hours in bed, I rose and walked back to Westminster through the street, which was hung across with band after band of light stuff. Each band bore an inscription. The sum-total of the inscriptions was stirring and imperial—the British Isles—the Indian Empire—the Colonies and Dependencies—in Europe—in America—in Asia—in Africa—in Australia—in Australasia—salute thee—Victoria our Queen!

In the Abbey I ascended to the gallery for Members of the Commons, on the left side of the Royal Dais near the Altar. Thence I heard the solemn and impressive service in the presence of all that was best, brightest and greatest in the land. The effect of the galleries crowded with brilliant life, high up aloft amid the grey stone architecture, was striking to the eye. Still more

impressive to the mind was the thought of the varied interests in a world-wide Empire, which these crowds represented, and of the genius, valour, learning, status, enterprise, which they contained. Beyond all was the unique contemplation of the august figure, the centre of the whole spectacle. Such a sight could be seen but once in the lifetime of the spectators, and has been beheld but very rarely in the past ages. The service was hardly over when I descended from our gallery in order to obtain a view of the Royal Procession leaving the Abbey. In that exalted company the Crown Prince of Germany was conspicuous, quite a heroic form. I thought of this a year later, while listening to Mr. Gladstone's pathetic oration in the Commons on his death as Emperor.

I had full time for estimating the character of the House, elected in 1886 and lasting to the middle of 1892. I was thankful to find that my estimate was high, when the total of considerations had been summed up. Though some Members might possibly be judged in some quarters as being below the Parliamentary mark, yet on the whole the composition of the Assembly was excellent, was worthy of an imperial nation, and did represent the best elements in our people. I was agreeably surprised at the varied and all-embracing knowledge possessed by the House at large. Outside divinity and theology—there was hardly a subject whereon we could not produce some Member who would make a speech of

practical authority. Though many Members were lax or slack in their attendance, and others were distracted by professional avocations—yet, on the whole, the attention of the House to its arduous and often harassing duties was exemplary. Many Members indeed devotedly gave to their constituents and to their country unpaid labour, with a zeal which no remuneration could purchase. There was a moral electricity in the air of the House, exciting men to efforts which they would not otherwise have put forth. It caused them to forget fatigue at hours ordinarily allowed to mankind for repose.

I had often noted mocking allusions outside to rude scenes and violent language inside the House. No doubt such incidents did sometimes occur, and did lower the status of this exalted Assembly. Here and there a Member, or even a knot of Members, seemed intent on producing this result for some ulterior policy. Apart from all this, however, I learned that quietude, etiquette, punctilio, politeness, were the prevailing—though not the invariable—characteristics of the Commons. No doubt there was too much of conversation in undertone whilst the Debates were going on. With that exception, and possibly one or two exceptions besides, I never saw more courteous manners among gentlemen than among the Members as a rule.

I frequently listened to diatribes against Obstruction, indeed no theme was more common. I found, however,

that the word was used in a partisan sense by each Party from its own point of view. It was generally confounded with legitimate opposition. If Liberals or Nationalists deemed Conservative policy oppressive, they might frustrate it by all the means which the Rules of the House allowed. The Conservatives or Unionists might do likewise, if they thought Liberal or Nationalist policy to be dangerous. The most effective resource for such frustration was to interpose delays or obstacles at every turn, with all the ingenuity derivable from study and practice. I perceived that if a Party is justified in opposing at all, the justification clearly extends to the use of such means. Indeed these were plentiful under the then existing Rules, and would be so under any Rules that could reasonably be framed. But opposition may go beyond these means, or may abuse the Rules, and then it would become Obstruction in an invidious sense. Now, much in the conduct of our opponents, which our men often called Obstruction, was only legitimate opposition as above defined. Some of it, however, did constitute a clear and sheer abuse of the Rules, and did amount to flagrant Obstruction.

The self-imposed task on the part of myself and others as men of "the Old Guard" has been already mentioned. It was discharged unremittingly to the last, and that, too, in unbroken silence, as regards speech-making. We sat behind our Chiefs to sustain them, our voices being raised only to cheer for them

at the right moment, or to protest against unseemly attacks on them. When the House was full and our benches had plenty of occupants, then indeed we might resort for a brief while to the Library, the Tea-room or the Terrace. But when the House was empty, then some of us were always at our post, like sentries behind the Minister, who thus was never left unsupported.

In the Division-lobbies I fulfilled the intention formed by me soon after entering Parliament in 1886. I took part in all the Divisions with but few exceptions, that is in over ninety-eight per cent. of the whole, or in 2,072 out of total 2,118 during the Parliament. One of my comrades, General Goldsworthy, performed much the same feat. Had inquisition been made, I could have accounted for every Division I missed. In very few instances my absence was caused by sickness. But I was somewhat handicapped, so to speak, by my duties on the School Board for London, which inexorably called me away now and again. On Thursday afternoons, when the Board had its weekly sittings, I used to be driving backwards and forwards along the Victoria Embankment between the School Board offices and the House—trying to keep my engagements in both places. One afternoon in July, 1890, after I had been for several hours busy in the House, my presence was urgently needed on the Board. I had to make my final reply in the debate there on my Budget,

an affair affecting the ratepayers of the whole Metropolis. The Whips assured me that I might safely go; and after verifying the details of the business before the House, I thought that the assurance might be accepted. So I went, did the needful at the Board, and returned to the House just before the appointed time. At that moment however our opponents had dropped some of the business before the House in order to precipitate a "snap" Division. I rushed towards the door of the chamber, but arrived only at the instant when it was being shut in my face.

The all-night sittings of 1887, the anger and excitement kept alive like embers through the small hours, and then the cool in the morning to refresh the nerves before going to bed—will not be forgotten by me and by others who took part in these proceedings. Memory has, however, a fascinating power to soften even rough associations. Strange to say, after the lapse of years I look back with pleasure to my strolls across St. James' Park in the summer mornings after the night sittings before going to bed. For the moment my weariness was dissipated by the balmy freshness of the air, the amber sky, the sparkling foliage, the stillness of man in the vast Metropolis not yet awake, the silence of all voices save those of the birds. The summer that year was extraordinarily fine, and I said to myself—how much do my countrymen, of many classes, miss who fail to enjoy the climate with

which Providence has blessed them on such summer morns as these.

The termination of my work in the House soon after midnight by the Rules of 1888, was a grateful relief. Previously it had been impossible to go home to my house on Hampstead Heath, and I had occupied lodgings in St. James' Place. But in 1888 and afterwards, I used to go home to Hampstead at night, in company with my friend Mr. Ambrose, Queen's Counsel and Member for Harrow, who lived near me on the Heath. We had to drive late at night for more than five miles with a gradual ascent of four hundred feet. When not overcome by sleep, we used to discuss the events of the sitting we had left. Sometimes in wintry weather, when the ascent to Hampstead was snow-clad or ice-bound, our way was tedious. One night we had to start just after a blizzard had piled up snowdrifts in many places. Our vehicle struggled as far as Euston, but was obliged to halt there at the Station Hotel about three o'clock in the morning. As we presented ourselves at that untimely hour without luggage, the night-porter required a deposit of ten shillings from each of us before giving us bedrooms. The apologies of the manager to us the next morning were amusing to hear.

At the best, however, the life was somewhat too busy, if the Session should be long and the Recess short, as would be too often the case. For four nights

in the week I hardly lay down to sleep before two o'clock in the morning. I had to rise at eight and answer correspondents—who with Members are ever numerous—and to drive down again to Westminster by noon for attendance either at the School Board or at the House for Committee work. Then I stayed in the House till past midnight as before. On Wednesday evenings, being free from the House, I usually had to make a speech somewhere outside. On Saturday evenings I had social avocations in London. On Sunday evenings alone was there any repose; but even then I sometimes broke my rule of quietude. One Sunday evening, for example, I gave a lay address on Palestine to over a thousand factory women. I was soon afterwards asked to give another address to a mixed congregation, and as an inducement to accept, I was promised an audience of at least two thousand. I was obliged to reply that, after the fatigues of the week, I had not strength to address so many as that on the Sunday evening. During two consecutive summers I delivered several lay addresses to large bodies of working men in the City of London. This work used to be after their dinner hour on Thursdays, and formed a hard prelude to my business on those afternoons first on the School Board and then in the House.

Towards the close of each Session the days and the nights, notwithstanding the new Rules, used to be nearly as bad as ever. The Nationalists would know

that the completion of the votes of money on Supply must be effected by a certain date. Therefore they would try to wring concessions from us which we must refuse. So our only resource for beating down these attempts was to suspend the midnight Rule, to sit up all night, and to work out the debates all day till we were prorogued.

This absorption in Parliamentary work not only cut me off from the London society to which I had become accustomed, but also prevented my accepting invitations of importance or of remarkable interest. Several of these have been mentioned in previous chapters, but I may here note some more. On a busy evening I received a telegram from Sir Augustus Harris asking me to dine with him at the Burlington Hotel to meet Jean and Eduard de Reszké. Owing to the exigencies of the Division-lobby I was unable to avail myself of this tempting proposal. I was often asked to exhibit my pictures in oil and in water, of many lands, as a life's work in hours spared from sterner pursuits; but I was never able to do so. I was sorry to miss the chance of attending at the Pan-Anglican assemblage of bishops from all parts of the world. But I managed to be with the House of Laymen in the final procession in St. Paul's Cathedral when I marched in a pair with Mr. Round, Member of Parliament for Essex, and immediately behind the late Earl of Selborne.

I did not speak during what might be termed the Irish and Scotch debates, nor in any debate where the Ministers were pressed for time. Yet there were occasions when some reply was required from me to arguments which others had used, and when I could speak with authority. I desired to speak only when I could offer some notable statement, or might hope to make some impression. I used to have these speeches reprinted from Hansard's official reports. I have about twenty-five of them for these six Sessions. They cover some considerable ground—chiefly educational at home, India, Russia in Central Asia, Egypt, the Soudan, the African slave trade, the Polynesian labour, abroad.

I carefully kept up my journal of four pages a day for the proceedings of the House throughout these Sessions. I penned a series of memoranda regarding the representative or typical Members in all quarters of the House. I had the daily reminders, technically called Whips, bound up for each Session.

I served much on Committees from noon till four in the afternoon. From the first I was placed on the Public Accounts Committee, one of some difficulty, and on the Grand or Standing Committee on Law, which by devolution had to consider several Bills of importance. In some cases Committees were appointed to determine between conflicting interests. Each side would be allowed to name one of the Members. In this way I was chosen to represent the City of London

in two instances, one relating to the compensation for improvements near the Holborn Viaduct, the other concerning the obligations of some among the City Guilds in Londonderry. Once I was chosen to represent the Liverpool Corporation in reference to the Mersey Docks; once also to represent the Local Government Board respecting some affairs of the Manchester Ship Canal. I was appointed to serve on the Committee upon some railway and tramway projects in the Metropolitan area. I served on several Select Committees—notably on the one which reported to Parliament on the proposed Constitution of Western Australia, which probed to its very basis the political geography in the whole Australian Continent, and from which I gained a knowledge of the social and climatic forces now moving there. Similarly, I acted on the Committees which investigated the financial transactions in London concerning the mines in the Deccan of India, and the position of the telephone companies in regard to the State.

My position on the School Board for London gave me inside Parliament just the qualification I needed. Consequently on educational questions I received the attention which the House always accords to Members who speak on the work in which they are engaged. This work was of growing importance and I was in the very thick of it. Naturally I availed myself of the advantage which thus fell to my lot.

I was in frequent communication with the National Union of Teachers, the body representing a great profession scattered throughout the country. I also conferred with several bodies of Secondary Teachers, especially the College of Preceptors, which had its headquarters in London, and on behalf of which Mr. Hodgson communicated with me most effectively.

I obtained a second reading in the House to a Bill for the Registration of Secondary Teachers, with an order that the Bill be referred to a Select Committee, on which I served, and which conducted a full enquiry. In like manner I obtained a second reading for a Bill for the Superannuation of Teachers under the School Board for London, with an order that it be referred to a Select Committee. Another measure, mainly for Teachers in Voluntary Schools, was brought forward, and that was referred to the Committee of which I was elected Chairman. Thus the question before us embraced the Superannuation of all the Elementary Teachers in England and Wales. Our sittings extended over two Sessions, with actuarial as well as administrative enquiries. Literally by the sweat of my brow, I got the Report of this Committee complete just in time before the Dissolution was announced. In consultation with the teachers at large, as chiefly represented by the National Union of Teachers, I exerted myself from year to year for the improvement of the Educational Code, with special reference to modifying the system popularly

known as "payment by results of individual examintion." With this view I introduced a Resolution into the House one evening, and obtained a favourable recognition of the principle from the Minister of Education.

I was a Member of the Royal Commission over which the Marquis of Hartington (now the Duke of Devonshire) presided, and which investigated the constitution of the Admiralty and of the War Office, together with the relation of these two great Departments towards each other. The desire for this investigation arose partly from the strictures on our military system made in the House by the late Sir Walter Barttelot and by other critics, among whom Mr. (now the Right Honorable) Robert Hanbury was conspicuous. Further, I was on the Committee for revising the organisation of the Military Colleges at Sandhurst and Woolwich.

These various duties and enquiries materially aggravated the burden of my parliamentary life. But as the field covered by them was wide, the enlargement of experience was in proportion thereto. At that time I thirsted for the knowledge which was thereby obtainable. Thus the consciousness of self-culture more than repaid me for the labour I underwent.

Among the memorable circumstances of this Parliament were the Party Meetings at the Carlton Club, when the Conservative Members of the Lords and

Commons were present. The convening of us all in the library of that renowned club was, in each instance, on account of some conjuncture. Lord Salisbury, as Prime Minister, used to address us respecting the situation with infinite tact and skill. The handsome and ornate surroundings, the concourse of famous parliamentarians, the atmosphere electrical with anxiety, the consciousness of momentous issues at stake—made the memory of these scenes ineffaceable. Sometimes we separated in joyous contentment with the conclusions arrived at. Once, however, perhaps even twice, I listened trembling for my Cause, or for my Party, and felt forebodings when the assembly broke up.

With very many Private Members who sat on my side of the House, and with many who sat on the other side also, I formed close and happy relations. With my immediate comrades, in whose company I did and endured much for several years, I cemented a friendship which will be of a lasting nature. One of our Nationalist opponents kindly told me that I had never made an enemy since I had been in the House. I humbly hoped that he might be right in this opinion. Certainly, never once either inside or outside the House, had I been personally attacked.

Despite its over-pressure and distractions, the life had some amenity. In the afternoons, say between half-past two and four o'clock, I could often snatch a little time to show my friends, either political from

my own constituency, or personal from the Metropolis, round the House. I would conduct them over the sights, historical, antiquarian, architectural, of the Palace of Westminster. A capital chance was thus afforded of explaining to my supporters and fellow-thinkers the situation of parliamentary affairs at the moment, and the attitude of the principal politicians in respect thereto. Sometimes I would entertain a small party at tea on the Terrace, while many other Members were doing the same. In the finest afternoons of summer, these numerous parties going on simultaneously made up quite a large Reception given by the Commons, and constituted one of the gay social scenes of London. The bright performances were, however, usually interrupted by the Division-bell, which caused a stampede of the hosts leaving the guests in amazement. I sometimes joined dinner-parties in the House, but there again the Division-bell would ring us up from dinner to rush towards our places in the Chamber.

Mindful of the manifold engagements to be kept by me, I husbanded my strength as much as possible. Still the hours of work differed for the worse from those in which I had been officially bred and brought up. There was no more the salutary rule of early to bed and early to rise—of open-air exercise as the sun peered above the horizon—of the best work in the day being done before breakfast—of business being closed for the evening with outdoor movement at

sunset. That *régime* had for generations conserved British energy for its most imperial manifestations. Instead of that, there was a comparatively late rising after a short night's rest, such exercise as could be obtained at intervals between engagements before noon, then work from noon lasting, with but slight intermission, till past midnight. Thus the change of habit was disadvantageous to a man of my antecedents.

Apart from the Parliament of 1886, where I was mainly a spectator—this Parliament from 1886 to 1892, where I was a worker, comprised a term of six years in my active life. The arduous portions of my previous life had happened to be divided into similar spaces of time. I looked back on my six years in the Panjab Secretariat 1854–60, six years as Chief Commissioner 1862–8, six years as Finance Minister 1868–74, six years as Governor 1874–80. I instinctively compared these busy periods with the period of this Parliament; and I thought that, hard as those were, this was harder still. In those there was more of noble anxiety, of exalted hope, of real crisis, of solid success. In this there was more of worry and flurry, of carking care, of vanity and vexation. Yet in this I never grudged the personal sacrifice, or the waste of nervous force and of brain-tissue—for the sake of the pride and ambition in doing what I did, of seeing and hearing all that I saw and heard.

During the Recess in the autumn of 1891, I was

obliged to relinquish the candidature for my Worcestershire constituency at the General Election, then expected within the next twelve months. Since May I had, in common with many among my comrades, been suffering from the epidemic influenza of that time. Nevertheless I had been in everyone of the four hundred and fifty Divisions of that Session without any exception. Recovery under such circumstances was hardly to be hoped for; and whenever I had made any speech in the House, I drove home after midnight coughing all the way to Hampstead. I was advised that if after that I were to undertake an electoral campaign, from village to village in a large tract of country, I might break down or lose my voice. My good friends, with Lord Coventry at their head, formally thanked me for my seven years' service with them, and hoped that I might soon become well enough to resume service in some other consituency. My life-long ally, Sir Edmund Lechmere, then Member for another Division, came forward with much public spirit to fill my place at some sacrifice to himself. He kept the seat for our Cause after a sharp contest. At a banquet given by the Party at Evesham in his honour, I testified, with peculiar knowledge, to his merits. On that festive evening we little thought that ere long his sudden death, just as he was about addressing the constituents, would inflict upon us a most grievous loss.

Late in the autumn, of 1891, I was so far recovered

as to be able to accept an invitation from the electors of the Kingston division of Surrey to succeed their popular Member, Sir John Whittaker Ellis, who was retiring. The Chairman of their Committee was my friend Mr. Walter Wilkinson. They considerately said that, in their limited and densely-peopled area, I need not attempt campaigning, and that, after making some general speeches to select audiences, I might resort to the south of Europe for the winter, till the meeting of Parliament early in 1892, as the General Election was not expected till the summer of that year.

CHAPTER XV.

(1892-96.)—PARLIAMENT FROM 1892 TO 1895 AND CONCLUSION.

My election Kingston—Meeting of House August 1892—Defeat of Conservative Ministry—Mr. Gladstone succeeds—Session 1893—Home Rule Ireland Bill passed through Commons by "guillotine" process—Rejected in Lords—Autumn sitting for District and Parish Councils Bill—Protracted into 1894—New Session in March—Resignation of Mr. Gladstone—Sir William Harcourt leader—New Death Duties—Irish Tenants' Bill in Commons—Rejected in Lords—Session 1895—Bill relating to Church in Wales—Ammunition for Army—Resignation of Lord Rosebery's Ministry—Unionist Ministry under Lord Salisbury—Dissolution of Parliament—I resign my seat—Privy Council—Royal Society.

ON the day that Parliament was dissolved at the end of June 1892, I addressed the electors at Kingston the headquarters of my Division of Surrey. I had an excellent agent in my friend Colonel Vaughan Thompson. The "campaigning" was, for a county or rural division, unusually easy in respect to locomotion. In an hour and a half I could drive from one extremity of my area to another. The localities were among the pleasantest places of the earth, and were frequented by holiday-makers and visitors. The season was the finest of the whole year in the open air. The speech-making at the several centres of electoral activity went off smoothly enough. I based my case not on theory, or

on promises, or on programmes for the future, but on proved performance. I cited categorically all that my Party had done during the past six years, as a guarantee of what it would do if returned to power for another term. My relations with the opposing candidate were entirely amicable. One noteworthy incident occurred, which was in this wise. On a Monday I was to address a meeting in the handsome and ornate Assembly Rooms at Surbiton, a residential locality of much beauty and brimful of my supporters. Late at night on the preceding Saturday there had been a free fight between a set of my employees or supporters with a set of similar persons on the other side. My set proved to be the more hard-fisted of the two, and in revenge for this the Radicals determined to disturb the Monday meeting. On the interruption occurring, my friends undertook the ejection of the disturbers, a process which was called "chucking out." Before being ejected, however, the disturbers did damage to the seats of the Rooms, for which I had to pay, returning the expense in my Election accounts as damage done by Radicals to the cushions in the Surbiton Assembly Rooms. It was a triumphal scene for me on Saturday the 16th of July, when the result of the poll was declared in the crowded square of Kingston, on a market day, with all the cheers of my friends overcoming the counter-demonstrations of my opponents. The High Sheriff of Surrey who presided over the counting of the votes, and made

the declaration of my being duly elected, was Mr. Brand. He had, when travelling in the East, been my guest at Calcutta.

The new Parliament met in the beginning of August, and the Conservative or Unionist Party was known to be in a minority. Indeed Mr. Gladstone and his followers had a majority of forty. Nevertheless, Lord Salisbury's Government preferred to meet the Parliament instead of resigning beforehand. Mr. Gladstone then procured the passing of a hostile Resolution, just enough for the expulsion of our Government. It was a strange as well as a melancholy sight to see our two famous Whips, Mr. Akers-Douglas and Sir William Walrond—whom we had seen for several years advancing to the Table on the right after victorious Divisions—now standing on the left, as a sign of their being beaten at last. We were then released from attendance, leaving the House to the Gladstonian Party.

During this Parliament I persevered in writing four pages of Journal for each day that the House sat. I continued to send the weekly letter to the Conservative newspapers in my Surrey Constituency.

When the House reassembled early in 1893 under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, with his Gladstonian followers and his Nationalist allies—we the Conservative Opposition naturally sat on the left side under Mr. Balfour our Leader. Our allies the Liberal Unionists,

however, occupied a quarter on the right or Ministerial side, under the leadership of Mr. Chamberlain. They maintained the same alliance with us in Opposition as that which had subsisted while we were in power. I and the men of the "Old Guard" sat on the corner, nearest the gangway, of the bench immediately behind the Front Opposition bench. This was the place the counter-part to that which we had occupied on the other or right side. But as our position was changed so were our tactics. Heretofore we had been on the defensive, and had spoken less; henceforward we should be on the aggressive, and have to speak much more.

The policy of the Gladstonians with their Nationalist allies had been sufficiently declared. Home Rule in some dangerous form would be undertaken. The disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Wales would be attempted, as a preliminary to a similar measure against the Establishment throughout Great Britain. Other measures, which we regarded as gravely mischievous, would be introduced according to opportunity. Now, we had promised our constituents to oppose such a policy to the uttermost; and we had been returned to the House under the pledge of so doing. We had to fight the Ministers that were its authors with all the constitutional weapons that the Rules of the House might place in our hands. The Rules would be neither strained nor abused, but we would do whatever might be fairly done under them.

This might at first sight seem to be hard doctrine. But it had been used against us in several Sessions, and we had borne it patiently. Therefore we had no compunction in applying it to those who had applied it to us. So the post of the "Old Guard" was given up, and instead thereof a "corner," as they called it, was established. Here was, figuratively, a battery on which guns were mounted to fire, not incessantly, but at the right moment. Here was an unfailing reserve of men who could be depended upon. It would not always claim a conspicuous place, when the House might be full, and there might be plenty of champions to fight. But it would fill up any gap that might occur, strengthening the line when the House might be thin, and ensuring a continuous front of opposition at the moment when slackness might otherwise be feared. The leader of our set was Mr. (now the Right Honorable) Robert Hanbury. His commanding stature, sonorous voice, and parliamentary aptitude marked him out for Leadership. Mr. Gibson Bowles was a constant supporter; Mr. Bartley afforded frequent help with massive force; co-operation was often afforded by the Right Honorable James Lowther, and other friends around lent assistance according to opportunity. The illustrated journals of the day depicted graphically what they termed "the new Fourth Party."

This organisation by Private Members was directed in the first place against a particular measure, namely,

Home Rule for Ireland, which was in the fore-front of Mr. Gladstone's policy. The Bill would consist of several Parts. Each Part would by itself be equal to a considerable Bill. Thus the so-called Bill would be really a group or bundle of Bills. Now we meant to demonstrate that such a Bill as this, with so small a majority as his against an allied Opposition like ours—could not be passed by Mr. Gladstone through the House of Commons in a single Session. He might possibly pass it in two Sessions, by a Special Resolution carrying on the unfinished Bill from one Session to another. Doubtless his Nationalist allies would not have objected thereto. But he dared not do this, because his British followers, hungering for the Newcastle Programme, would not have brooked the delay. So perforce he must pass the Bill in one Session if at all. We resolved, however, that he should not do this, and in the result, he did not. He might force it through the House by some extreme measure or some unconstitutional procedure in reference to a constitutional change like this. But passing it under the Rules of the House, even with all the advantages of closure, should be made impossible for him, and so it was.

This plan of resistance by Private Members was in general subordination to our Leaders in the allied camp. The Party Leaders for us would form the spear head, and would indicate the direction in which we were to

move. They would plot out the ground of which we were to fill in the details. Sometimes it might be convenient that we should begin with musketry, and that they should bring up the guns. At other times it might be better that they should lead the charge, and that we should support them by weight of numbers.

To all this there would be one general exception. Sometimes Mr. Gladstone's Ministry would be in the right, especially when resisting ultra-Radical proposals by their extreme followers. For such resistance, we would loyally support them in doing their duty. This had happened often in 1886 and would be happening again.

At this time I obtained an opportunity for formally introducing to the House a Resolution embodying the scheme for the Superannuation of Elementary Teachers in England and Wales, as contained in the Report of the Parliamentary Committee over which I had presided in the last Parliament. To my Resolution I was so fortunate as to obtain the unanimous assent of the House. This was indeed a red-letter day in my calendar. I had the pleasure to acknowledge heartily the generous assistance afforded on that occasion by the Ministers to me a Member of the Opposition.

I further exerted myself, both inside and outside Parliament, to promote the cause of extending the Parliamentary franchise to duly qualified women. I

had mentioned the subject in my Election address, and had found many excellent persons of this class in my Surrey constituency.

Before and after Easter, I was for some weeks intensely occupied as Chairman of one of the Committees on certain Private Bills for material improvements in England. To this onerous office I had been nominated by the House. The inquiries were of a quasi-judicial character, the interests at stake were vast, the ablest Counsel at the Parliamentary Bar pleaded before us, witnesses were cross-examined on the several contending sides. As Chairman I had to act almost like a presiding Judge; there were three colleagues as Members of the Committee, and I had the casting vote. The cases tried before us were the brine-pumping scheme for Cheshire—three schemes for utilising the Dartmoor water-supply for Plymouth, Devonport and the neighbourhood—the South Staffordshire water-works—and the Forest of Brecon. This business was, for the time, a grave addition to my Parliamentary duties. Later on I served on a Joint Commission of Lords and Commons for reporting on canal rates in England.

During the course of the Session, Mr. Gladstone, having obtained first reading for his Home Rule Bill soon after the middle of April, proposed to take the second reading before Easter. The Opposition objected to this, insisting that the constituencies should have time for digesting the scheme. Meanwhile there were

many votes of money which must be passed before the end of March and these required much discussion. In vain did Mr. Gladstone struggle with the meshes in which he thus became entwined. For example, in March he proposed that there should be a Saturday sitting, which was indeed an abnormal and unpopular step. This contentious proposal had to be debated, so the debate lasted all Friday afternoon. On the Saturday little was gained in the way of business, less indeed than what might have been gained on the Friday without contention. As a leading newspaper remarked at the time, all Friday was spent in winning Saturday, and then the progress on Saturday failed to compensate for the delay on Friday.

The Home Rule Bill entered on the Committee stage early in May, and then the real struggle began. The Opposition Leaders, Conservative and Unionist in combination, conducted the warfare superbly well. But one of them pertinently remarked to us that they could not do all the fighting. We replied that they might depend on our doing battle also. Not only every line, but sometimes almost every word, of the Bill contained dangerous or disputable matter. So we Private Members used to meet in one of the Conference Rooms of the House, study the amendments on the paper, settle how to maintain them, and if necessary add fresh ones.

We were amused by the petulant impatience of those Gladstonian Members who had entered Parliament but

recently. They said, in effect, that the majority must rule, and should summarily put down our opposition. We rejoined that during the last Parliament when our Party was in power, we had been opposed precisely in the same way although our majority was large, whereas theirs was now small—that no Party in power would be allowed by an Opposition, nearly as numerous as itself, to press a most contentious measure through the House with a rush. We were bound, however, to pay to them a tribute of praise for their punctuality and fidelity in attendance, and their silent patience often under what they must have regarded as argumentative provocation.

Still as the Rules were never abused, and as the Government freely applied the closure, the car of the Bill jogged and rumbled over the ruts slowly but steadily. About midsummer, enough of the Bill, nearly one third, was passed, as much as would be equal to a first-rate measure of constitutional importance. Such progress as that, however, did not suffice for Mr. Gladstone's followers and allies. So on the 30th of June he caused a "guillotine" Resolution to be passed, fixing the 29th of July for the termination of the Committee stage.

On the last night for the application of this "guillotine" process, I witnessed a strange commotion in the House. Just as the Division was being called by the Chairman, some expressions were applied by a Nationalist Member to our ally Mr. Chamberlain, to which our men objected, as a point of Order. They

demanded redress from the Chair, but nevertheless the Division proceeded. Thereon they resolved—and I was one of them—not to go to the Division lobby till the point of Order had been heard. So we sat on our benches in serried ranks, with our hats over our eyebrows and our arms folded. One of the Gladstonians crossed over to sit on our front Opposition bench, and this caused a slight—but only a very slight—disturbance. The stir, once begun, grew and waxed apace every moment. Many Nationalist Members came on the scene, and so the crowd thickened. Men swayed backwards and forwards with a rush and crush among the benches. For some seconds there was a risk of physical injury happening. We kept our seats in silence, till the tumult suddenly subsided. The Speaker was then called in, whereon our men explained from their places the origin of the trouble and repeated the expressions to which they had objected. The Member, who was thus complained of, then apologised to the House. Thereon the Division took place just as if nothing had happened. The occurrence caused much comment outside the House, and the commotion was in itself deplorable. Still it arose on a point of Order, which was successfully vindicated and satisfactorily settled.

In August the Report stage of the Bill was entered, and then contested in the same manner as the Committee stage had been. Mr. Gladstone caused the "guillotine" process to be applied to that stage also,

and a date was fixed for the third reading. In one of his closing speeches he alluded to the herculean labours which had been imposed on him. Pointing to us with outstretched arm, he said impressively that in all his long experience he had never known such unremitting opposition as that which had been offered by honorable gentlemen opposite. Instantly we burst into hilarious cheering, which seemed to disconcert him. Apparently he thought that we should be dismayed by his severe reproach. But on the contrary we took it as the highest compliment to our prowess and power. Indeed it was an emphatic testimony, from the highest source, that we had done what was believed by us to be our duty. I said to myself "*fas est et ab hoste*"—not *doceri*, but—*laudari*.

Thus the Bill left the Commons, with the sanction of a majority of only thirty-four, and with more than half of its clauses undiscussed, on the night of the 1st of September. It went on to the Lords at once; but by that time the certainty of its fate there had been ascertained, and we openly said that it was going to its death. Driving home that night I saw a Radical multitude, apparently consisting of the London Irish in the humbler class, walking about the streets and cheering.

On Friday, the 8th of September, I was in the gallery of the House of Lords when the second reading of the Home Rule Bill was rejected. As Lord Salisbury rose to say the last words with all his incisive eloquence,

the spectacle was one of the most stately and beautiful I ever beheld. My contemplation rested on the magnificently ornate chamber, the closely-packed rows and lines of the Peers, the side galleries filled with ladies in summer costumes, the crowded audience at the Bar and at the foot of the Throne, the silent listening, and the strained attention.

As I drove home late that night, the roll of long-continued huzzas was heard, oft and oft repeated and heartily sustained. I found that it was the cheering of the Londoners for Lord Salisbury, on his way to his own house, as their deliverer from Home Rule.

In the Commons it immediately became known that there would be an autumn sitting to pass a Bill for Local Government in England, that is for creating District and Parish Councils, as supplementary to the measure for County Councils passed by the late Government in the last Parliament. But the greater part of the votes in Supply remained for completion, and they had to be despatched somewhat hastily. So the adjournment took place in the third week of September.

During this year 1893, I wrote my book entitled "Life in Parliament," which was published by Mr. John Murray in the autumn. It described the House of Commons as seen from the green benches where I and my companions sat from 1886 to 1892 inclusive, and the life we led in the two Parliaments which existed

within this time, the one short and eventful, the other long and distinguished.

Early in November I attended in my place when Mr. (now Sir Henry) Fowler made his statement regarding the Bill for Local Government. A more judicious and conciliatory speech I never heard from a Minister of the Crown in Parliament. He had guarded the rights of the Church in parochial affairs. Thus his Bill made progress during several weeks. Its prospect of being concluded by Christmastide was quite fair. But early in December some sections of the Gladstonian Party induced their Leaders to tack on to the Bill some Radical amendments. Immediately we began to resist these amendments and other cognate proposals. Then, evidently the Bill could not pass within the year. So there was a brief adjournment for Christmas, with an intimation that the Bill would be resumed immediately afterwards.

When we reassembled shortly after New Year's Day 1894, so sturdy was the opposition that the Bill was in danger of being lost altogether. But some understanding was arrived at between the Leaders on both sides. So the Bill passed through the Commons, to be shorn of its objectionable adjuncts by the Lords. On the 1st of March Mr. Gladstone delivered his final oration in the House of Commons—that arena in which he had long been the first of gladiators. The speech was a diatribe, and a philippic against the House of

Lords. Shortly afterwards his resignation became known, and we were prorogued till the 12th of March for the new Session of 1894.

The Session of 1893, or as it should be styled the Session of 1893–4, had lasted for a full twelvemonth, with but slight intermissions and adjournments, and with no autumn Recess worthy of the name. The duration was rare, if not unique, in the annals of Parliament for some generations, and the fatigues to us the assiduous Members were well-nigh unexampled. My health was suffering in consequence, and I decided not to seek re-election after the dissolution of this Parliament. I intimated this regretfully to my good constituents in Surrey.

When the new Session opened in the latter part of March, Lord Rosebery was the new Prime Minister, and Sir William Harcourt the new Leader in the Commons. Mr. Fowler was then transferred from the Local Government Board to the India Office as Secretary of State. I had the satisfaction of supporting him in that capacity. For certainly, in this and in the following Session, he vindicated the just interests of our Eastern Empire admirably well. Sometimes he repelled Radical attacks in a manner which carried much weight as coming from a Liberal Minister. Never has such defence been more hearty or effectually conducted. We were afterwards glad to see him honoured with the Star of India.

At this time I was asked by my friend Mr. Hanbury whether I would, if chosen by our colleagues, accept the Chairmanship of the Public Accounts Committee. I replied in the affirmative, as the work would familiarise me with the financial business of the House, and would place me in contact with the Audit Department, under Sir Charles Ryan, the Treasury, the accounts of the War Office, of the Admiralty, of the Civil Departments. But the business would be so onerous as to be incompatible with my duties on the School Board for London. I had already contemplated resigning my seat on that Board, and now I resigned it without delay.

After Easter the primary step was Sir William Harcourt's Budget which he introduced with perhaps the greatest speech ever delivered by him. That included the revision of the entire Death Duties on real and personal property. A Finance Bill was shortly afterwards produced, relating to several branches of taxation and embodying the full scheme for the new Death Duties.

After Whitsuntide this Bill entered the Committee stage, and a struggle began, similar in kind but less severe in degree as compared with that which had raged during the previous year. Our set and our Party believed the scheme to be unjust as a whole, to be cruelly hard in many respects, to be one which would be execrated by the widows and the fatherless in several classes of society, and to be beyond the requirements

of the national finance at that time. Mr. Hanbury and Mr. Bartley played their parts well, and I rendered what help I could. The labouring oar, however, was taken by Mr. Gibson Bowles. He had formerly been employed in the Department which collected the Death Duties. I never saw a Private Member devote himself with more effect to a particular measure than he did to this Bill. Other helpers were found among the Private Members. Mr. Grant Lawson, a man well versed in all that concerned the landed interest, Mr. Byrne and Mr. Butcher, both chancery barristers, all signalised themselves as incisive critics. Mr. Tomlinson, while acting perhaps independently, did yet in this, as in other great instances, help our Cause by well-aimed shots. At length the measure passed by the third week in July, and Sir William Harcourt was hailed as the hero of the Session, for having carried a Finance Bill of abnormal magnitude whatever its demerits might be.

Special attention was then given to the votes in Supply. Having by this time gained special experience in the military estimates, I was able to support Mr. Hanbury in criticising them. His services to economy with efficiency were signal on this occasion, which lasted over several days.

The rest of the Session was devoted to an attempt to pass a Bill for the benefit of certain Irish tenants. This being met by a resistance too stiff to be overcome under the Rules at the end of a Session, the "guillotine"

process was adopted by the Ministers. Thereon our Leaders and Party decided to quit the House, and leave the Ministry to deal with the Bill as they liked. So our quarter of the House was abandoned, and one day Mr. Hanbury and I found ourselves the only persons seated in what was called "the desert of green benches." My comrades indeed generally abstained from voting in the divisions. But it was too great a strain on my Party loyalty to ask me to miss divisions, and to refrain from giving my vote on questions put to the House from the Chair. These questions related to addenda from the Nationalist quarter, making an objectionable Bill still worse. A due resistance to these was offered by the Ministers, and I was always with them in the Division lobby, on my principle of always supporting the opposite Party whenever they were in the right. The Bill, after passing the Commons in this irregular fashion, went to its death in the Lords where it was rejected on second reading. We then adjourned during the last week of August for the autumnal Recess.

During this Session I exerted myself repeatedly to protest against the treatment which France was inflicting on Siam, and the injury thereby accruing to British interests in the East. The leader in this movement was the Honorable (now the Right Honorable) George Curzon. Having recently travelled in that part of Asia, he urged the wrongs of Siam with graphic and

touching eloquence. Regarding Africa, I vindicated British interests up to Uganda, and beyond that to the Upper Valley of the Nile. I also made several attempts, but in vain, to save the Swazis and Swaziland from subjugation by the Boers.

When we re-assembled in February 1895 for a new Session, the air was thick with rumours of immediate Dissolution. During the Recess the Ministerial and Radical orators had vowed vengeance against the Lords. After all they had been saying, the Ministers were in consistency bound to produce some Resolution with this object at the beginning of the Session. But then long delays must arise, interrupting the legislative business. Such embarrassments might precipitate the fate of the Ministry, as their majority was dwindling, from the defection of the Parnellite section of the Nationalists, the impatience of the Welsh Members, and the hostility of some among the Radicals. Our idea was that the Government would either be defeated straightway on the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech, or not at all. Should they survive that, they might go on during several months, inasmuch as they would command more than their normal majority on the Bill against the Church in Wales, which was to be the principal measure of the Session.

Accordingly they were challenged, but in vain, regarding their vaunted Resolution against the House of Lords. They were formally attacked in various

ways; but they overcame the attacks by very narrow majorities. They were then able to make progress with the votes in Supply, partly because their financial proposals for strengthening the Navy had pleased us on the Opposition side. Thus they found time before Easter for the second reading of their Bill for disestablishing and disendowing the Church in Wales, by a majority better than anything they had been accustomed to in this Parliament. Further, they obtained second reading to some Bills, especially an Irish Land Bill, in which the real struggle would supervene during the Committee stage; and a first reading to other Bills. All this we regarded as merely the flourishing of trumpets.

At the request of my friend Sir John Hibbert, Secretary to the Treasury, I accepted re-election to the Chairmanship of the Public Accounts Committee.

I was present when Mr. (now Viscount) Peel resigned the Speakership. The speech with which Mr. Peel took leave of us from the Chair, which he had long adorned, was a most impressive and dignified oration. I then saw Mr. Gully elected as Speaker.

Meanwhile my comrades and I had been diligently preparing for the actual conflict, which would take place during the Committee stage of the Church in Wales Bill about the beginning of May. In the fighting ranks of the Private Members there would be two

sections. The first of these was the "corner," or knot of men among whom I was one, and who had sat at the end of the benches near the gangway since the beginning of this Parliament. The second was the "Church Brigade," a set of Members all leading Churchmen who sat in a committee room upstairs, with Sir Richard Webster as their Chairman and Mr. Griffith Boscawen as their convener and private Whip. This time, as at former times, the Leaders gave us to understand that they would lead indeed, but could not do all the fighting. We replied that they might rely on our steadfast co-operation in doing battle. So the campaign began; and after one night's sitting one line, out of a Bill many pages long, on another night two lines, on another night, three lines, would be passed. The subject was a noble one admitting of fine controversy. So we pressed many points of history, of tradition, of finance, of topography into the service of our argument.

Mr. Asquith, the Minister in charge of the Bill shewed exceeding ability and debating power, together with patience, forbearance and self-command, amidst the storm by which he was encompassed, and the logical missives with which he was pelted.

The arrangements among ourselves were interesting, and would sometimes have been amusing also, were it not for the sad gravity of the case. The "corner" men would sometimes ask Mr. Boscawen whether the "Brigade" would fight such and such an amendment

through to its end. If the "Brigade" would, then the "corner" might be quiet for a while. Sometimes the "Brigade," being exhausted for the moment, would ask the "corner" whether it would do the needful on such and such a point, which indeed would be unfailingly done. At one time we feared lest the speaking should fall too much on a few individuals. I myself had made twelve or more speeches in a few sittings, and some of my comrades had done still more. So we appealed to the "Brigade," fresh speakers reinforced us, and very welcome they were.

Towards the dinner hour, say from a quarter-past seven o'clock onwards, one or two of our "corner" men were ever present. At that time the Private Member, in Opposition, has the best chance of checking the Ministerial proceedings if so minded. This was popularly called by our men "holding the fort." One evening it had been arranged that Mr. Hanbury and I should do this. Naturally confiding in us as stalwarts, several of our comrades, who meant to speak after the dinner hour, went away to dine. So we argued the case fully till half-past eight, till a quarter to nine, on the amendment under consideration, expecting every moment that the Chairman would rise as usual for dinner. Indeed, he was expected to rise soon after eight. But no; he sat steady, and the Minister was evidently bent on getting this amendment disposed of before dinner. It was nearly nine when we had fairly exhausted the

argument, and nothing remained for us but to challenge a Division, whereon the Government defeated the amendment by their usual majority. Presently our comrades returned from dinner, ready to carry on the argument, but too late. Still in order to beat us thus far, the Minister had been obliged to retard the other business relating to the Bill for that evening.

All this while the Bill lay helpless at the mercy of the Opposition, like a dismasted vessel drifting about. The rest of the legislative programme was relegated to a dim future, and the position of the Government was in the air. Just before we adjourned for the Whitsuntide Recess on the 31st of May, I wrote the following passage in my Journal for that day, recorded before I could foretell the events which afterwards occurred—"It is thought that there is an increasing section of Liberals who regard the spectacle of Ministerial impotency in the Commons as the worst possible condition, and would prefer early or immediate dissolution before things get worse. . . . I apprehend that they will, indeed must, struggle forwards. If they were to abandon their task now—thereby confessing that they could not pass their Bill against the Church in Wales, even through the Commons to say nothing of the House of Lords—that they could not go on with their Irish Land Bill, that they must leave the Newcastle programme *re infectâ*, that they could not even think of their long-threatened Resolution against the House of

Lords—then what would their position be? Surely doomed and fated at the General Election. And they must know this."

When we met after Whitsuntide, early in June, Sir William Harcourt was pressed with challenging questions. He answered like a man prepared for the worst. He had said incidentally that probably or possibly he would not be holding office in the following year—though we were not sure whether he had said "probably" or "possibly." When towards the middle of June the Committee stage of the Bill against the Church in Wales was resumed, a difficulty approached more critical than any encountered. A section of the Welsh Members had proposed a set of amendments which from our point of view would mitigate some of the evils of the Bill: and our Party had resolved to support them. Apparently this would reduce the Government to difficulty. The first and least formidable of these two amendments came forward on Thursday, June the 20th; the second and more formidable was expected on the following Tuesday, the 25th. When the Division was taken at midnight on Thursday, the amendment was defeated by a majority of six only for the Government. This was indeed ominous; for it was naturally argued that the lot of the Government would be harder still on the following Tuesday. On that day indeed our principal attack was to be delivered. That night, being lame, I leant on the arm of Sir

Richard Webster as we walked downstairs. Our conversation was to the effect that a canker was setting in among the Ministerialists.

Meanwhile an intermediate attack was being prepared for the next day, Friday the 21st. As that attack proved to be eventful in our Parliamentary annals, I heard it afterwards described as a casual or stray shot. In fact, however, it was, on the contrary, planned with deliberation. I first knew of it on the Wednesday the 19th, but, being unwell, doubted whether I could help. On Thursday Mr. Hanbury had a short conversation with me, explaining that on the morrow (Friday) the attack would relate to the insufficient supply of ammunition to the British Infantry, and that the Government might possibly be beaten. I reluctantly said I was too lame to procure papers from the Library, or to walk upstairs to a Committee-room. That night I heard that a Whip denoting urgency would be sent round. Entering the House on Friday afternoon I learned that "the counting in," that is the reckoning by the officials of our Whips of the Members who had entered on both sides, showed a small majority for the Government. So I feared that the old story would be once more repeated of a shot being carefully aimed and yet just missing the mark. Feeling unequal to the effort of debating, I sat in a quiet nook of the House and listened. The attack was duly delivered by Mr. Brodrick and answered by

the War Minister, Mr. (now Sir Henry) Campbell-Bannerman. Then it was supported by our allied Leaders, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen, and others. This circumstance, which was in truth very significant, did not, however, serve as a warning to the Ministerialists. Indeed our counsels had been well kept, notwithstanding the circulation of a Whip among a large number of Members. I heard how Sir William Harcourt was just then sitting on the Terrace at tea-time on a lovely summer's afternoon, and saying that he was at rest because on that day at least there would be no political crisis. We went through the Division Lobby late in the afternoon, still believing that the Government had a small majority. I was sitting in my quiet nook watching the Whips advance to the Table. I saw a movement among them, and a change from one side to the other. Then it was perceived that our Whips were standing on the right or victorious side; and in a moment we heard the figures read out, shewing that the Government were in a small minority. Such was the effect of glad surprise on the frame, even in sickness, that, forgetting lameness, I rushed somehow to my old seat in our "corner" and joined with my comrades in cheering. We noted the blank pallor on the faces of the Ministers on this catastrophe.

In the twinkling of an eye the face of things inside the House was changed. The business of Supply being suspended, the Chairman left the Table and the Speaker

ascended his Chair. Mr. Balfour calmly asked what business would be taken. Sir William Harcourt, with altered mien, dropped at once some darling measures which stood next on the Order of the day; and said that the Naval Works Bill would now be taken. A brief debate ensued, and among others I spoke on behalf of the new docks at Gibraltar, thankful that my last speech in this Parliament should be on so imperial a subject as that. This Bill being quickly passed, another Bill relating to Friendly Societies was taken; and at half-past ten Sir William Harcourt moved the adjournment of the House without a speech.

On the evening of the next day, Saturday, the 22nd, a Whip was circulated, from the tenour of which we feared that on Monday, the 24th, the Government might attempt to rehabilitate itself. On that day, however, Sir William Harcourt put us out of suspense by announcing the resignation of the Government. Then he formally bade farewell to his Leadership of the Commons. His utterance was pathetic as well as dignified; and we, his old opponents, cheered almost every one of his sentences in gentle and appreciative tones—*mentem mortalia tangunt.* On Wednesday, the 26th, we were officially informed that Lord Salisbury had accepted from the Queen the task of forming a new Ministry, and that there would be a Dissolution as soon as possible.

It was not till the beginning of July that the new

Unionist Government were in the saddle. Meanwhile we had leisure for reflecting upon the fall of the late Government. Among the reflections recorded in my Journal I find the following—"We likened their Administration to a barque steering in strong currents "amid scattered reefs. We set up a rock here and a "rock there. If they avoided one, they might fall on "another. If they escaped both, we set up another "rock in front of them. If to avoid that they should "turn either to the right or the left, then we would "interpose other rocks to catch them. As it happened, "they were fatally caught somewhat earlier than we had "ventured to hope. Two obstacles had been arranged, "one for the Friday the other for the following Tuesday "—after they had narrowly escaped defeat on Thursday. "In order to steer clear of the coming Tuesday's obstacle, "which was most to be dreaded, they fell on to the "Friday's obstacle and were lost."

At this time the second son of the Amir of Caubul was sojourning in London. I had the honour of being commanded by the Prince of Wales to attend a banquet to be given by His Royal Highness at Marlborough House to the Afghan Prince. On that day the change of Ministry was taking place. Members of the Cabinets of Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury were present, as also many representative men from the several branches of the Imperial Service. Indeed, I never saw a dinner-party at which so many guests of fame and name

throughout the Empire were gathered together, as on this occasion under the Royal auspices.

On the 1st of July at the beginning of business I stood according to custom at the Bar of the House, with the Report of the Public Accounts Committee in my hand. I advanced along the Floor of the House to the Table bowing to the Chair. On presenting my Report I received the congratulations of the Speaker on the conclusion of my labours. I was greeted with cheers from friends on both sides of the House. Apparently they liked to see an old stager walking up with the last of his many Reports.

This day we had changed sides, and I took my seat in the place where the "Old Guard" used to sit. Among the Ministers, I rejoiced to see that the first to arrive, and sit on the Treasury Bench, was my old comrade Mr. Robert Hanbury (now the Right Honourable), the closest and best of my parliamentary friends.

The indispensable business, mostly financial, for winding up the Session in readiness for the Dissolution, was soon accomplished. At ten in the forenoon of Saturday, the 6th July, I attended to help in ensuring a quorum for the third reading of the Appropriation Bill. This over, I left the House of Commons, not to return, as I had declined to seek re-election, and had regretfully decided to bid farewell to my kind and valued constituents in Surrey.

For the ensuing fortnight I was actively occupied

in my late constituency of Kingston, in advocating the candidature of my successor, Mr. Skewes-Cox, and in sustaining the Conservative Cause in that important part of Surrey. In due course the electors returned him with a very large majority. Then straightway I travelled to Leek in North Staffordshire, to join in speaking the last word before the polling-day.

My health then suffered for a time, but I partially recovered it in the Highlands of Scotland, which I visited with the kind offices of Viscountess Molesworth, and of the Dowager Lady Tweedmouth, the daughter of Sir James Hogg, who handed to me the college prizes in my Haileybury days. In England I always received valuable counsel respecting countless matters from my Bombay ally, Sir Gerald Seymour Fitzgerald, whose friendly regards I shall ever remember. Returning to Kingston, I attended a large banquet given by the leading men throughout my late constituency in honour of me and of the sitting Member. Lord Middleton, Mr. Brodrick, and other representative men of Surrey were present. The toast of my health was proposed by Mr. George Curzon (then the Right Honourable), my Parliamentary comrade. It was difficult for me to reply adequately to an eloquent commendation uttered by one of the rising orators of the day.

I received a communication from the National Union of Elementary Teachers in England and Wales,

expressing their regret at my withdrawal from Parliament, recounting the educational measures advocated or promoted by me in the Commons, and declaring that the Teachers would never forget my efforts for establishing Superannuation, which measure they would continue to associate with my name.

In the last days of 1895, I received a letter from Lord Salisbury, informing me that Her Majesty had been pleased, on my retirement from Parliament, to direct that I should be admitted to the Privy Council. On the 8th of February 1896 I had the honour of being invited, together with Mr. Stuart Wortley, to Osborne, to be sworn before Her Majesty as a Member of the Council, the Duke of Devonshire as President of the Council being present.

I then became eligible under the rules of the Royal Society to be elected a member of that illustrious body. I was thankful to be thus associated with the general cause of science, because at Calcutta and at Bombay, when I possessed the power, I had fought and striven for scientific instruction being afforded to the Natives of India. I was elected in March, and was formally admitted as a member at Burlington House on the 30th April, Sir Joseph Lister being President and Lord Rayleigh Honorary Secretary.

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